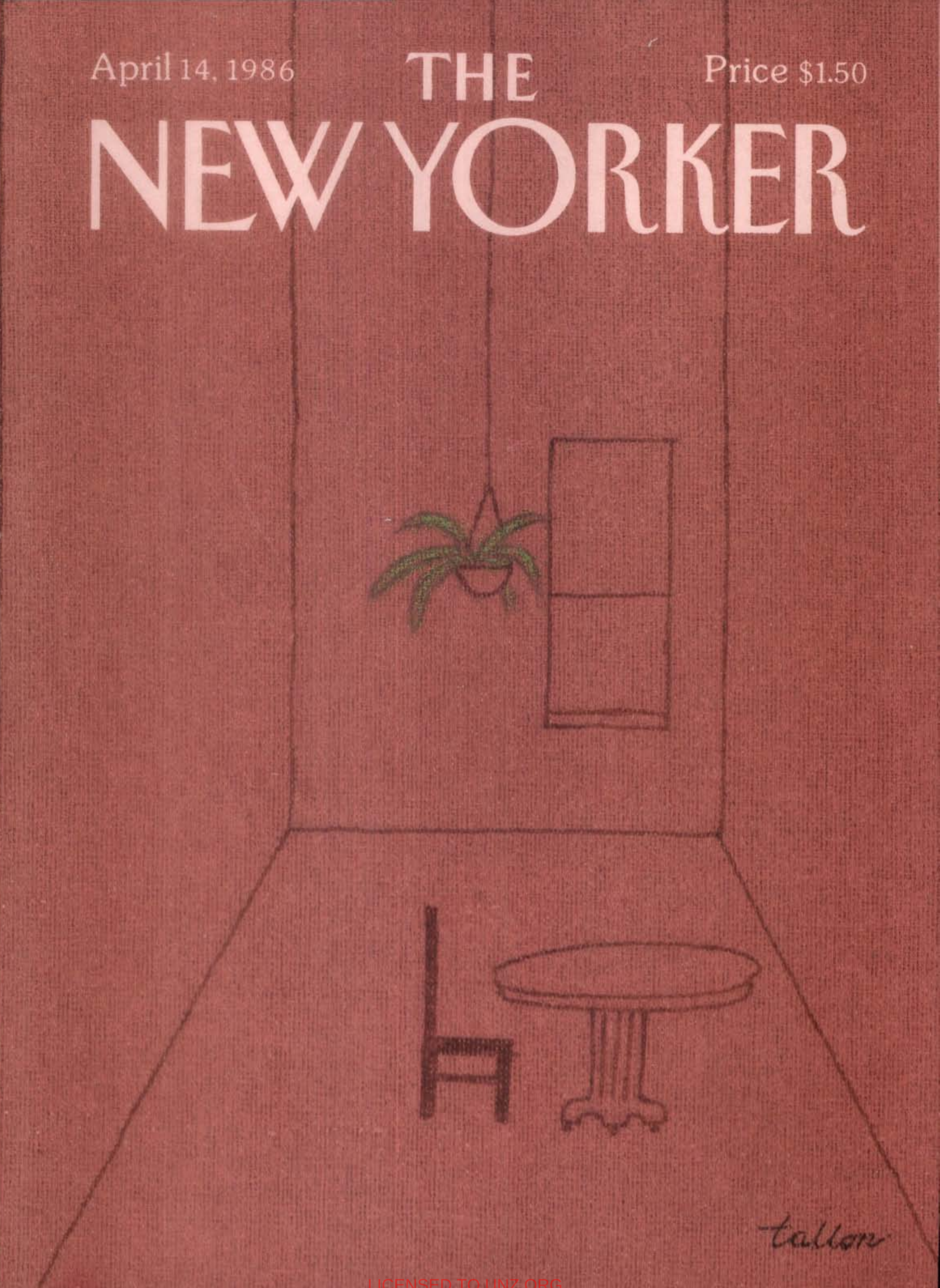
April 14, 1986

Price $1.50

THE NEW YORKER



A.D., Tyler Smith; Photo. Graeme Outerbridge

SUMMER WITH THE SOUTHWICKS.

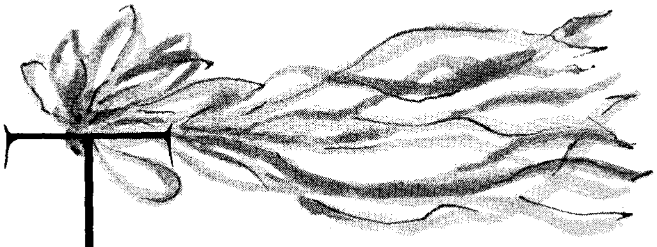
SUMMER HAS A WAY of evolving its own traditions. Golf at the club, a visit with old friends, as much time as possible at the beach. You learn to pack only what you need — and that you need only one jacket.

This one.

Southwick's exclusive light and airy, semi-constructed, all-cotton seersucker jacket. Select the one that pleases you at any of the Southwick family of fine stores.

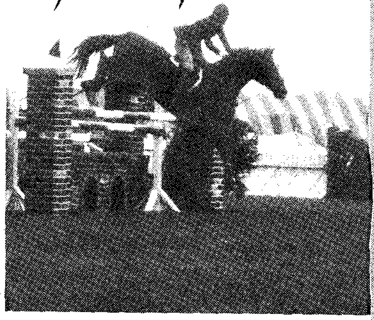
Southwick

The first family of traditional clothing.

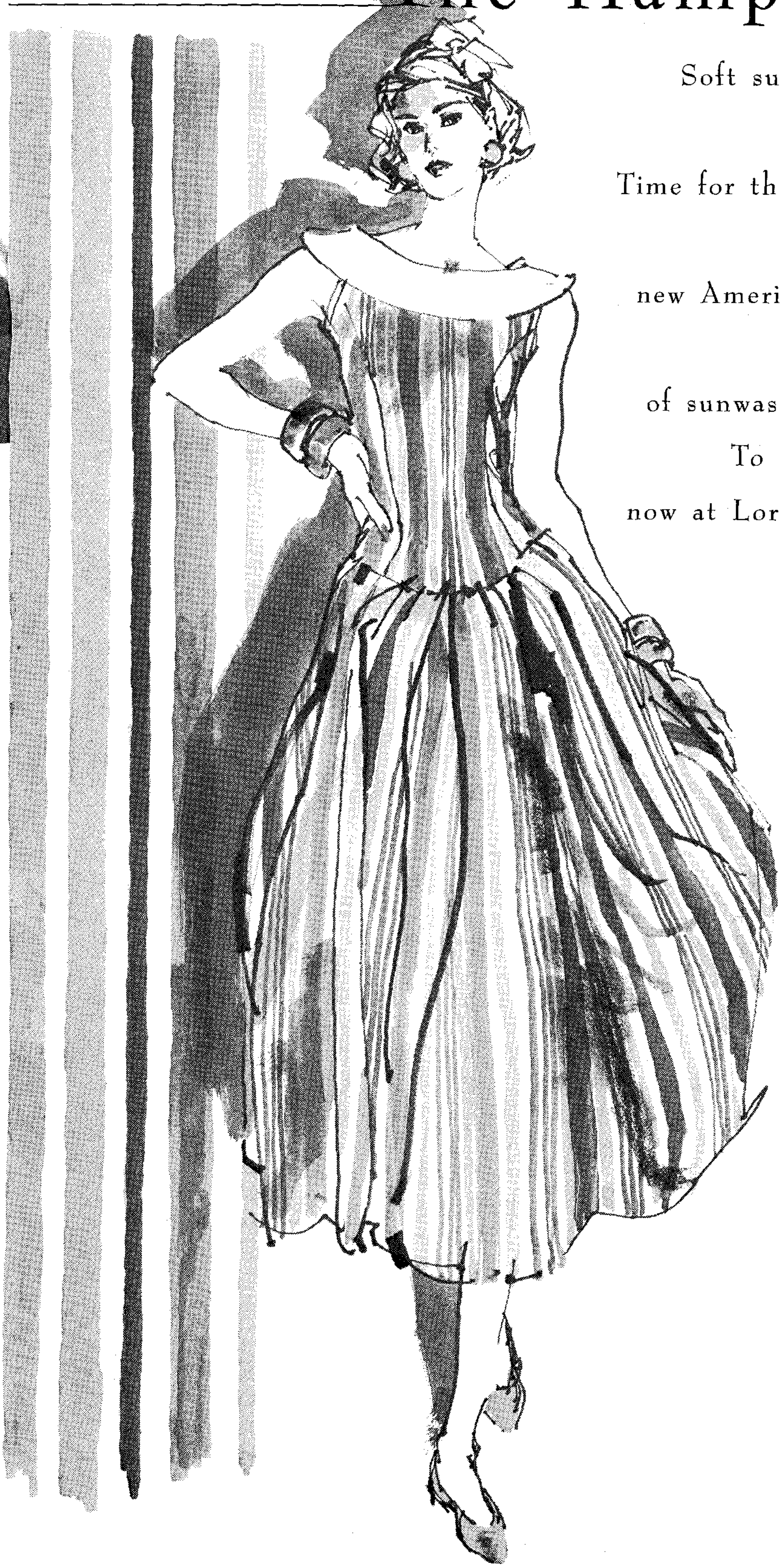


focus America: The Hamptons

Soft summer days.
Evenings.
Time for the good life.
A fresh
new American season.
The breeze
of sunwashed stripes.
To celebrate in
now at Lord & Taylor.



Hampton Classic, Bridgehampton
is an international horse show with competitions for hunters and jumpers as well as one of the many social events that make a Hamptons summer.



Ours exclusively.
Sunwashed stripes.
The Hamptons
sundress.

Revel in a rainbow of soft summer pastels on white—the sunwashed stripes we designed just for you. Here, our own drop-waisted cotton sundress with face-framing white collar and buttoned back. By S. G. Gilbert, 4 to 12 124.00
Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue at 39th Street—and at all Lord & Taylor stores.
Call us toll-free 800-223-7440
In New York State 800-522-5195 (except area codes 212 and 718).
For New York City and information (212) 391-1199
All 24 hours a day including Sunday.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Alchemedians—Bob Berky is a superlative clown, and Michael Moschen is a superlative juggler. They combine to make an evening of comedy and surprises and start-to-finish delight. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/7/86.) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Kathy Whitton Baker. (11/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones in a cleverly constructed and eloquently written play by Michael Frayn, the burden of which is that attempting to do good in the world is a perilous adventure. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Deal—A musical written, directed, and choreographed by Bob Fosse, and based on the 1958 film "The Big Deal on Madonna Street." The cast is headed by Cleavant Derricks, Loretta Devine, and Alan Weeks. Preview Wednesday, April 9. Opens officially on Thursday, April 10, at 6:45. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant—A play by the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Performances in English Wednesday through Friday at 8; in Spanish on Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 and 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Bosoms and Neglect—A revival of John Guare's 1979 comedy. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting **quiet in the land,** by Anne Chislett. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Corpse!—Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea carry on like happy schoolchildren in this improbable murder mystery, and they make us feel happy, too. (1/20/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Daughters—The DiAngelo women of Brooklyn would make rather trying company were it not for the performances of the actresses who play them. John Morgan Evans was the dramatist, John Henry Davis directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Drinking in America—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (2/3/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Elisabeth Welch: Time to Start Living—A one-woman show. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

Hamlet—Kevin Kline is one of our finest actors, and his Hamlet has much to commend it, but he is almost done in by the foolish, intrusive production and the poor work of the supporting company. (3/24/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz, John Mahoney, and Stockard Channing, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—An all-female non-musical in which two well-known performers—Dorothy Loudon and Leslie Uggams—do their best to pretend they are not miscast as they spend the evening singing a very large number of Jerry Herman's all too readily memorable songs. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Largo Desolato—A woefully wrongheaded production of an ironic tragicomedy by the Czech dramatist Václav Havel. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except

---

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27

"MACHINERY" . . . . *Janet Kauffman* 32

"THE THIRD PARTY" . . . . *William Trevor* 35

"DAVID'S WATERCOLOR" (POEM) . . . . *James Merrill* 36

PROFILES (VARTAN GREGORIAN—PART I) . . . . *Philip Hamburger* 45

AMERICAN CHRONICLES (LOUISIANA) . . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 62

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 79

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 84

OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 85

THE ART WORLD . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 87

LETTER FROM EUROPE . . . . *Jane Kramer* 91

BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 105

BRIEFLY NOTED 109

RECEIVED APR 16

COVER: *Robert Tallon*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Edward Frascino, Dana Fradon, William Steig, Bernard Schoenbaum, Warren Miller, Joseph Farris, Edward Koren, Michael Maslin, Charles Addams, Liza Donnelly, Donald Reilly, Roz Chast, William Hamilton, Burt Silverman, Charles Saxon, Stan Hunt, Jack Ziegler, Frank Modell, Arnie Levin, Richard Cline*

THE NEW YORKER

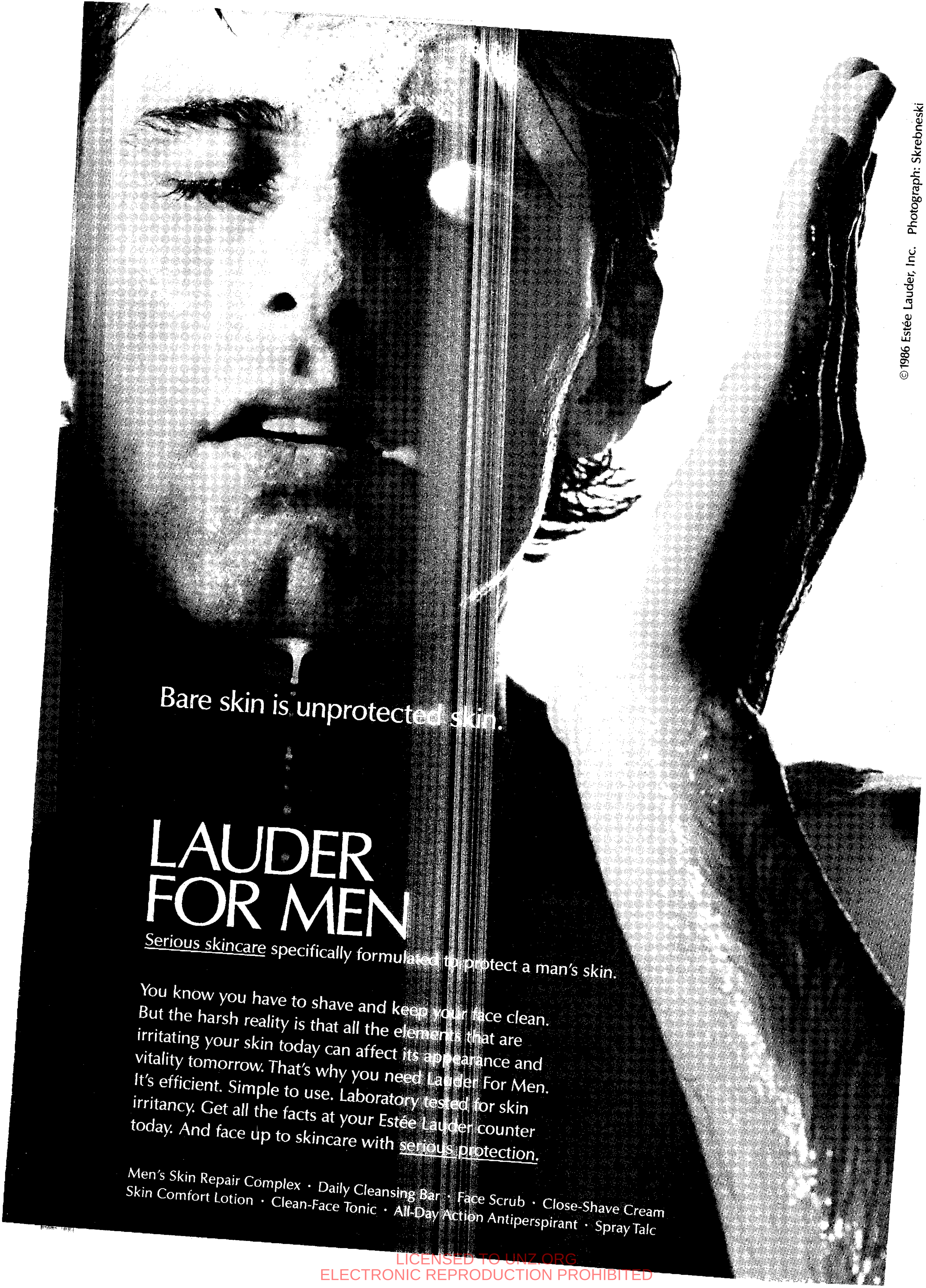
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publisher; Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; Elaine M. Matteo, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary; Milton Greenstein and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and comptroller; Douglas W. Florenzie, circulation director; Owen J. Hochreiter, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXII, No. 8, April 14, 1986. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1986 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



Bare skin is unprotected skin.

LAUDER
FOR MEN

Serious skincare specifically formulated to protect a man's skin.

You know you have to shave and keep your face clean. But the harsh reality is that all the elements that are irritating your skin today can affect its appearance and vitality tomorrow. That's why you need Lauder For Men. It's efficient. Simple to use. Laboratory tested for skin irritancy. Get all the facts at your Estée Lauder counter today. And face up to skincare with serious protection.

Men's Skin Repair Complex · Daily Cleansing Bar · Face Scrub · Close-Shave Cream
Skin Comfort Lotion · Clean-Face Tonic · All-Day Action Antiperspirant · Spray Talc

© 1986 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski

Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterly comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30 and Wednesday, April 16, at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 20: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Loot—The Manhattan Theatre Club production seen recently at City Center is now being presented on Broadway. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Old-fashioned, mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Betty Buckley, and Cleo Laine, to say nothing of the audience itself, which is put to work in the second act. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing but, just as often, Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, Charlotte Moore, David Margulies, and Kate McGregor-Stewart is very good. John Tillinger directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

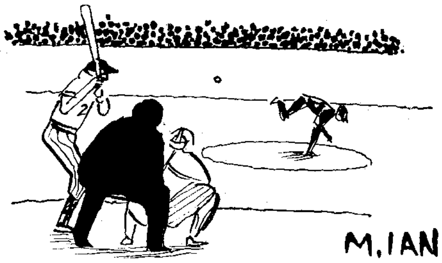
Precious Sons—Judith Ivey and Ed Harris in what is sometimes called a "memory" play, about an unhappy family in Chicago back in the late forties. (3/31/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Principia Scriptoriae—A play by Richard Nelson. Opens Wednesday, April 9, and will run through Sunday, April 27. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Rosen by Any Other Name—A domestic comedy by Israel Horovitz, set in the Jewish community of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, in 1943. Much of the play is funny, but it tends to get too sweet for every taste. The acting, under Stephen Zuckerman's direction, is exactly right. (3/24/86) (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 831-8603. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—What could be more bizarre than an effortful re-creation onstage of what a movie once did with consummate ease and grace? Twyla Tharp has directed and choreographed this sad, enormous oddity. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Social Security—A comedy by Andrew Bergman, starring Marlo Thomas and Ron Silver. Mike Nichols is the director. Previews through Wednesday, April 16. Opens officially on Thursday, April 17. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

So Long on Lonely Street—A comedy by Sandra Deer about a decayed Southern family facing those old Southern fritters—death, incest, alcohol, and conversation. With Lizan Mitchell, Ray Dooley, Pat Nesbit, Stephen Root, and Jane Murray. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Jack Lawrence, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song & Dance—The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Wasted—A play by Fred Gamel. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

Wrestlers—A new play by and with Bill C. Davis, directed by Geraldine Fitzgerald. Previews through Friday, April 11. Opens officially on Saturday, April 12. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BILOXI BLUES:** A comedy that verges on auto-hagiography, the hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a young Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling to assume the mantle of writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Another remembrance of things past by Neil Simon. This time, the hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,800 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except April 19, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except April 19, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Broadway Applauds Lincoln Center—Bea Arthur, Marvin Hamlisch, Cleo Laine, and Jason Robards will be among those appearing in a benefit for the performing-arts companies of Lincoln Center. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, April 14, at 8.)

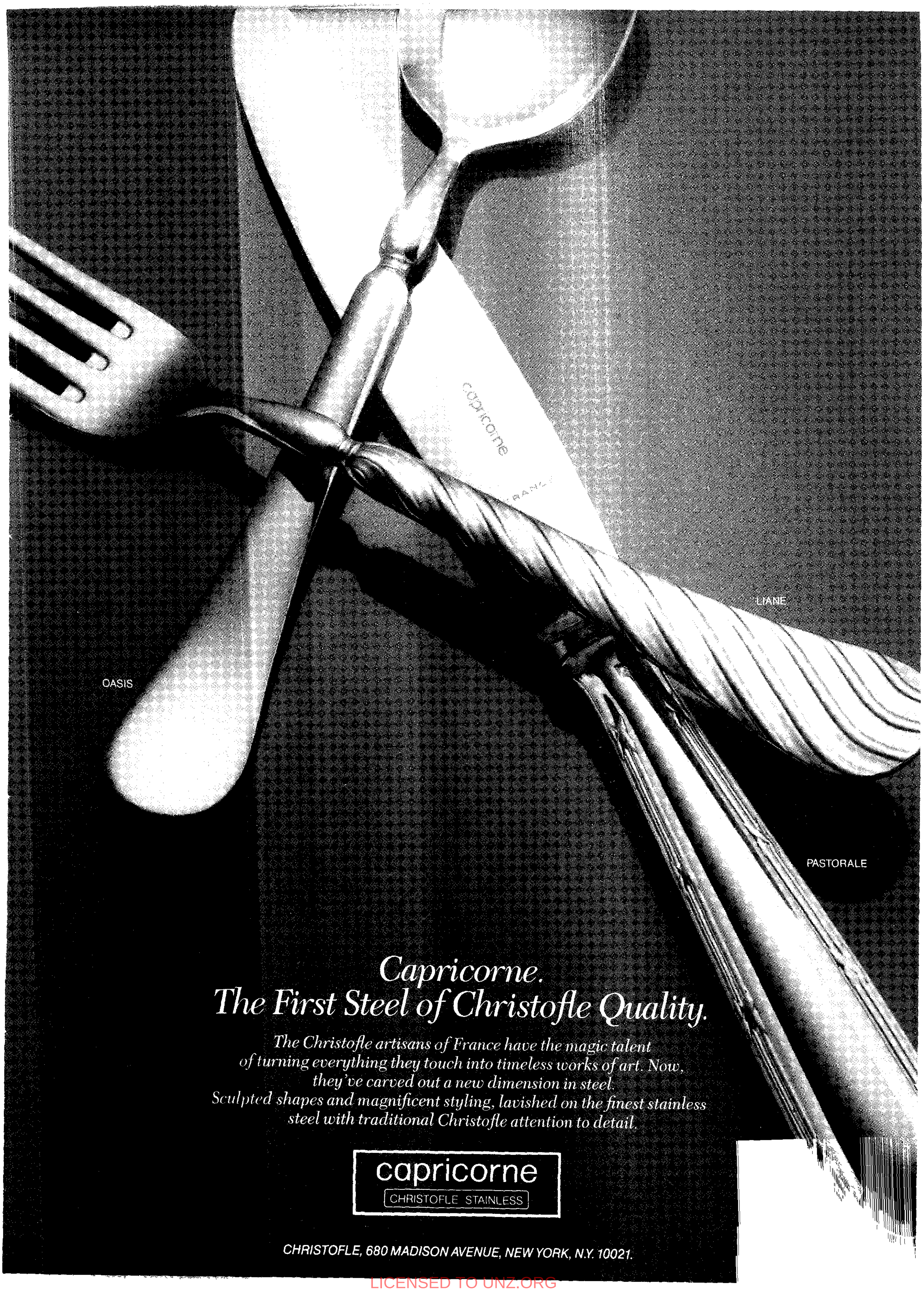
The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-sixteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30; Friday, April 11, at 1:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; and Friday, April 18, at 1:30 and 7:30.)

The Flying Karamazov Brothers—Hilarious joking and juggling by some exceptionally gifted young men, who were all born closer to the Russian River than to Russia, which is just as well. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, April 9, at 8: "Forgotten Land," "Confetti," "Passage," and



Capricorne.
The First Steel of Christofle Quality.

The Christofle artisans of France have the magic talent of turning everything they touch into timeless works of art. Now, they've carved out a new dimension in steel. Sculpted shapes and magnificent styling, lavished on the finest stainless steel with traditional Christofle attention to detail.

capricorne
CHRISTOFLE STAINLESS

CHRISTOFLE, 680 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

"Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Force Field," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "Arden Court," "Secret Places," "Untitled," and "Light Rain." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Birthday Variations," "Round of Angels," "Force Field," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 2: "Kettentanz," "The Heart of the Matter," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 7:30: "Birthday Variations," "Untitled," "Love Songs," and "Light Rain." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 15, at 8: "Italian Suite," "The Heart of the Matter," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Saturday, April 16-19, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, April 20.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, April 9, and Saturday, April 19, at 8: "Equinox," "Snow White," "Junction," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10; Tuesday, April 15; and Friday, April 18, all at 8: "Ab Ovo Usque ad Mala" ("From Soup to Nuts"), "Arden Court," and ". . . Byzantium." . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, and Wednesday, April 16, at 8: "A Musical Offering," "Diggity," and "Nightshade." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, and Thursday, April 17, at 8: "Runes," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 3: "Roses," "Last Look," and "Esplanade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, April 27.)

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday and Thursday, April 9-10, at 8; Sunday, April 13, at 7:30; and Tuesday, April 15, and Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 8: "Schubert," "Figura," and "Hoopla!" . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 8, and Sunday, April 13, at 2: "A Stravinsky Montage," "Porcelain Dialogues," "Re-Enter, Pierrot," and "The Station." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 16, at 8, and Thursday, April 17, at 8 (a benefit performance, with the Dave Brubeck quartet): "Revels," "Continuum," "Frail Demons," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, April 20.)

CHAMBER BALLET U.S.A.—"Napoli Divertissements," "Sunflowers" (New York première), "Flames of Paris Pas de Deux," and "La Favorita." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, April 10, at 8; Friday, April 11, at 7:30; Saturday, April 12, at 8; and Sunday, April 13, at 3.)

JIM SELF AND DANCERS—A program of new works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 20.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **TOMOV YUGOSLAV FOLKDANCE ENSEMBLE:** Wednesday, April 9, and Friday, April 11, at 8, and Sunday, April 13, at 2. . . . **DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS:** Thursday, April 10, and Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Michael Feinstein sings and plays piano in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will work with a bassist, and on Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, pianist **BILL MAYS** and bassist **RUFUS REID** will occupy the bandstand. Other groups can be heard the rest of the time. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. **KAREN AKERS,** who sings with a poised directness, has the late shift—Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Savvy, jazzy singer **JOE WILLIAMS** is here, backed by a trio until Sunday, April 13; Monday, April 14, "To Frankie Dunlop with Love," a benefit performance, will be presented; and starting Tuesday, April 15, **BILLY ECKSTINE** will be singing here. Sets begin after nine. Jubilant hard-bop trumpeter **TED CURSON** presides over after-hours jam sessions every night but Monday until about four in the morning. Dining.

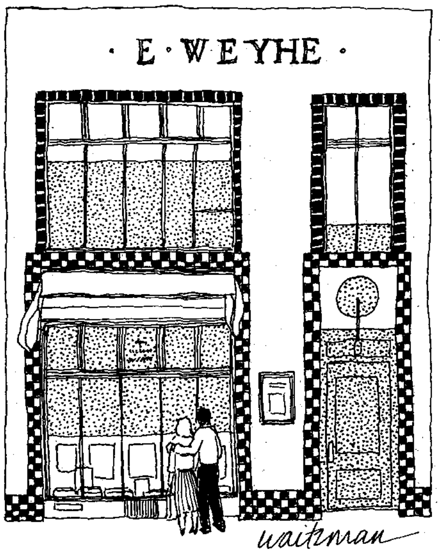
BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—"Just Once," with music and lyrics by Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil, is the fare Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight, Fridays and Saturdays at seven-thirty and eleven, and Sundays at seven-thirty. Mondays are the property of **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE,** who go on at eight and eleven.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good musicians. Bassist **RED MITCHELL** and pianist **BENNY ARONOV** collaborate through Saturday, April 12; on Sunday, April 13, pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** will join **MR. MITCHELL;** and on Monday, April 14, super bassist **RON CARTER** and pianist **STEVE KUHN** will take charge. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room where **BOBBY SHORT** performs his cozy, elegant repertoire Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and soloing Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven, where you can order pitchers of beer and listen to bluegrass or folk or Irish music. Wednesday, April 9, Seamus, Siobhan, and Roryann Egan; Thursday, April 10, the Nashville Bluegrass Band; Saturday, April 12, Out to Lunch; Wednesday, April 16, veteran folkie **PATRICK SKY;** and Saturday, April 19, the **FRANK WAKEFIELD** band. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.



FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs music room. The schedule: **ASTRUD GILBERTO** is here, singing in her cool, nondramatic voice, nightly, except Mondays. Mondays remain the property of guitarist and recording innovator **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** is still on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Judy Niemack sings with a backing crew; Sundays **JAY LEONHART** sings at the bass, with singer and wife Donna Leonhart and pianist John Campbell helping out; Mondays the Stan Edwards trio drops in; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. **NEVILLE DICKIE,** a stride-piano and boogie-woogie expert, struts across the keyboard Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays belong to Amy Duncan, and Mondays to **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and buzzing, bowing bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** provide the music through Saturday, April 12, and on Tuesday, April 15, pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **MICKEY BASS** will move in. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—You can tell you're in New York and not in Texas: when they serve you a hamburger, they bring a jar of Dijon mustard along with it. Singer-bassist **RICK DANKO** and New Orleans' own **CHARLES NEVILLE** and Ramsey McLean & the Survivors on Wednesday, April 9; Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN** and the Carter Brothers band; Sunday, April 13, **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON** and blues pianist **PINETOP PERKINS;** and Monday and Tuesday, April 14-15, Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **BUDDY GUY** and Felix & the Havanas. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BARBARA COOK,** who can sing those standards just like ringing a bell, can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The schedule: Wednesday, April 9, Thom Rotella; Thursday, April 10, guitarist **KELVYN BELL;** Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, violinist **NOEL POINTER;** Sunday, April 13, Charles T. Hudson; Monday, April 14, **JUMP STREET;** Tuesday, April 15, Rewind; and Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, flugelhorn wiz **ART FARMER** and tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN.** Music from about ten. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, Kid Creole & the Coconuts; Thursday, April 17, Divine; and Saturday, April 19, Mental as Anything. Shows begin after nine Mondays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On its busy weekends, this club feels like the rush hour in Rio, and the music is the kind you won't find on "Solid Gold." Wednesday, April 9, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Thursday, April 10, Tropicana; Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, **PE-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, April 15, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI;** Wednesday, April 16, reggae-ists Michigan & Smiley; Thursday, April 17, **KIMATI DINIZULU & THE KOTOKO SOCIETY** and **CHIEF BEY;** and Friday

"You don't keep a client 17 years by losing money for him."

Mike Nadler
Merrill Lynch Financial Consultant

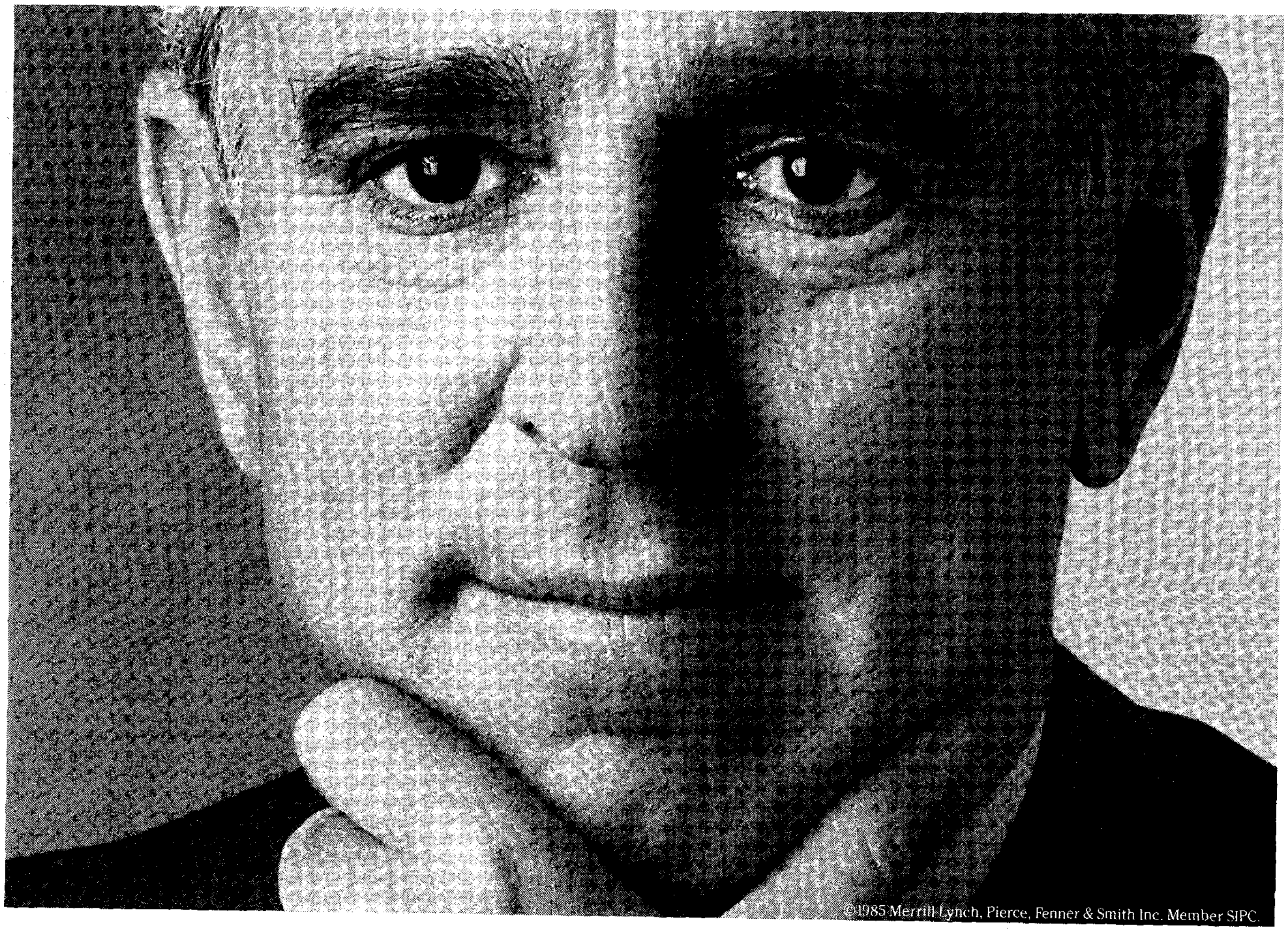
How does Mike Nadler build client relationships that last for decades?

"It takes more than just making you money on investments," says the veteran Merrill Lynch Financial Consultant. "It also takes a total financial strategy that works for *you.*

"So I start by sitting down with any new client and listening. What are your financial goals? Do you need growth or income? How much risk are you comfortable with? And where do you stand on the basic financial needs—asset management, credit management, insurance, tax minimization?"

Mike's in a position to suggest the best solutions and investment strategies to his clients because he's got *all* the resources of Merrill Lynch to draw on.

Put a Mike Nadler and Merrill Lynch to work for you. Phone 1-800-637-7455 Ext. 3322 for the Merrill Lynch office nearest you.



©1985 Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc. Member SIPC.

More resources, better solutions.
They make Merrill Lynch people a breed apart.

Merrill Lynch

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

and Saturday, April 18-19, Tabou Combo. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Drummer **ART BLAKEY** guides his Class of 1986 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** until Sunday, April 13, and on Tuesday, April 15, the New Orleans-based **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND** will hit town. Mondays are staked out by the experienced but unjaded players in the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club featuring **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE** Thursdays through Saturdays, and other bands at other times. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room on Mondays: on April 14, **OSCAR D'LEON, JOSÉ ALBERTO,** and trombonist **STEVE TURRE,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. . . . ¶ On the Terrace, after nine-thirty, **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, and at all times a powerhouse of a pianist, can be heard nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops by on Tuesdays, too.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Ex-Basie-ites **FRANK FOSTER** and **FRANK WESS** are performing with pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **RAY DRUMMOND,** and drummer **SMITTY SMITH** through Sunday, April 13, and on Tuesday, April 15, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN'S** quartet will descend the stairs. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from nine-thirty.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of jazz. Guitarists **TINY GRIMES** (he plays a four-string model) and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** (he plays a seven-string) share the stage through Sunday, April 13. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Wednesday and Thursday, April 9-10, pianist **WALTER NORRIS** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ;** Friday, April 11, pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON;** Saturday, April 12, **WALTER NORRIS** and **LISLE ATKINSON;** and starting Sunday, April 13, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival—Thursday, April 10: Dizzy Gillespie, the Tito Puente big band, the Phil Woods quintet, Lionel Hampton, and the McDonald's *High School Jazz Ensemble*. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11: Betty Carter and her trio, the Joe Newman quintet, the Dave Valentin quintet, Major Holley, Lionel Hampton, and the Manhattan School of Music Jazz Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12: Lionel Hampton and his orchestra, with Teddy Wilson, Roland Hanna, Al Grey, and others. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Evenings at 8.)

Jazz at Six—Ruby Braff and Dick Hyman. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 11, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Lucia and Joaquin Pimpinela—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 8.

James (Son) Thomas, CeDell Davis, and **the Carey Bell Blues Band**—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. 362-0290. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 8.

Lyrics and Lyricists—Kaye Ballard, Julius La Rosa, and the Mike Renzi trio in a benefit program, featuring the lyrics of E. Y. Harburg and various women lyricists. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

Andy Statman Klezmer Orchestra—Metropolitan Synagogue of New York, 40 E. 35th St. 679-8580. Sunday, April 13, at 7:30.

Bob Roman & Stephen Calia—St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. 787-2755. Monday, April 14, at 8.

Luther Vandross—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday, April 15, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz—Roger Kellaway, Eddie Daniels, Nancy Harrow, Jack Wilkins, and the Kenny Burrell trio. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, April 16, at 8.)

Brian Setzer & the Radiation Ranch, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, and **the Del Lords**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, April 18, at 8.

Abdullah Ibrahim—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, April 18, at 8.

Jean Redpath—With Abbey Newton and John Graham. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 18, at 8.)

Latin Jazz All-Stars—Ray Barretto, Hilton Ruiz, Mario Rivera, and others. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, April 18, at 8.)

Royal New York Doo-Wopp Show—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 8.

Junior Cook–Bill Hardman Quintet—With Suzanne Klewan and Timmy Shepherd. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

Folk Festival—With Pete Seeger, Ronnie Gilbert, Skyline, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

James Cotton, Pinetop Perkins, and **Valerie Wellington**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, April 19, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Recent and earlier paintings and works on paper representing his cast of fantastical figures and objects. Through May 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

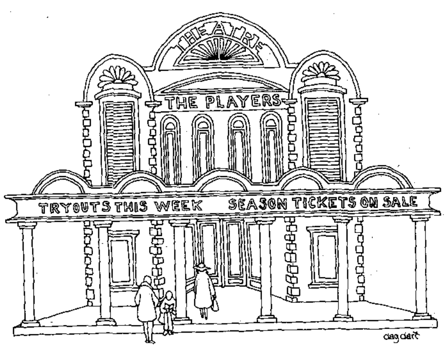
Giacomo Balla (1871-1958)—Nonobjective paintings by an Italian Futurist; the dates of the works run from 1905 to 1928. Through Saturday, April 19. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Rudolf Bauer (1889-1953) / **Hans Hinterreiter**—Constructivist paintings. / Nonobjective paintings. Through April 26. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Enrico Donati—Vividly colored abstractions whose layered look is derived from ground quartz and other substances that have been added to the medium. Through April 26. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

René Genis—Tropical landscapes and related still-lifes. Through May 10. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Aharon Gluska—*Nonobjective paintings and* drawings. Through May 3. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)



Jeffrey Kronsnoble—Trompe-l'oeil paintings. Through April 26. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, April 19. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Charles Maurin (1856-1914)—Landscapes done with a sprayed-watercolor technique invented by the artist. Also, drawings and watercolors by Maurin's contemporaries, Toulouse-Lautrec and Villon among them. Through May 3. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Mitchell—Abstract paintings completed in 1985. Through May 10. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Owen Morrel—An abstract bronze sculpture *and five very large pencil drawings of the* piece as it would appear if it were enlarged to monumental scale. Through May 10. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Robert Ohnigian—New collages. Through Saturday, April 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Mel Pekarsky—Desert landscapes from the past ten years, including four large-scale paintings on unstretched canvas and three large drawings. Through April 26. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kikuo Saito—Abstract paintings. Through April 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Seliger—Recent paintings and monotypes by a veteran abstractionist which complement a small retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, April 19. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Maurice Sievan (1898-1981)—Abstract Expressionist paintings with indistinct figures. Through April 26. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Mario Sironi (1885-1961)—Paintings and works on paper. Through May 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Eve Sonneman—This artist is showing oils for the first time as well as some of her watercolors and photographs. Through April 26. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Cristóbal Toral—New trompe-l'oeil paintings. Through Saturday, April 19. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Carol Wald—Painted photo-collages whose subject is the exploits of the French sailor Alain Gerbault. Through April 25. (Smith, 1045 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

John Walker—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings and photographs by eight contemporary artists *and their selections of a* work by an artist who influenced their development—Ida Applebroog and Ree Morton, Komar & Melamid and Raphael Soyer, Tina Barney and Nan Goldin, for example. Through May 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HAMILTON,** 19 E. 71st St.: Portraits in a wide range of styles and mediums by fourteen contemporary artists, Janet Fish and David Hockney among them. Through May 3. . . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: Approximately a hundred nineteenth-century English paintings, drawings, *and prints* by Pre-Raphaelites and academicians. Through April 26. . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: Abstract paintings by Robert Baribeau, landscapes by Richard Sheehan, and whimsical ceramic sculptures of automobiles by Dennis Clive. Through April 30.

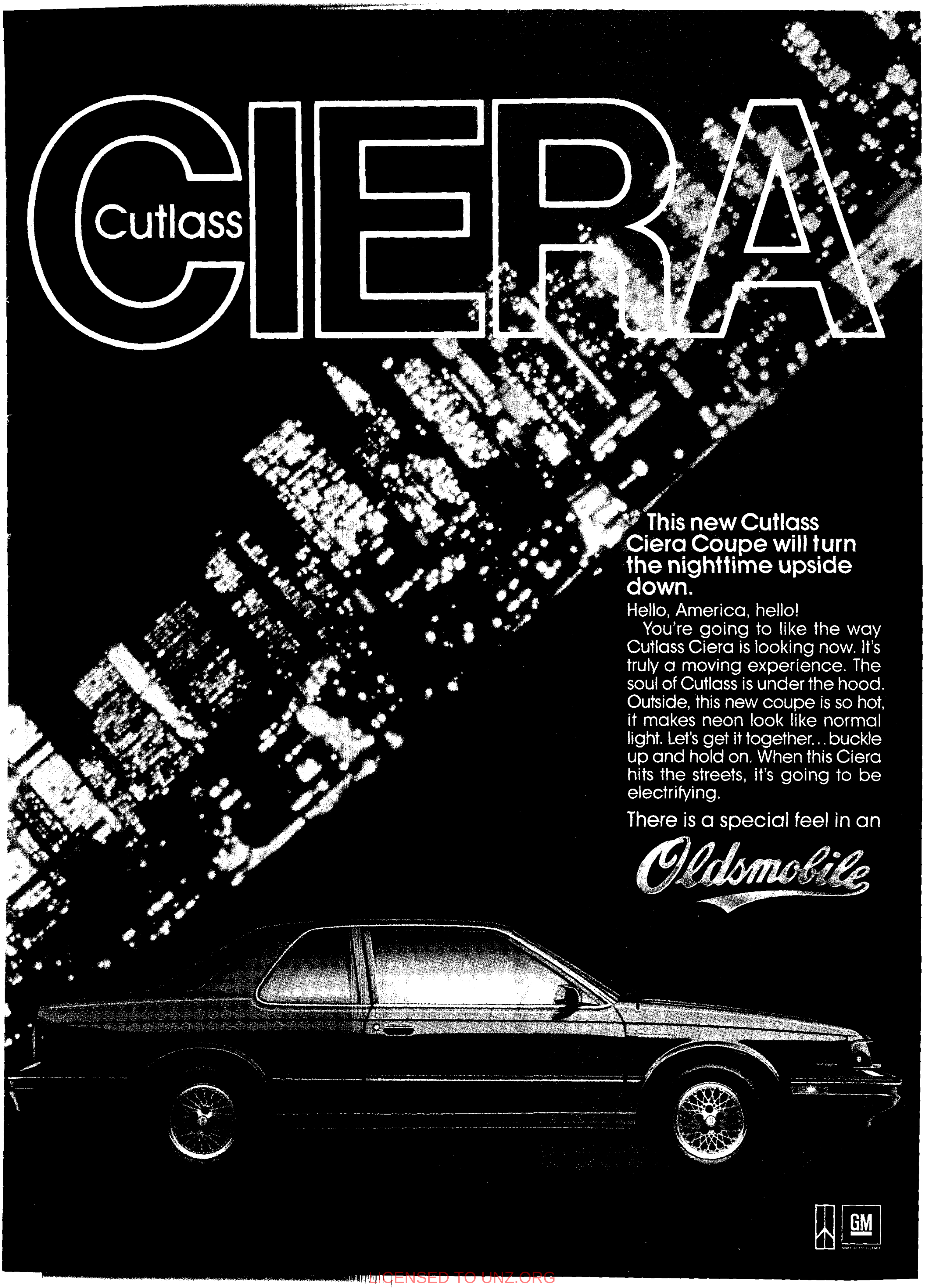
GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through May 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Karel Appel—Expressionist paintings. Through April 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Beckman / Richard Shaw—Realist paintings: portraits and Dutchess County landscapes. / Figures and lighthouses rendered in ceramic sculptures that have a trompe-l'oeil reality. Through April 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop / Hank Virgona—Paintings and

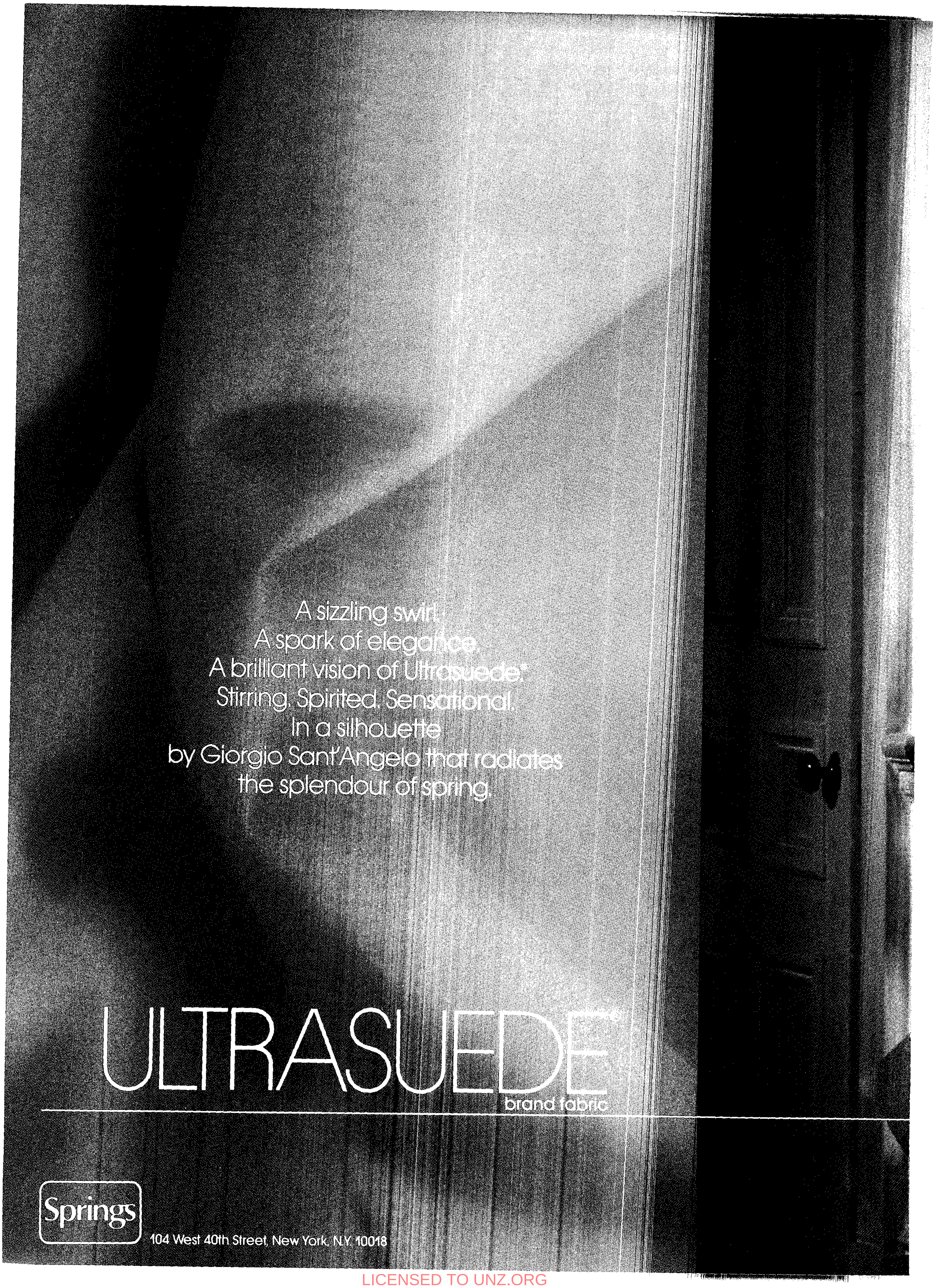


This new Cutlass Ciera Coupe will turn the nighttime upside down.

Hello, America, hello!

You're going to like the way Cutlass Ciera is looking now. It's truly a moving experience. The soul of Cutlass is under the hood. Outside, this new coupe is so hot, it makes neon look like normal light. Let's get it together... buckle up and hold on. When this Ciera hits the streets, it's going to be electrifying.

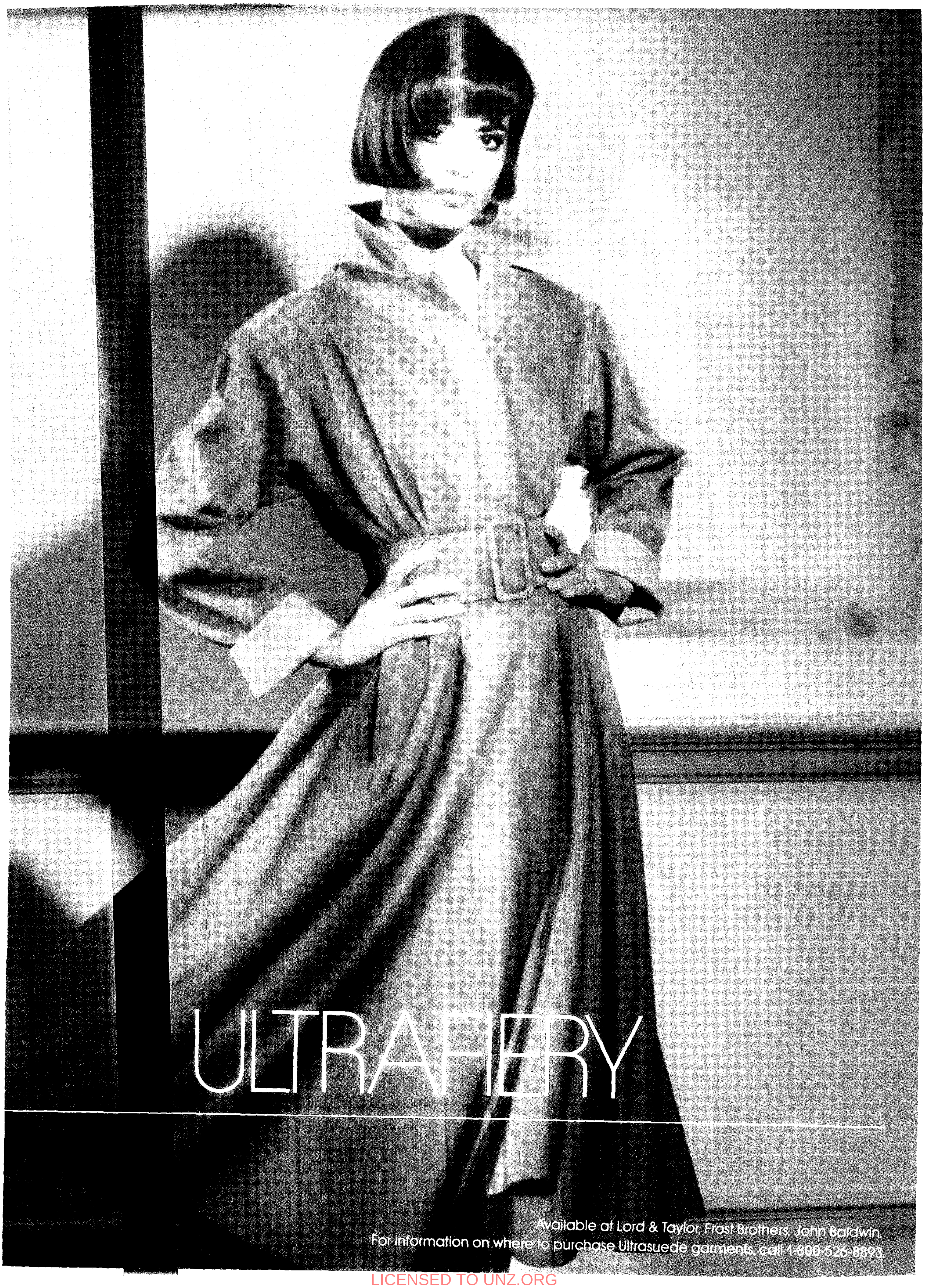
There is a special feel in an Oldsmobile



A sizzling swirl.
A spark of elegance.
A brilliant vision of Ultrasuede.®
Stirring. Spirited. Sensational.
In a silhouette
by Giorgio Sant'Angelo that radiates
the splendour of spring.

ULTRASUEDE®
brand fabric

Springs
104 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018



Available at Lord & Taylor, Frost Brothers, John Baldwin.
For information on where to purchase Ultrasuede garments, call 1-800-526-8893

Eat? Or dine? The rise and fall and rise again of the dining room.

1
2
3
4
5
6
8
9
10
11

Just a few years ago dining rooms seemed to be on the list of endangered household species, a list that included butler's pantries, libraries and dressing rooms. Even a critically acclaimed off-Broadway play (*The Dining Room* by A.R. Gurney, Jr.) was based on the notion that this room was some sort of archeological artifact now useful only as a clue to the cultural and social changes of recent years.

But the latest news from the Home Front is that dining rooms are now high on many people's most-wanted lists and they're asking architects and designers to put them back into their lives.

This resurgence may be due in part to the Great American Gourmet Revolution now at its zenith. If you're going to shine at *nouvelle* and all those other cuisines, you want a proper theater in which to display your new-found masterpieces.

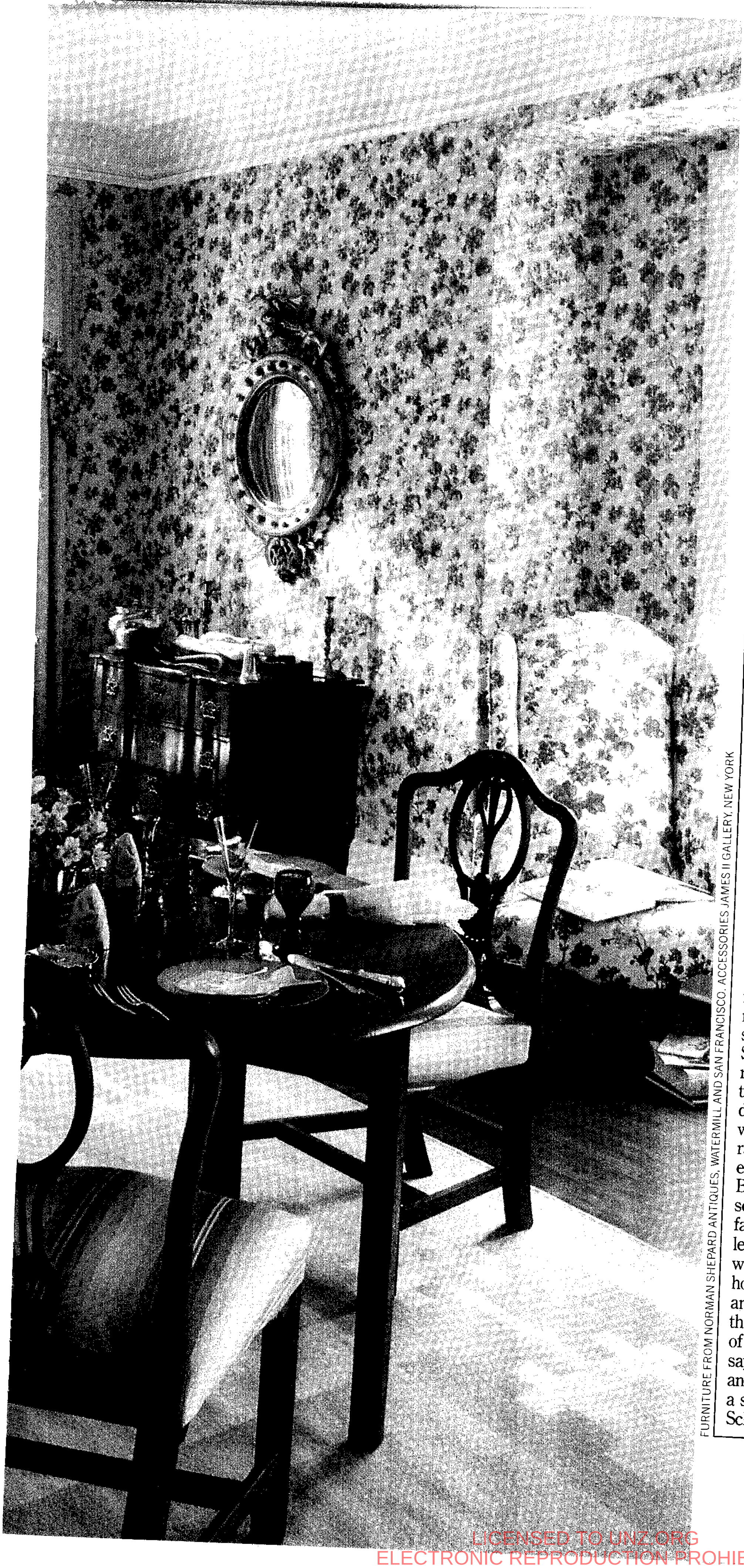
Whatever the reasons for their comeback, the new dining rooms are very different from those staid rooms of yesterday. Gone is much of the rigid formality. In its place, there's now a feeling of informal ease and comfort, reflecting today's more casual attitudes. In the Southampton dining room designed by Gary Crain shown here, you can feel this current mood. Even though the look is very Country/Traditional, the room is sparked with an informality that is thoroughly contemporary. Part of this effect results from the sprightly flower-strewn wallpaper and the inviting wing chair with its matching upholstery (from Schumacher's *Chez Moi* collection, the pattern is "Belle Isle"). The light-catching, translucent silk-blend draperies and the imported wool Dhurrie rug counterpoint the period table and chairs in a very modern way, too. In all, a harmonious background for the social activity we call "dining."

Historically, separate rooms set aside solely for the purpose of eating didn't show up until well into the 18th century. As with many other things having to do with the cooking and serving of food, the idea of a separate "eating room" can be credited to the French and to the reign of Louis XV. The differentiated dining room helped to transform plain "eating" into fancy "dining." What had been a biologic necessity was turning into a key social ritual.

In keeping with this ritualization of dining, all sorts of customs were developed: England's Charles I had ok'd the use of cutlery several hundred years before with his declaration "It is decent to use a fork"; the central table surrounded by chairs, termed *"table à l'anglais,"* was adopted world-wide; sequential serving of meals, one course at a time "in the Russian manner" became another international standby; special dining room protocol—as well as all kinds of special dining room furniture—soon cluttered the eating rooms of the world.

In the two hundred years after Louis XV, dining rooms ultimately became the focal point of almost every household, no matter how rich or how humble. These high-flying days continued well into the middle of this century. Then, a few decades ago it seemed as though we were back in the pre-dining room era again, and were being asked to

Schumacher's Illustrated Notes on 20th Century Taste. One of a series.

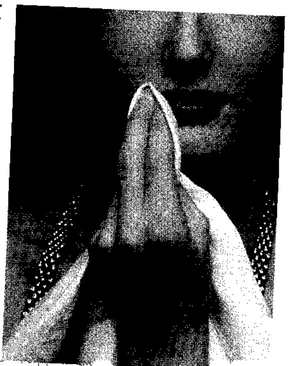


FURNITURE FROM NORMAN SHEPARD ANTIQUES, WATERMILL AND SAN FRANCISCO. ACCESSORIES JAMES II GALLERY, NEW YORK

make do with the bit of space dubbed "the dining area" that was tacked onto some other room. Happily, this trend now seems to be reversed. Great meals are once again being served in great-looking dining rooms.

AN EXCLUSIVE © SCHUMACHER
© SCHUMACHER

When F. Schumacher and Company opened up its shelves for business in the 1890's dining rooms were often imposingly sumptuous, even regal. All sorts of sumptuous and regal fabrics suited to the era were ordered from those Schumacher shelves. For today's dining room renaissance, Schumacher continues to meet the multiple needs of the present generation of decorators and designers. By offering the world's most comprehensive inventory of decorative fabrics and wall-coverings reflecting every era of design with unequalled authority. By maintaining a color palette that is unusually sensitive to the nuances of changing times and fashions. And by providing a handpicked selection of the finest rugs and carpets of the world. Whether it's for a new dining room, or a houseful of other distinctive rooms, decorators and designers, wending their busy way in search of perfection, almost daily say to themselves (with an ingrained belief and a sigh of relief), "...surely, Schumacher."



KAHLÚA®

Black Russian

KAHLÚA
IMPORTED FROM SUNNY MEXICO
KAHLÚA
HECHO EN MEXICO
LICOR DE CAFÉ
LIQUEUR
A PRODUCT OF MEXICO
CARAMEL COLOR ADDED
KAHLUA, S. A.
FABRICA DE LICOR DE CAFE
PREPARED AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED STATES
IMPORTERS, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Mmmm. Time to sit back, relax, and enjoy a classic. Just 1 oz. of Kahlúa, 1-1/2 oz. vodka on the rocks. Incomparable. Because only Kahlúa tastes like Kahlúa.

Our treat. Kahlúa Recipe Books are filled with a host of mmmmarvelous ideas. Do send for as many as you'd like. They're on the house.
Kahlúa, Dept. D, P.O. Box 230, Los Angeles, CA 90078-0230.

©1985 Kahlúa® 53 Proof. Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., Los Angeles, CA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

drawings. / Watercolors from a subway series. Through April 26. (Dorsky, 58 W. 58th St.)

Crash—Large-canvas spray-paint works. Through Saturday, April 12. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Cushing—Traditional landscape paintings on canvas and studies for them in oil on paper. Through April 23. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Brad Davis / Thomas Stimm—Large-scale mountain landscapes, seen close up for the most part. / Fanciful painted-ceramic sculptures of interiors (a bathroom), landscapes (a country road), and a man's head. Through April 26. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stuart Davis (1892-1964)—Paintings and drawings of Provincetown and Gloucester, which provide a good key to the artist's development. Through April 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Heliker—Paintings of scenes along the Maine Coast—a clamdigger, a boathouse—and a few still-lifes. Through April 26. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jonathan Lasker—Abstractions. Through April 26. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—New open-form welded-metal sculptures. Through April 23. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Peter Loftus / Polly Kraft—Paintings of landscapes around Santa Cruz, California. / Oil still-lifes. Through April 29. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Antonio Lopéz García / Lisa Fonssagrives-Penn—Paintings of cityscapes, still-lifes, portraits, plus a few sculptures. / Small bronze sculptures reminiscent of animal forms. Through April 26. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—Thirty-one watercolors from the twenties, and drawings from 1917 to 1931. Through April 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Carved-basalt sculptures. Through April 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland / James Wolfe—New paintings concentrating on diamond and chevron shapes. Through April 26. / Abstract forms using painted, curled steel. Through May 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Milton Resnick / Martha Diamond—New abstract paintings in oil and gouache. / Cityscapes bordering on abstraction. Through May 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Harry Roseman—Cut-paper collages by a sculptor. Through April 26. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Emil Schumacher—Expressionist paintings by a German artist. Through Saturday, April 19. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Serra—New drawings that complement a large show of sculptures at the Museum of Modern Art. Through April 26. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Barbara Siegel—Paintings and works on paper depicting pigeons—walking on cobblestone streets, perched on corners of buildings. Through May 10. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jerald Silva—Nude figures, sometimes overlapping, painted in watercolors. Through April 26. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michelle Stuart / Jacqueline Poncelet—Mural-size paintings, each composed of more than a hundred encaustic-canvas squares that are affixed to the walls with Velcro. / Abstract ceramic sculptures. Through April 26. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Donald Sultan—Two related exhibits: paintings at Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St., and drawings at the Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. Both shows through April 26.

Group Show—Expressionist paintings by early-twentieth-century European artists. Through May 10. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Luis Cruz Azaceta—A large show of paintings and wood cutouts from the past ten years. Through Sunday, April 13. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway.)

John Baldessari—Photographic works by a Conceptualist. Through April 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Georg Baselitz—Four new paintings by a Neo-Expressionist. Through April 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Charles Bell / Nathan Slate Joseph—Photo-Realist paintings of modern-day toys (G.I. Joe, Barbie and Ken) set up as parodies of classical paintings—"The Judgment of Paris," for example. / Patined-metal wall constructions. Through April 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Peter Bradley—Abstract painted-steel sculptures. Through May 7. (Hirondelle, 476 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Marcel Broodthaers (1924-76)—Prints. Through April 30. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Paolo Buggiani—Imaginary creatures sculptured from wood and metal and inhabiting an environment created by Mediterranean landscapes. Through April 26. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Pizzi Cannella—Italian landscapes and interiors. Through May 1. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

D. Capobianco—Graphite drawings of crude interlocking ladder forms. Through Saturday, April 19. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Ronnie Cutrone—Large canvases mixing Op Art with cartoon and advertising images—Woody Woodpecker, corporate logos, etc. Through Saturday, April 19. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Betsy Damon—Pastel drawings of desert landscapes on scroll-like paper. Also, handmade-paper wall reliefs. Through April 26. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Cecily Barth Firestein—Large-scale abstract monotypes. Through May 3. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Giuseppe Gallo—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, April 19. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Grosvenor / Peter Campus—Three large metal sculptures. / Black-and-white photographs of the Hudson River highlands. Through April 26. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Michael Hafftka—Loosely handled figure paintings, pastels, and ink drawings. Through Thursday, April 17. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Robert Henry—Paintings of figures encased in frames that look stencilled. Through April 26. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

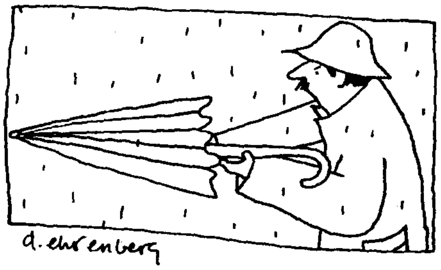
Yvonne Jacquette / Ken Goodman—Paintings and pastels of Tokyo at night. / Paintings in which a realist image merges with abstract brushstrokes, plus similar drawings done in charcoal. Through May 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

David Kapp—Paintings of urban traffic jams reduced to the outlines of cars and their headlights and tail-lights. Also, drawings. Through Saturday, April 12. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Grace Knowlton / Arthur Tress—Large, spherical sculptures made with a papier-mâché-like material and painted with enamel, watercolor, and oil stick. / Cibachrome prints depicting members of the Reagan Cabinet. Through April 26. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

Komar & Melamid—Large multipanel works blending numerous art styles. Through May 10. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Leonard Koscianski—Paintings of wild animals, predators and prey, meant to reflect human behavior. Through April 26. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)



George Longfish—Acrylic paintings incorporating pictographs and other images associated with the artist's American Indian heritage. Through May 3. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Michael Lucero—A dozen huge clay animals: a moth, for instance, with an eight-foot wingspan. Through April 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

David Mach—Two sculptures: a dragster held up by dozens of plastic dolls, and a Harley-Davidson motorcycle apparently being pulled into a wall by lamps resembling hands. First one-man show in New York. Through April 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Jay Milder—A retrospective of paintings, works on paper, and sculptures. Through April 30. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Grégoire Müller—Figure paintings. Through April 30. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Anthony Polizzi—Abstractions, including impastoed paintings on paper and painted polystyrene-and-foam-board sculptures. Through April 26. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Joseph Raffael—Landscapes in oil (with Japanese motifs) and watercolors of oversize birds and moths. Through May 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

David Salle / Jean Kallino—Recent paintings. / Photographs of a performance of a play for which David Salle designed the sets and costumes. Through May 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Carole Seborovski—Geometric abstract works on paper. Through Saturday, April 19. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

The Gallery Show—Twenty-two dealers were asked to choose a single work by an artist who has a personal significance for them; Bruce Nauman, for instance, was chosen by Barbara Gladstone because, she says, she has always wanted to represent him. Through April 26. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

William Anthony / Debra Chase—Satirical figure paintings and drawings. / Mixed-medium constructions that resemble garments—kimonos, gowns, jackets. Through Saturday, April 19. (Baum, 109 Hudson St.)

William Fares—Abstract paintings. Through April 26. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

John Franklin—Disparate works that call attention to the materials from which they are made—for instance, a canvas wrapped with time-clock ribbon, a pair of black Plexiglas sunglasses revolving on a mirror base, and a concrete sewer conduit, covered with gold leaf, on which the word "GUILT" is inscribed in black paint. Through Saturday, April 12. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. Opens at noon.)

Grace Graupe-Pillard / Roger Cutforth—Pastel portrait-cutouts derived from a social-realist sensibility. / Portrait photocollages. Through April 27. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Terry Rosenberg—Drawings that were done from live models in the artist's studio. Through May 3. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Group Shows—At the **city gallery**, 2 Columbus Circle: More than two hundred books and fifty prints by Cobra artists. Through April 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Additional Cobra works (paintings) are at the Galeria Joan Prats, 24 W. 57th St. Through May 3. . . . **new york studio school**, 8 W. 8th St.: Guy Goodwin, Brice Marden, and Elizabeth Murray are each represented by an abstract painting and several related drawings. Through May 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . **303 gallery**, 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St.: An installation by Vito Acconi, Nancy Dwyer, and Matt Mullican which is the artists' version of the new corporate-sponsored public spaces. Through Saturday, April 19. (Opens at 1.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt (1904-83)—Approximately a hundred vintage photographs. Through June 7. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

John Coplans / Herbert List (1903-75)—Silver

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

prints of the artist's nude body revealed one part at a time. / Surrealist-influenced prints from the thirties. Through April 26. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Henri Lartigue—Photographs detailing upper-middle-class life in France between 1904 and 1980. Through May 10. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Milton Rogovin—Photographs of the same low-income families in Buffalo, New York, that he documented in the early seventies and then again in the mid-eighties. Through April 26. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—Some previously unpublished prints by this photojournalist, along with some well-known works; about two hundred in all. Through May 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Harvey Stein—Photographs of contemporary artists, including Alex Katz, Colette, and Dan Flavin. Through May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

John Yang / Mark Feldstein—Panoramic silver contact prints of the Innisfree Garden, in Millbrook, New York. / Ten triptychs. Through Friday, April 18. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A chronological arrangement of the school of Nuremberg's Gothic and Renaissance works of art winds its way through history with a selection that includes a fountain figure known as Hansel, oversize carved-oak statues of Christ and the Virgin by Veit Stoss, Dürer's sketch for a chandelier in the shape of a dragon and the finished chandelier itself, and brass sculptures by Peter Vischer the Elder. Starts Saturday, April 12. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, plus tapestries and porcelains, by François Boucher, including "Toilet of Venus" (1751), which was done for a château of Mme. de Pompadour and Louis XV. Through May 4. . . . ¶ A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. Through May 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit of architectural drawings and photographs of late-nineteenth-century buildings designed by Richard Morris Hunt, including the Fifth Avenue entrance of the museum itself. Through June 15. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Richard Serra contains several pieces made for the exhibition, one of them located out in the sculpture garden. Through May 13. A complementary show is at Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A show commemorating Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's hundredth anniversary. Drawings, photographs, and models of his buildings are on display in the lower-level galleries. Furniture, including a Barcelona chair, is installed on the fourth floor. Through Tuesday, April 15. . . . ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Win Knowlton. Through April 22. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Naum Gabo, a leader in the Constructivist style in the twenties. Through April 27. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by contemporary abstractionist Jack Youngerman. Through April 27. . . . ¶ A show of twenty-five abstract paintings and works on paper by Charles Seliger. Through May 18. A complementary exhibit is at the Gallery Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of works by Alex Katz, including paintings, wood and aluminum cutouts, and collages. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty-eight paintings by Eric Fischl. Through May 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of some of the works that will go to the new Musée d'Orsay when it opens in Paris later this year as the repository of the Louvre's collections of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, photographs, and decorative objects. Through May 5. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

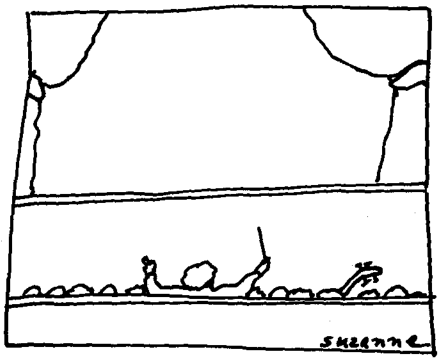
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of approximately seventy photographs of Gypsies by the late Belgian artist Jan Yoors, who frequently travelled with Gypsy bands in Europe, India, and the United States, from about 1934 to 1975. Through July 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the life and career of Bronislava Nijinska, a dancer, choreographer, and member of the creative-genius crowd early in this century. This record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by Max Ernst and Joan Miró; and a musical score for her ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée" in the handwriting of Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen in photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, among others. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of approximately eighty Italian drawings from the baroque and Mannerist periods, on loan from the collection of Duke Roberto Ferretti. Through April 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—An exhibition of Sots Art, shorthand for unofficial works by Russian artists who managed to get out from under the thumb of the official Socialist Realism; all but one of the artists live here now, and all but one (a sculptor) are painters. Starts Saturday, April 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Printed Book in India: The First 300 Years," an exhibit of more than fifty rare volumes from the library's collection, which includes a religious handbook in Portuguese (1561), one of the earliest surviving books printed in India. Through May 24. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)



Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artists Al Loving and Howardena Pindell are each represented by eighteen paintings and collages. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Performance: Peter Littlefield and Evan Lurie's musical production "The Cure," Friday through Sunday, April 11-13, at 9, and Friday through Sunday, April 18-20, at 11. . . . ¶ Video: Eric Bogosian's "Funhouse," Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 10, and Friday through Sunday, April 18-20, at midnight; Kit Fitzgerald and Paul Garrin's "Adelic Penguins," Saturday, April 19, at 8:30; and "All Lights Off . . . ," by Michel Auder, Sunday, April 20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dance: A. Leroy, with Charles Moulton and dancers, and Gretchen Langheld; music by Liquid Liquid, and Lenny Pickett and the Borneo Horns, Thursday, April 17, at 8:30.

Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651—Ishmael Houston-Jones' production "Adolfo und Maria," Thursday through Sunday, April 10-13, at 8.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, April 9, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Aprile Millo, Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Leo Nucci; conducted by David Stivender. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 6:30: "Parsifal," with Kathryn Harries, Peter Hofmann, Simon Estes, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Catherine Malfitano, Maria Ewing, Vladimir Popov, and Michael Devlin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 1: "Don Carlo," with Aprile Millo, Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Leo Nucci; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Richard J. Clark; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 8: A program of operatic excerpts, performed by Kiri Te Kanawa, Placido Domingo, and the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus conducted by James Levine. (A benefit for the Metropolitan Opera Pension Fund.) . . . ¶ Monday, April 14, at 6:30: "Parsifal," with Gail Gilmore, Peter Hofmann, Simon Estes, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 15, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Aprile Millo, Giovanna Casolla, Giuliano Ciannella, and Leo Nucci; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 16, at 8: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Richard J. Clark; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 17, at 8: "Carmen," with Catherine Malfitano, Maria Ewing, Vladimir Popov, and Michael Devlin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 18, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Aprile Millo, Giovanna Casolla, Giuliano Ciannella, and Leo Nucci; David Stivender. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 12:30: "Parsifal," with Gail Gilmore, Peter Hofmann, Simon Estes, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Richard J. Clark; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.)

Vineyard Opera Shop—The first six of nine performances of the American première of "Una Cosa Rara," a 1786 opera with a score by

Martin y Soler and a libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte. James Kurtz is the conductor and Joseph LoSchiavo is the director. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Fridays and Saturdays, April 11-12 and 18-19, at 7:30; Sunday, April 13, at 3; and Sunday, April 20, at 6.)

Amato Opera Company—Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," in French and English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays and Friday, April 11, at 7:30, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Bel Canto Opera—William B. Williams conducting performances of "The Haunted Castle," by Stanislaw Moniuszko. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturdays, April 12 and 19, at 8, and Sunday, April 20, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Staged by Dino Yannopoulos, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Klauspeter Seibel. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, April 16, and Friday, April 18, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 20, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays between 9:30 and 5:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Christopher Hogwood conducting an all-Mozart program on Thursday, April 10, at 8; Friday, April 11, at 2; and Saturday, April 12, and Thursday, April 17, at 8 (all with Paige Brook, flute, and Judith LeClair, bassoon). . . . ¶ Martin Turnovsky conducting a Martinu-Novak-Dvořák program on Tuesday, April 15, at 7:30; Friday, April 18, at 2; and Tuesday, April 22, at 7:30 (all with Marilyn Schmiege, mezzo-soprano; Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Werner Klemperer, narrator; and the New York Choral Artists).

St. Louis Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting—Friday, April 11, at 8: With Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: With Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Garcia Navarro conducting the final concert of the season here. With Walter Klien, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 15, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing the New York première of three scenes from Messiaen's opera "St. Francis of Assisi," with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; José van Dam and Philippe Rouillon, baritones; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. The final concerts of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, at 8.)

Dresden Chamber Orchestra—Manfred Scherzer conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8.)

Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra—With Trevor Pinnock, harpsichord, and Daniel Stepner, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Trevor Pinnock conducting and acting as harpsichord soloist. With Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a series of four "Meet the Moderns" programs, this one devoted to new music by European composers. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Saturday, April 12, at 8. For tickets to both concerts, call 1-718 636-4120.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra in an all-Haydn program. (66 W. 12th St. Sunday, April 13, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

I Musici—Twelve musicians who perform without a conductor. With Maria Teresa Garatti, harpsichord, and Federico Agostini, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—John Mauceri conducting, with José Feghali, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 3.)

Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Håkan Hagegård, baritone, and

Salvatore Ferragamo
WHOLESALE:
663 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 212-838-9470
730 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
212-246-6211

Thomas Nyfenger, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8, and Sunday, April 20, at 3.)

Royal Choir of St. George's Chapel—Christopher Robinson directing this men and boys' choir from Windsor Castle in its first appearance here. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Monday, April 14, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Musica Sacra Chorus and Orchestra—Richard Westenburg directing the last in a series of concerts, this one a Vivaldi-Mozart program, with Marvis Martin, soprano; Linn Maxwell, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Bogdan, tenor; and Bruce Kramer, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 18, at 7:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing, with Faye Robinson, soprano; Michael Dash, countertenor; and Ben Holt, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

RECITALS

Rachmael Weinstock and Artur Balsam—*Violin* and piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, April 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Waverly Consort—The last in a series of programs, this one featuring music by Josquin des Prés. With Ben Peck, sacbut, and the Waverly Consort Motet Choir. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 10, and Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

Trio Sonnerie—A program of early music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—A fiftieth-anniversary concert. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ben Holt, baritone, and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8, and Sunday, April 12, at 5.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program that includes Schoenberg's song cycle "Pierrot Lunaire," translated by Andrew Porter. With Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8.)

New York Cornet & Sacbut Ensemble—With the Trio Chanteclaire and Robert Barrows, organ. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, April 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, April 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Emerson String Quartet—A Mendelssohn-Ravel-Beethoven program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Omega Ensemble—A program of music by Barber, Gershwin, and Glinka. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, April 13, at 2:15. Admission by contribution.)

Alison Hale—Flute, with Wendy Young, harpsichord; John Forconi, piano; and the Portland String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 3.)

New York Trumpet Ensemble—A program of seventeenth-century Venetian music, with instrumental soloists. The last in a series of concerts. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, April 13, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Walter Hilse—Organ. (Gustavus Adolphus Lutheran Church, 155 E. 22nd St. Sunday, April 13, at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Marianne Schroeder—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 5:30.)

An die Musik—A benefit program called "The Painter's Music, the Musician's Art," consisting of music selected by artists David Hockney, Robert Motherwell, Helen Frankenthaler, and Kenneth Noland. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 7.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 7:30.)

Robert Schrade—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 8.)

Leonard Hindell—Bassoon, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, April 14, at 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Eugenie Russo—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 14, at 8.)

Jeffrey Biegel—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 14, at 8.)

Dorian Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Monday, April 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Aulos Ensemble—With Trevor Pinnock, harpsichord. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Monday, April 14, at 8. For tickets, call 567-2069.)

Jeffrey Siegel—An all-Chopin program, performed and discussed by Mr. Siegel. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 15, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The Tokyo String Quartet and Heinz Holliger, oboe. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 15-16, at 8.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—A program of Italian and English music, with Julianne Baird, soprano, and Stanley Charkey, lute. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, April 15, at 8.)

Stony Brook Contemporary Chamber Players—A program of music by Luciano Berio, Elliott Carter, Schoenberg, and Stefan Wolpe. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, April 15, at 8.)

Mannes Contemporary Ensemble and Mannes Percussion Ensemble—A joint concert. With guest speakers, including John Cage, Oliver Knussen, and Max Lifschitz. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Tuesday, April 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Gervase de Peyer—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, April 16, at 8.)

Susan Belling and David Hamilton—Soprano and baritone, in a program of twentieth-century songs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 16, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The second in a series of three programs, this one with Benita Valente, soprano, and Andras Schiff, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, at 8.)

Music Spectrum—A program of French music, with Leon Katz, narrator, and students from the Yale University School of Music. The last in a series of concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, April 17, at 8.)

Danielle Woerner—Soprano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, April 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Lenore Engdahl—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 5:30.)

Spectrum—Guy Protheroe conducting a British ensemble in a program of new music, with Barry Guy, bass, and the Arditti Quartet. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, April 19, at 7:30.)

Gidon Kremer—Violin. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN CENTER
tf

Janet Sullivan—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

Continuum—A program of music by Conlon Nancarrow, who will be present. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Meredith Monk's "Acts from Under and Above"—A music-theatre piece performed by Miss Monk, who also composed most of the music. With Lanny Harrison, voice, and Nurit Tilles, piano and percussion. (LaMama E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Through Sunday, April 20.)

Tribute to Gomidas Vartabed—Participating in this salute to the Armenian composer will be the Little Orchestra Society; Ani Kavafian, violin; Ara Berberian, bass; and a chorus directed by Rouben Gregorian. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, April 9, at 7:30, and Thursday, April 10, at 1. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Friday, April 11, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 1:30. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis (first National League games here), Monday, April 14, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 16-17, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, April 18, at 7:35, and Saturday, April 19, at 1:35.

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, April 11, at 8.) . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-8888. Wednesday, April 9, at 7:30.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 12.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 19.)

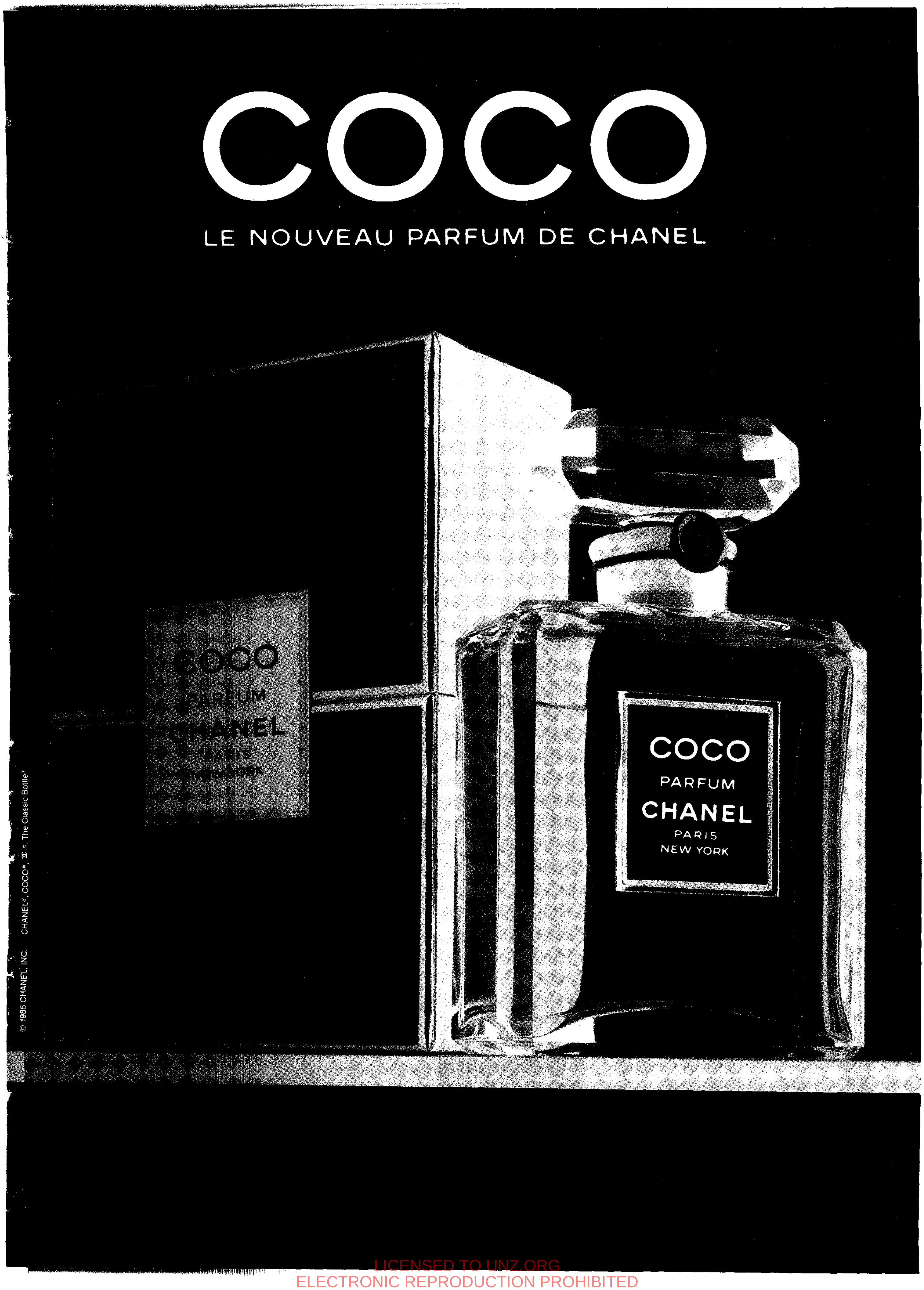
Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Thursday, May 8. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 12; the Bold Ruler, Sunday, April 13; and the Wood Memorial Invitational, Saturday, April 19. . . . **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, June 14. The Garden State, Saturday, April 19.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Monday, June 16. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

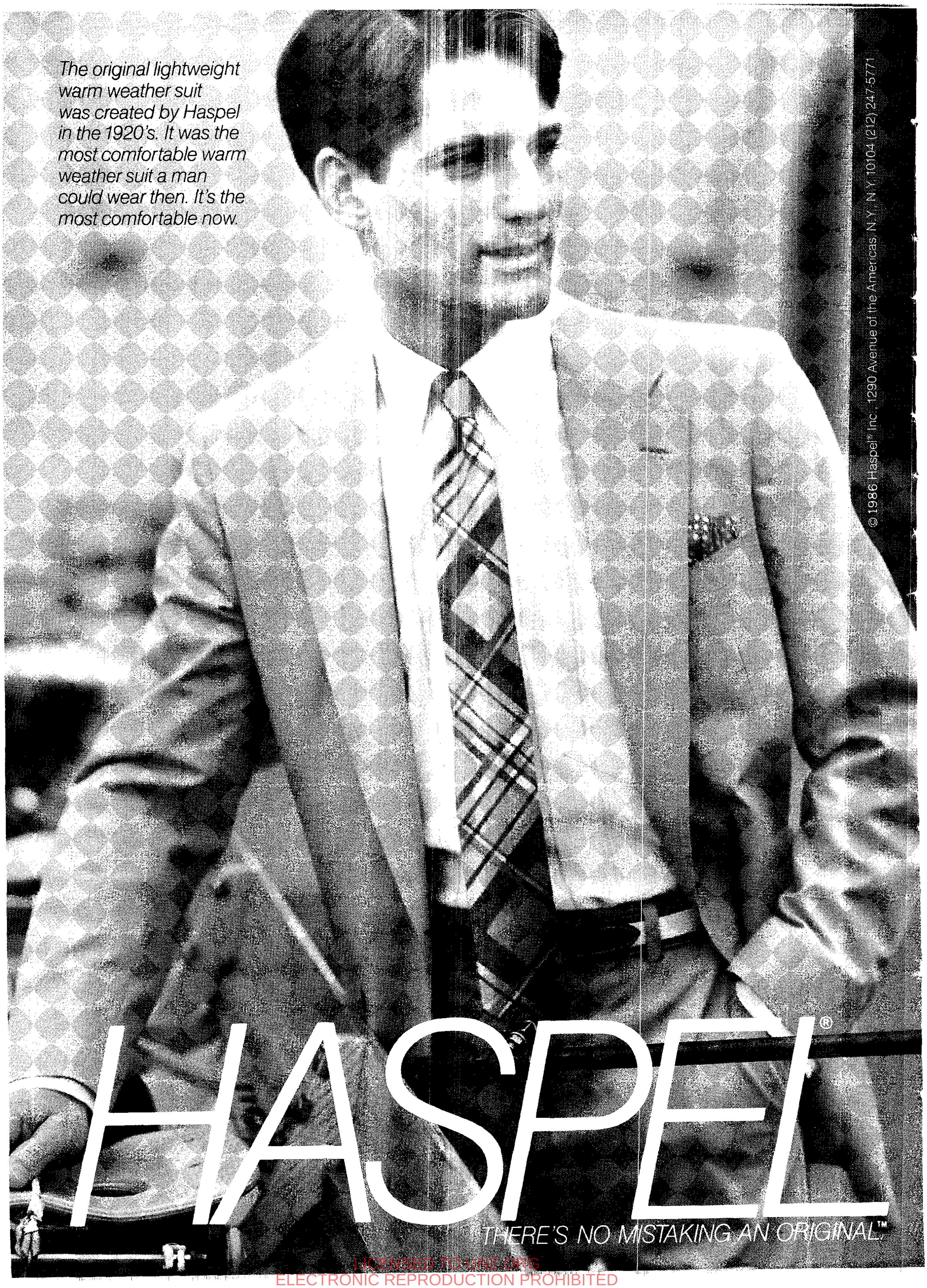
ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Robert Bly reading from his own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 14, at 8.) . . . ¶ Frank Bidart and Alan Williamson reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, April 15, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Stephen Lang, Mary Louise Wilson, Jerry Zaks, and Isaiah Sheffer reading from the short stories of Ernest Hemingway, Alice Munro, Philip Roth, and Ian Frazier. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, April 16, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Jessica Hagedorn reading from her new novel, and Richard Tillinghast reading from his own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, April 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Charles Simic reading from his recent poetry. (Loeb Student Center, Room 310, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, April 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, April 13, from 1 to 5.)—Thursday, April 10, at 2, and Friday, April 11, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese decorative works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2: English furniture. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 16, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, April 11. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 17, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 12, at 1.


COCO
LE NOUVEAU PARFUM DE CHANEL
COCO
PARFUM
CHANEL
PARIS
NEW YORK
COCO
PARFUM
CHANEL
PARIS
NEW YORK

© 1985 CHANEL, INC. CHANEL®, COCO®, CC®, The Classic Bottle®



The original lightweight warm weather suit was created by Haspel in the 1920's. It was the most comfortable warm weather suit a man could wear then. It's the most comfortable now.

HASPEL®

THERE'S NO MISTAKING AN ORIGINAL.™

© 1986 Haspel® Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10104 (212) 247-5771

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

PARAMOUNT
PARAMOUNT
Tom Funk

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through April 17: "Dreamchild" (†).
From April 18: A program of thirty-seven film, video, and made-for-TV documentaries.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 10: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (directed by Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
From April 11: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through April 10: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).
From April 11: "Violets Are Blue" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "Pretty in Pink" (†). From April 11: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.
Theatre 2: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 3: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 10: "9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.
From April 11: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 17: "The Color Purple" (†).
From April 18: "Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Lucas" (David Seltzer).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Ran" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 10: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg. From April 11: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "Crossroads" (Walter Hill), with Ralph Macchio. From April 11: "Just Between Friends" (Allen Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.
Theatre 2: Through April 10: "Just Between Friends." From April 11: "Violets Are Blue" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 10: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
From April 11: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Trouble in Mind" (†).
Theatre 2: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "F/X" (†). From April 11: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 10: "Rad" (Hal Needham), with Bill Allen. From April 11: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Smooth Talk" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ginger and Fred" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 10: "P.O.W. The Escape" (Gideon Amir), with David Carradine.
From April 11: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton).
Theatre 2: Through April 10: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton. From April 11: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 10: "Lucas" (David Seltzer).
From April 11: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "The Color Purple" (†). From April 11: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser).
Theatre 2: Through April 17: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg. From April 18: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through April 15: "Las Madres: The Mothers of Plaza de Mayo" (1985; directed by Susana Muñoz and Lourdes Portillo; in English and Spanish), a documentary; and "The Colors of Hope" (1985; David Grubin), a short documentary. From April 16: Two television films by Jean-Luc Godard: "Soft and Hard" (1985; in French) and "Scenario du Film Passion" (1982; in French).
Theatre 2: Through April 13: "The Bad Sleep Well" (1960; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. April 14-15: "The Lower Depths" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese). April 16-17: "The Idiot" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. From April 18: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "The Way It Is" (Eric Mitchell). From April 11: "Broken Rainbow" (Victoria Mudd), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 2: "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (Jaime Humberto Hermosillo; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.
Theatre 2: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 4: "Turtle Diary" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: (Matinées only) "Rad" (Hal Needham), with Bill Allen; and (evenings only) "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†). From April 11: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser).
Theatre 2: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and (evenings only) "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 17: "Care Bears Movie II: A New Generation."
From April 18: A program of nine new Spanish films.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through April 15: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.
April 16-17: Theatre closed.
From April 18: "Absolute Beginners" (Julien Temple), with Ed O'Connell, Patsy Kensit, and David Bowie.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through April 10: "Brazil" (†).
From April 11: "The Quiet Earth" (Geoff Murphy), with Bruno Lawrence.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"F/X" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through April 10: "The Quiet Earth" (Geoff Murphy), with Bruno Lawrence.
From April 11: "Violets Are Blue" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "Angry Harvest" (Agnieszka Holland; in German). From April 11: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 2: "Turtle Diary" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Quilombo" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Theatre 2: "Shoah" (†). Part I is being shown Wednesdays through Sundays and Part II is being shown Sundays through Tuesdays.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 10: "Out of Africa" (†). From April 11: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through April 10: "The Color Purple" (†). From April 11: "On Valentine's Day" (Ken Harrison), with William Converse-Roberts and Hallie Foote.
Theatre 4: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 5: "Ginger and Fred" (Federico Fel-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

lini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina.

Theatre 6: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through April 10: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†). From April 11: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.

Theatre 2: Through April 10: (Matinées only) "Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Evenings only) "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton). From April 11: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Theatre 4: Through April 10: "P.O.W. The Escape" (Gideon Amir), with David Carradine. From April 11: (Matinées only) "Sleeping Beauty;" and (evenings only) "F/X" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Jewel of the Nile" (directed by Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Theatre 4: "House" (Steve Miner), with William Katt.

Theatre 5: Through April 17: "Highlander" (Russell Mulchay), with Christopher Lambert. From April 18: "Just Between Friends" (Allan Burns), with Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti.

Theatre 6: "Out of Africa" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through April 10: "Care Bears Movie II: A New Generation." From April 11: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton.

Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Theatre 4: "Pretty in Pink" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "April Fool's Day" (Fred Walton).

Theatre 2: Through April 10: "Gung Ho" (Ron Howard), with Michael Keaton. From April 11: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). No performances Wednesday, April 9, and Tuesday, April 15.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through April 10: "Lucas" (David Seltzer). From April 11: "Off Beat" (Michael Dinner), with Judge Reinhold and Meg Tilly.

Theatre 2: Through April 10: "The Hitcher" (Robert Harmon), with Rutger Hauer and C. Thomas Howell. From April 11: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through April 10: "Eyes of Fire" (Avery Crounse). From April 11: "Band of the Hand" (Paul Michael Glaser).

Theatre 2: Through April 17: "The Toxic Avenger" (Michael Herz and Samuel Weil). From April 18: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: Through April 10: "P.O.W. The Escape" (Gideon Amir), with David Carradine. From April 11: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through April 10: "F/X" (†). From April 11: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 10: "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959; directed by Grigori Chukhrai; in Russian); and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

April 11-12: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons.

April 13: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden.

April 14-15: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film).

April 16-17: "Forbidden Games" (1952; René Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish).

April 18-19: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1970; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

April 9: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jorge Julião and Marília Pera; and "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).

April 10: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (1976; Alain Tanner; in French), with Jean-Luc Bideau; and "La Salamandre" (1971; Alain Tanner; in French), with Bulle Ogier, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Jacques Denis.

April 11-12: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

From April 13: A two-week program of animated short films.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through April 10: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.

April 11-12: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Born to Dance" (1936; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen.

April 13-14: "The Harvey Girls" (†); and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell.

April 15: "Grease" (†); and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.

April 16-17: "Carnival in Costa Rica" (1947; Gregory Ratoff), with Dick Haymes and Vera-Ellen; and "On Your Toes" (†).

April 18-19: "It's Always Fair Weather" (†); and "Kiss Me Kate" (1953; George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, and Keenan Wynn.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 9: "Buddies" (1985; Arthur J. Bressan, Jr.); and "A Very Natural Thing" (1974; Christopher Larkin).

April 10: "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (1926; Frank Tuttle; a silent film), with Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, and Osgood Perkins; and "The Beggars of Life" (1928; William Wellman; a silent film), with Louise Brooks and Richard Arlen.

April 11: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.

April 12: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru; and "La Cage aux Folles II" (1980; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

April 13: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970; Marcel Ophuls), a documentary on the German Occupation of France.

April 14: "Cry Terror!" (1958; Andrew Stone), with James Mason, Inger Stevens, and Rod Steiger; and "The Last Voyage" (1960; Andrew Stone), with Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, and George Sanders.

April 15: "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly; "Forbidden" (†); and, at 3:10 only, "Meet John Doe" (1941; Frank Capra), with Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward Arnold.

April 16: "The Bed Sitting Room" (†) and "The Knack . . . And How to Get It" (†).

April 17: "The Birth of a Nation" (†).

April 18: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Mouse That Roared" (1959; Jack Arnold), with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff.

April 19: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "That Man from Rio" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

April 9: "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez" (1983; Robert M. Young), with Edward James Olmos; and "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).

April 10: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.

April 11-12: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani; and "The Miracle" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini.

April 13: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair.

April 14: "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "Silent Movie" (1976; Mel Brooks), with Brooks, Marty Feldman, and Dom DeLuise.

April 15: "The Human Factor" (†); and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

April 16: "Who'll Stop the Rain" (†) and "Heart Beat" (†).

April 17: "La Femme Infidèle" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet; and "Le Beau Serge" (1959; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Gérard Blain, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Bernadette Lafont.

April 18-19: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 9: "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" (1935; James Tinling) and "Charlie Chan in London" (1934; Eugene Forde), both films with Warner Oland as Chan.

April 10: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "The Devil at 4 O'Clock" (1961; Mervyn LeRoy), with Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra, and Kerwin Mathews.

April 11-12: "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "Chimes at Midnight" ("Falstaff;" 1967;

Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanne Moreau, John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford.

April 13-14: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

April 15: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957; Laurence Olivier), with Marilyn Monroe and Olivier.

April 16: "I Wake Up Screaming" (1942; H. Bruce Humberstone), with Betty Grable and Victor Mature; and "Boomerang!" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Dana Andrews, Jane Wyatt, and Arthur Kennedy.

April 17: "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke.

April 18-19: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

Theatre 2: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)—A festival of new films by new directors. April 9 at 6: "Sequences" (1982; Rumania; Alexandru Tatos). . . . ¶ April 9 at 8:30: "Tangos, The Exile of Gardel" (France/Argentina; Fernando E. Solanas). . . . ¶ April 10 at 6: "All-American High" (United States; Keva Rosenfeld); and "The Great Horseshoe Crab Field Trip" (1982; United States; Grania Gurievitch). . . . ¶ April 10 at 8:30: "Sequences." . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: "Yellow Earth" (People's Republic of China; Chen Kaige). . . . ¶ April 11 at 8:30: "Tagediebe" (Federal Republic of Germany; Marcel Gisler); and "Together and Apart" (Canada/United States; Laurie Lynd). . . . ¶ April 12 at 1: "Yellow Earth." . . . ¶ April 12 at 3:30: "Tagediebe" and "Together and Apart." . . . ¶ April 12 at 6: "Pervola: Tracks in the Snow" (The Netherlands; Orlow Seunke). . . . ¶ April 12 at 8:30 and April 13 at 1: "Faces of Women" (Ivory Coast; Désiré Ecaré); and "Voices" (United States; Joanna Priestly). . . . ¶ April 13 at 3:30: "All-American High" and "The Great Horseshoe Crab Field Trip." . . . ¶ April 13 at 6: "The Resolution" (1972; Hungary; Judit Ember and Gyula Gazdag); and "Slow Down" (1967; Israel; Avram Heffner). . . . ¶ April 13 at 8:30 and April 14 at 6: "Comic Magazine" (Japan; Yōjiro Takita). . . . ¶ April 14 at 8:30: "Pervola: Tracks in the Snow." . . . ¶ April 15 at 6: "Desert Bloom" (United States; Eugene Corr). . . . ¶ April 15 at 8:30: "The Resolution." . . . ¶ April 16 at 6: "What Happened to Kerouac?" (United States; Richard Lerner); and "Marcia Resnick's Bad Boys" (Canada; Ron Mann). . . . ¶ April 16 at 8:30: "Desert Bloom." . . . ¶ April 17 at 6: "In the Belly of the Whale" (Federal Republic of Germany; Doris Dörrie); and "On the Future of Aviation" (United States; Peter Baumann). . . . ¶ April 17 at 8:30: "What Happened to Kerouac?" . . . ¶ April 18 at 6: "The Global Assembly Line" (United States; Lorraine Gray); and "Witness to Apartheid" (United States; Sharon I. Sopher). . . . ¶ April 18 at 9 and April 19 at 3:30: "A Summer at Grandpa's" (Taiwan; Hou Hsiao-hsien). . . . ¶ April 19 at 6: "In the Belly of the Whale" and "On the Future of Aviation." . . . ¶ April 19 at 8:30: "The Global Assembly Line" and "Witness to Apartheid." (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489, Mondays through Fridays.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through April 10: "The Man Who Envied Women" (1985; Yvonne Rainer), showings at noon. Miss Rainer will be present April 9 at 2:10. . . . ¶ From April 18: "Kirribilli Wharf" (1976; Bill Fontana), an audio installation. Continuous showings Friday and Saturday, 11 to 5. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Bed Sitting Room (1969)—Richard Lester directed this apocalyptic after-the-bomb farce. Some twenty-odd straggling survivors in London wander in and out of blackout sketches. With Michael Hordern, Rita Tushingham giving birth to something unspecified, and Ralph Richardson—until he mutates into a bed-sitting room. The absurdist chaos becomes numbing; this perpetual giggle almost seems to require a bomb. Also with Mona Washbourne, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Arthur Lowe, Harry Secombe, Marty Feldman, and Spike Milligan. From the Milligan–John Antrobus play, adapted by Antrobus. (Thalia; April 16.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Of this D. W. Griffith film James Agee wrote, "It is equal with Brady's photographs, Lincoln's speeches, Whitman's war poems . . . in fact, to the best work that has been done in this country. And among moving pictures it is alone . . . as the one great epic, tragic film." With Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall. (Thalia; April 17.)

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/86.) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Festival; through April 10.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Loews 84th Street Six-plex; through April 10. . . . ¶ Sutton; through April 17.)

Down and Out in Beverly Hills—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (Manhattan, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street. No performances Wednesday, April 9, and Tuesday, April 15.)

Dreamchild—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through April 17.)

Forbidden (1932)—Movies about women who sacrifice everything for their married lovers or their illegitimate babies were big box office in the twenties and thirties, but they were generally concocted by masters of the tear-jerking craft. The director, Frank Capra, wrote this story himself, and he just didn't have the knack. Despite Barbara Stanwyck's amazingly unaffected, straightforward performance, most of the picture is lifeless. As the lover, Adolphe Menjou has the self-possession of a man with power; you can understand the heroine's attraction to him. But that's as far as plausibility goes. She gives up her baby girl to this lover, to be raised by his childless wife; she marries a nasty newspaperman (Ralph Bellamy) in order to further the lover's political career; she shoots her husband when he threatens to expose the liaison. Even after she's been in prison, she's still protecting her lover's good name. The picture moves along so efficiently that it doesn't seem maudlin. It just seems a little crazy. (Thalia; April 15.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and 57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Gemini, and U. A. Twin; through April 10. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting April 11, evening performances only.)

Grease (1978)—John Travolta and Olivia New-

Take an unforgettable cruise on Royal Viking Line.

Just $9.95

Royal Viking's 18 minute cruise

Welcome aboard Royal Viking's 18 minute cruise. We'll take you every place you've always dreamed about in the style you've always dreamed about.

No other line offers such worldwide variety—from glittering European capitals to shimmering Alaskan glaciers and the lands "Down Under." And, since 80% of Royal Viking Line cruises are 14 days or less, you can join us more easily than you ever thought!

Spend $9.95 and 18 minutes for the cruise of your dreams!

ROYAL VIKING LINE

Write Royal Viking Line, One Embarcadero Center,
San Francisco, CA 94111.

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

Telephone

☐ VHS ☐ Beta II ☐ Beta I 6MVBNM0500
Enclosed is my check for $9.95, payable to Royal Viking Line. If California resident, please include 65¢ sales tax. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.
Cruise experience: ☐ *None* ☐ *Royal Viking Line* ☐ *Other*
Foreign travel: ☐ *Europe* ☐ *Orient/South Pacific* ☐ *Mexico* ☐ *Caribbean* ☐ *None*
Preferred vacation length: ☐ *7-10 days* ☐ *11-14 days* ☐ *15 days or more*
Age: ☐ 25-44 ☐ 45-64 ☐ 65+

Royal Viking Line Ships are of Norwegian Registry and Spirit.

Royal Viking
Pampering. *Adventuring.*

ton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it do not find particularly missable. (Regency; April 15.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

The Harvey Girls (1946)—In this lavish high-spirited period musical, Judy Garland leads the forces of respectability (the clean, starched waitresses who serve travellers food only), and Angela Lansbury is the wicked, glittering dance-hall queen whose girls provide God-knows-what illicit pleasures. The central conceit of glorifying progress and moral uplift in a musical comedy set in New Mexico in the 1880s is certainly a strange one, but it worked out surprisingly well—though the charm is mostly heavy. With John Hodiak, Ray Bolger, Cyd Charisse, Marjorie Main, and Kenny Baker. There is, of course, the deservedly famous classic number "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"—it's one of the triumphant sequences in screen-musical history—as well as a batch of other Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren songs. George Sidney directed. (Regency; April 13-14.)

Heart Beat (1980)—Almost everything has gone wrong with this clunky romance based on the early wanderings and drinkings of the novelist Jack Kerouac and his friend Neal Cassady, who became the model for the hero of Kerouac's "On the Road." The picture, which was written and directed by John Byrum, ends up with Kerouac famous but *unhappy*, man, and it keeps giving off the wrong signals, causing us to groan or giggle by turns at the self-conscious sufferings of these pioneer beats. John Heard is Kerouac, Nick Nolte is Cassady, and Sissy Spacek (in some great-looking Joan Crawfordy dresses) is Carolyn Cassady—attractive performers all, but utterly unable to make this sash-weight take wing. (Thalia SoHo; April 16.)

The Human Factor (1980)—Tom Stoppard wrote the screenplay for this adaption of the 1978 Graham Greene novel about a worn-out minor functionary (and double agent) in British intelligence who loses his country and his small family to no purpose. The picture's disappointing second half and ultimate failure are attributable to the direction of Otto Preminger, whose literal style ignores the darker inflections of the book and thus transforms it into a humdrum spy story. With Richard Attenborough, Robert Morley, Derek Jacobi, Ann Todd, and Nicol Williamson. (Thalia SoHo; April 15.)

It's Always Fair Weather (1955)—The title is a misnomer. Comden and Green's tart follow-up to "On the Town," directed by the same team (Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), is like a delayed hangover. The three buddies are now Kelly, Dan Dailey, and Michael Kidd; at war's end they swear eternal friendship and promise to meet in ten years. At their reunion, they discover that they hate each other and themselves, and go looking for the hopes they abandoned. The film's mixture of parody, cynicism, and song and dance is perhaps a little sour; though the numbers are exhilarating and the movie is really much more fun than the wildly overrated "On the Town," it doesn't sell exuberance in that big, toothy way. With Dolores Gray and Cyd Charisse. (Regency; April 18-19.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, and Olympia Quad; through April 10. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through April 10, evening performances only.)

The Knack . . . And How to Get It (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play, the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. Lester gets caught up in surface agitation and loses track of what it's all for. The story (which is just his jumping-off place) is about three men (Michael Crawford, Ray Brooks, Donal Donnelly) who live in the same London house; Rita Tushingham, a country girl just come to the big city, also moves in. The assured Brooks has a knack for attracting women, the shy, frightened Crawford desperately wants that knack. It's a fashionable, professionally youthful treatment of sixties underground attitudes; by the time you're outside the theatre you've already forgotten the movie. (Thalia; April 16.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

On Your Toes (1939)—Zorina dances, and Balanchine choreographed the ballets ("Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" and "Princess Zenobia"), but there doesn't seem to be much left from the Broadway show by George Abbott and Rodgers and Hart, and what this version adds is stale and silly. Some lovely music, though—especially "There's a Small Hotel." The cast includes Donald O'Connor and Eddie Albert; Ray Enright directed. (Regency; April 16-17.)

Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (Loews New York Twin, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through April 10.)

Pretty in Pink—Molly Ringwald is enshrined as the teen-age ideal in this romantic movie for kids—it's slight and vapid, with the consistency of watery jello. The spoiled-rotten richies are mean to Ringwald's Andie, a poor-girl high-school senior who lives in a dinky, rattletrap house on the wrong side of the tracks. But she's the opposite of trashy: blessed with quiet good taste, she's proudly conventional. And so she wins both a college scholarship and the rich boy of her dreams. John Hughes, who wrote the script and supervised the work of the first-time director, Howard Deutch, never goes beyond a kid's point of view; this picture isn't actually about teen-agers—it's closer to bring a pre-teen's idea of what it will be like to be a teen-ager. In its sociological details, it might have been made by little guys from Mars. With the winsome comedienne Annie Potts as Andie's closest friend, Andrew McCarthy as her rather passive young prince, Jon Cryer as the smartmouth nerd who follows her around, Harry Dean Stanton as her daddy, and James Spader as a snobby hunk. (4/7/86) Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through April 10.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Plaza.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. The movie is more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Shoah—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)

Smooth Talk—It has lovely touches in its first half, when the director, Joyce Chopra, shows us the restless and narcissistic fifteen-year-old Connie (Laura Dern), who acts seductive and teases boys her own age or a year or two older, because she doesn't know what else to do about the way she feels. Tom Cole, who wrote the script, expanding the brief Joyce Carol Oates story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?," has a fine ear for teen-age talk. But the movie's texture is thin from the start, and the second half isn't just stretched out—it's a little screwy. The Oates story is a young girl's sex-and-horror fantasy: a sordid creep arrives at Connie's house when she's alone; he terrorizes her and lures her into his car. End of story and, the reader assumes, probably the end of poor Connie. Unaccountably, Chopra and Cole try to turn this material into a coming-of-age movie with a happy resolution. With Sarah Inglis, Margaret Welch, Mary Kay Place, and Treat Williams. (3/24/86) (68th St. Playhouse.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Thalia; April 19.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. The movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; starting April 11.)

Trouble in Mind—Written and directed by the gifted high-flier Alan Rudolph at his most art-conscious, this is a reworking of what he did much better in "Choose Me." The mixed-up lovers have been replaced by mixed-up gangsters, and what was comic and lyrical is now fatalistic. He's got the film-noir bug, and the picture is a pile of poetic mush set in some doom-laden, vaguely universal city of the past and/or the future. (It was shot mostly in Seattle.) As Hawk, Kris Kristofferson is supposed to be the gallant Bogart hero living in an evil semi-fascist era. Joe Morton is a bitter, ironic crook called Solo who recites verses; Keith Carradine is a greedy young hood named Coop, who appears in a series of ever more gross and gooey pompadours—punk-fop styles, with matching cosmetic jobs and earrings; and the actor known as Divine plays Hilly Blue, an epicene gangster who's made up to look like a plump plucked chicken. Geneviève Bujold is Hawk's old flame Wanda, who runs the café where the gangsters plan their heists, and Lori Singer is Georgia, the country girl whom Coop brings into this moody stew. Rudolph probably aimed to create a glamorous, funky trance-world, but his control fails him; the scenes often start with a shimmer that makes you feel hopeful, but they become stagnant, and you have no way of knowing how to interpret this flossy hipster-philosopher babble that the characters speak. With John Considine (who's rather funny), Antonia Dauphin, George Kirby, and, in a bit, Allan Nichols. The lushly beautiful cinematography is by Toyomichi Kurita; the score is by Mark Isham, with songs performed by Marianne Faithfull. (4/7/86) (Cinema I.)

Turtle Diary—Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley play the two Londoners who separately develop the fantasy of liberating the three giant turtles from the Aquarium at the London Zoo and taking them back to the sea. John Irvin directed this low-key, fastidious version of the 1975 Russell Hoban novel, from a script by Harold Pinter. Jackson and Kingsley manage to give the middle of the movie—the weekend drive to the coast with the turtles—a balmy comic spirit of adventure. But the story has been given the same maudlin orchestration as in the novel; it's full of sad and lonely people reaching out. The awful artfulness of this stuff! With Michael Gambon, Jeroen Krabbé, and Harriet Walter. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Who'll Stop the Rain (1978)—A pursuit melodrama with a stodgy start and a big finish, catching the period of disillusionment with the Vietnam War by way of its reflections in the counterculture. A journalist in Vietnam (Michael Moriarty) involves his pill-freak wife (Tuesday Weld) and an old Marine buddy (Nick Nolte) in smuggling heroin back to the States. They're all hounded by paranoia and bad karma. The gallows-humor dialogue is good (the screenplay, by Robert Stone and Judith Rascoe, is based on Stone's novel "Dog Soldiers"), and Nolte turns himself into the metaphor this too-literal movie needs. He's marvellous—a hero without a trace of narcissism. Directed by Karel Reisz. (Thalia SoHo; April 16.)

Tropical punch.

Oleg Cassini's summer refresher, a spirited serving of luscious pineapple print on two-piece silk shaped soft as island breezes. In brilliant red spiked with yellow/purple/green. 6-14. 130.00. See all the new Cassini coolers in the Meadowbrook Shop, third floor of Altman's.

B Altman & Co

It's always a pleasure

Out of town, call Toll Free 1-800-228-5000. Diners Club, American Express,® Visa® and MasterCard™ are welcome at Altman's. 361 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. And branches.

THE CORNER SHOP

DISCOVER THE BIEDERMEIER
COLLECTION OF ANTIQUES, AT MACY'S.

INTERIOR
DESIGN
STUDIO

macy's
NEW YORK

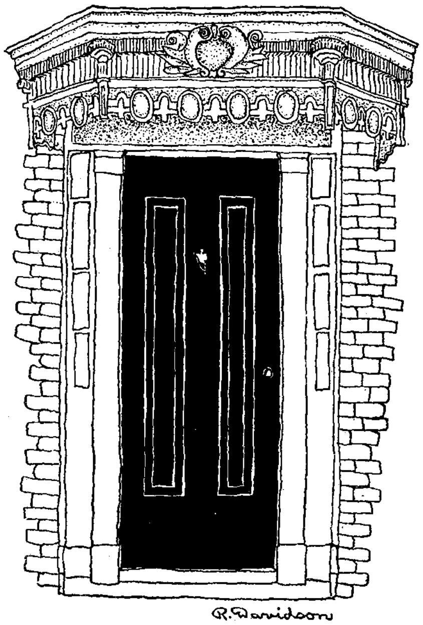
The Corner Shop, 9th Floor, Herald Square only.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN American sea and air forces attacked the Libyan boats in the Gulf of Sidra recently, some Libyans, it is generally believed, lost their lives, but anyone who would like to know how many will have difficulty finding out. The ascertainable facts, insofar as we have been able to determine them, are as follows: Two Libyan boats were hit by American fire, and both sank. The normal crew of the first was twenty-seven sailors, that of the second seventy sailors. Three other boats suffered undetermined damage. Beyond that, things get sketchy. After the attack on the first boat, Larry Speakes, the White House spokesman, said that there were "no apparent survivors." Later, though, it was reported in the news that a Spanish tanker had picked up sixteen Libyans who claimed to be survivors of one of the attacks. If accounts of the casualties have been murky, one reason may be that interest in them here in the United States has been, to put it charitably, low. One member of Congress seemed to sum up the general attitude, at least among public officials, when he said, "So far, everything is going fine. No American lives have been lost"—using the phrase "American lives" almost as if it were synonymous with just "lives": as if the Libyans belonged to some inanimate order of being. But if the phrase "Libyan lives" was not being heard much on American airwaves, neither—even more disturbingly, perhaps—was it being heard much over the government-controlled airwaves of Libya. It was not until three days after the attacks that Colonel Qaddafi began to make vague references to casualties. Apparently, he was too busy before that throwing public celebrations to announce his great "triumph" and having songs sung in his praise. The only significance that the unnumbered and belatedly acknowledged deaths seemed to have for him was to give him further license to wage global, terrorist "war" on Americans, civilian or military, wherever they might be. Certainly, if the world was not being told exactly how many Libyans died in the attacks, the chief reason was that the Libyan government itself didn't seem to care. Qaddafi drew his "line of death" in the water, but when some of his own people actually died there he took little notice. Amid all the official American indifference and official Libyan bragging, however, there was one group that did take immediate notice of the fact that some Libyans had died. Soon after the attacks, a small story at the bottom of an inner page of the *Times* announced that a group of American servicemen who had been engaged in them, and who now preferred to remain anonymous, had said of those Libyans, "We recognize that they are human beings and we deeply regret that they had to be killed." In a world prepared to sink their memory in an oblivion deeper than any ocean, the Libyan dead seemed to be mourned only by the men who had sent them to their graves.



• •

Gravitational

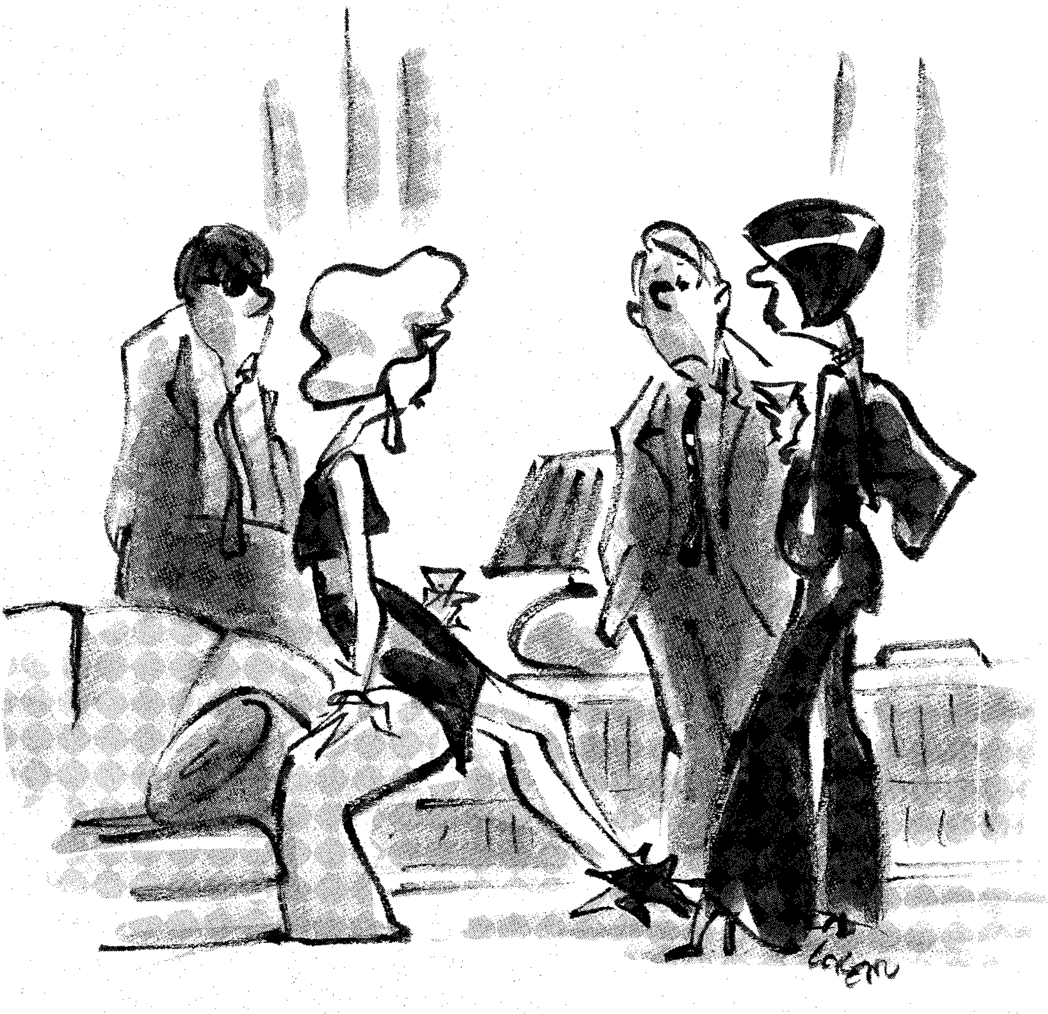
WE went up to Cambridge the other day to hear a lecture on gravitational waves, given at the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics by the physicist Rainer Weiss, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The theory that gravitational waves exist was propounded by Einstein in 1916, but they have not yet been directly detected. Their effects are estimated to be incredibly tiny. Professor Weiss and his group, together with a dozen other such groups around the world, are betting their careers and some of the taxpayers' money that gravitational waves can eventually be found and will prove interesting when they are. In the lecture room, Professor Weiss was given a long introduction by Robert Vessot, a straightforward, nuts-and-bolts type of physicist, who remarked that he and Professor Weiss had been friends from way back—ever since they were young, rowdy bachelors—and that both are now in their fifties and have families. Then Professor Weiss got under way. Weiss, a high-strung, rumpled-looking man, is revered as a genius at experiments, and the audience of physicists and astronomers got very quiet.

Professor Weiss began by saying that a gravitational wave has only about a trillionth of a trillionth of a trillionth the strength of a radio wave, other things being equal. For that reason, only extremely violent events, like the explosion of a star, will produce enough gravitational waves to amount to anything. We can forget about trying to produce any ourselves. (Someone asked if a nuclear explosion would create noticeable gravitational waves, and Professor Weiss said he'd considered that and the answer was no.) What makes it desirable to detect gravitational waves is that they could give us an inside view of certain astronomical objects, which have so far been visible only from the outside. Radio waves and light waves created in the middle of stars are absorbed before they can escape into space; the waves we see come only from the surface. But stars would be practically transparent to gravitational waves. A gravitational wave created in the middle of a star would travel almost unimpeded from there to here, bringing news about its place of birth.

Professor Weiss then described a gravitational-wave detector that has been proposed by his group at M.I.T., in collaboration with a group at Caltech under the physicist Ronald Drever. Actually, two detectors would be constructed—one in Maine, near Columbia, and the other in California or Nevada—at a total cost of about sixty million dollars. Each would consist of three masses, weighing about a ton each, suspended inside an L-shaped tube four feet in diameter and five miles long. Laser beams would travel down the two legs of the tube, be reflected by mirrors fastened to the suspended masses, and gauge the motions of the masses as a gravitational wave passed by and jiggled them. This procedure would have to be carried out with great delicacy. According to the theory, a typical gravitational wave arriving from space would jostle the masses less than the width of the nucleus of an atom. (Someone in the audience asked if the detector in Maine wouldn't be shaken up much more than this by the pounding of the ocean, thirty miles away. Professor Weiss said he'd considered ocean waves and thought he would be able to take them into account, and, besides, his colleagues and graduate students were strongly in favor of the Maine site.) M.I.T., Caltech, and other groups have already built smaller, prototype detectors that demonstrate the main principles.

Throughout his talk on gravitational waves, Professor Weiss took their existence as a given. Some scientists, he said, were unbelievers until recently. About ten years ago, the physicist Joseph Taylor discovered a system of two stars that are orbiting each other and slowly spiralling together, and subsequent observation confirmed that the spiralling motion agrees perfectly with the predicted frictional effect of gravitational waves being generated by the two stars. Professor Weiss appeared extremely pleased with this confirmation, but he made it clear that he would have believed in gravitational waves anyway.

Professor Weiss seemed to us very evenhanded about comparing the M.I.T. experiment with related experiments elsewhere. As far as he is concerned, the search for gravitational waves is a community affair. "We need to get the Nobel Prize fever behind us, and work together on this thing," he said. Professor Weiss has been talking to scientists and to funding agencies since 1972 to gain support for the project. If the money comes through, the detectors could be ready in four or five years. "There are two groups of scientists, and the gravitational-wave experiments should satisfy both," he said. "There are the sharpshooters, who want answers to specific questions, like whether a gravitational wave travels at the speed of light, as predicted; and there are the others, who fire buckshot and hope to hit answers to questions they haven't thought of." Professor Weiss gleefully admitted to being in the second group himself.



"It's one of those movies where people are always in the shadow of venetian blinds."

Youth

A FRIEND in Rio de Janeiro writes:

In the summer of 1984, I went to hear my favorite Brazilian singer, Caetano Veloso, at the Canecão, which is this city's Carnegie Hall, except that you can sit at tables and have drinks, so it seems like a gigantic night club. Caetano has been a moving force in Brazilian popular music since the late sixties, when he, his kid sister Maria Bethânia, and their friends Gilberto Gil and Gal Costa, all of them from the state of Bahia, came up with a new sound known as Tropicália. Tropicália took the pastel colors of bossa nova—the intoxicating fusion of samba and cool jazz which João Gilberto and Antonio Carlos Jobim had worked out early in the decade—and made them stronger. Imbued with tango, ye-ye, kitsch, and the Afro-Brazilian rhythms of Bahia, Tropicália was a sort of equatorial rock and roll. In the years that followed, Caetano built his success not only on his songs but also as a performer, a figure. Rarely does a week of television go by without an appearance on the screen by Caetano, a lean-faced, kinky-locked bronze satyr smiling ear to ear under a straw hat. To the Brazilian people, he is a simple country boy from Bahia, the personification of *alegria*—of letting the good times roll. But his music is anything but simple. The best songs have the harmonic sophistication and the introspective dreaminess of the work of Erik Satie or Bill Evans, and their lyrics are poetry.

That night at the Canecão, Caetano put on as well-constructed and altogether satisfying a show as I can remember going to. He was on top of the idioms of the moment—reggae, punk, heavy metal—but it was when he sat at the edge of the stage, alone with an acoustic guitar, that his extraordinary charisma pervaded the hall. As he broke into Denis Brian's delicious samba of the forties, "Bahia with an H"—one of his celebrated interpretations—he wasn't merely a folksinger accompanying himself on the guitar. The infectious plucked chords—exquisite creatures like a G-sharp-minor sixth with an augmented fifth—blended with his incredibly sensual, vulnerable voice into a single effect. After he finished singing, Caetano talked. He came out with some amazing rambling remarks about the desirability of continuous rejuvenation, and they somehow managed to capture not only the spirit of the moment but one of the most curious aspects—both appealing and appalling—of the Brazilian spirit. I wished I had taken it all down.

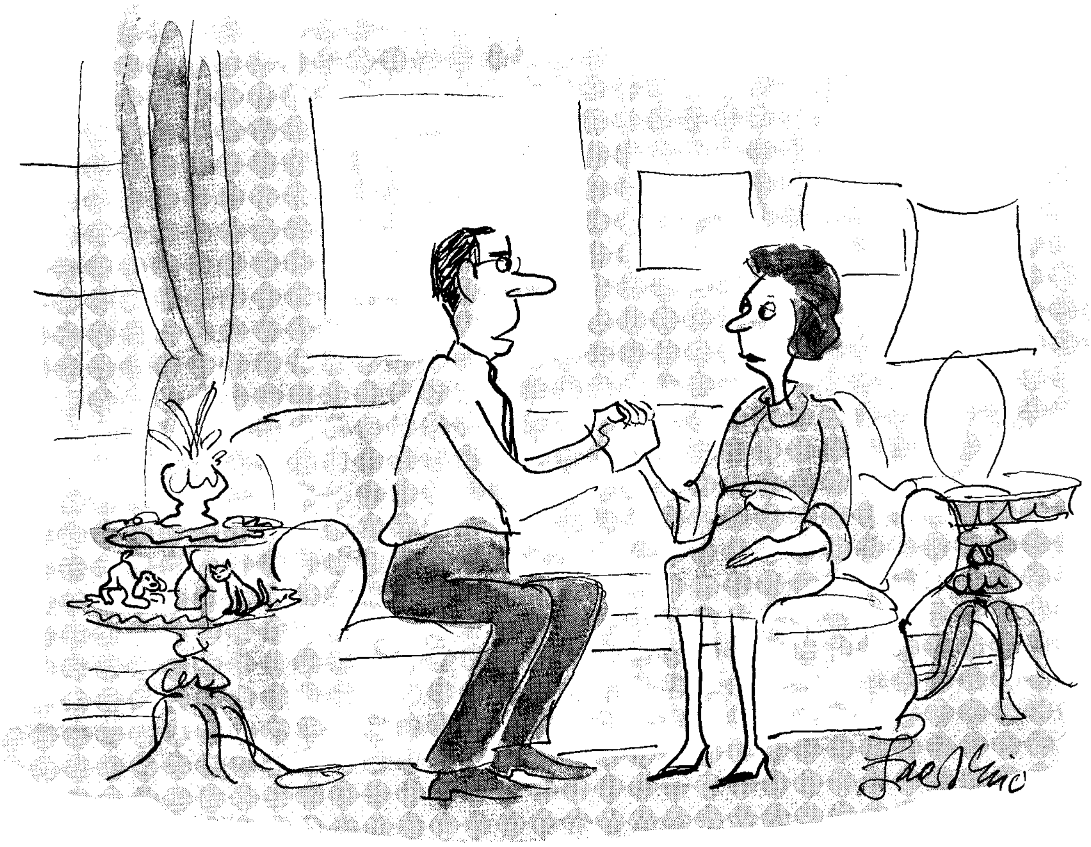
Almost two years later, back in Rio, I looked Caetano up. He lives, with his wife and their thirteen-year-old son and an entourage of servants and watchmen, in an apricot-colored stucco house at the end of a cul-de-sac in the Jardim Botânico district. In a stretch of steeply sloping rain forest beyond the back wall of the compound, birds and insects whistled, hummed, and wheezed. Caetano came into a reception room and greeted me—a poised man of forty-three, all in white (white slippers, pants, shirt), with an emerald stud in one earlobe. We settled into deep sofas.

I asked if he remembered his observations that night at the Canecão.

He said that he did, and that they were based on a difficult philosophical essay by Heidegger which he had been reading in Portuguese. Heidegger had said that the world civilization, by which he meant the West, was faced with a choice between total destruction and "a crystallization that resides not in permanence but in continuous change, in which the new is replaced by the newer."

"Sometimes I decide to pick up a sentence from my reading that will make people think in a more poetic way," Caetano explained. "The idea of newness was present throughout the show. I had a new band and new songs. Modern civilization has a vocation for newness. Staying young is an idea that is present all over the world, but in Brazil it is an obsession."

We discussed some of the symptoms of the Brazilian obsession with newness and youth: how people who can afford to do it have face-lifts; how the polite thing to say when you meet somebody is "You look younger every day;" how the worst thing you can say about a person is *já era*, meaning he already was, he is over the hill; how highly esteemed is a quality called *chan*, which means life, youthful vitality (the word may come from the Chinese-American private eye Charlie Chan); how old people who don't have *chan* are sometimes referred to behind their backs as museum specimens; how youthful zip infects the way Brazilians dress, the way they drive, Brazilian architecture; how when a building begins to age it is usually torn down and replaced with



"Elsie, you're all I ever wanted in a woman—my mother and Margaret Thatcher excepted, of course."

• •

a glass tower; how thirty years ago the country even went as far as to build itself a whole new capital.

I asked Caetano what he thought the origins of this obsession might be. Was it that decay is more rapid and death is more present in the tropics—so that all there is is now? Certainly the chronic inflation of their currency has conspired to make Brazilians live in the present. If you have money, you spend it now, because tomorrow it will be worth less.

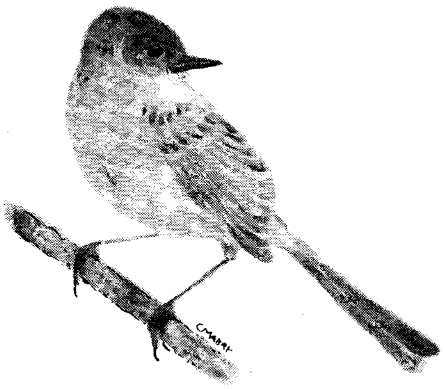
"Part of it has to do with the splendor of the light and the warmth of the air here, which make your more aware of your body," he suggested. "And part of it is the result of our being such an unbalanced country, what with the north and the south, the industrial area and the backlands, the rich and the poor, the old and the new. In some ways, we are very old-fashioned. European tradition still governs our family life: children don't move out of the house until they marry; the woman can't say what's on her mind, because the man rules. But in other ways we are too modern. Few places in the world offer more freedom, more opportunities to experiment with ways of living, than the Zona Sul of Rio de Janeiro. Many centuries are living together in Brazil, including the twenty-first. In some ways, the imbalance is cruel. People are dying of hunger, and a lot of us can't read. There is terrible violence in Rio. The condition of not being an achieved, secure, bourgeois country, like the United States, can be creative, but mostly it is painful. But the main reason for our obsession is that the majority of our population is under twenty-four. All these young people have tremendous cultural and economic weight. The market has to aim for them. The new generations are also our hope. Gertrude Stein said that the United States had its twentieth-century birthday in the eighteen-eighties, long before the other countries arrived. Well, it's my ambition for Brazil to be the first country of the twenty-first century."

The Monument

Lee Iacocca has never been fired from this particular project. In fact, Lee Iacocca had nothing whatever to do with it. They—and they are getting ready to break ground this summer—have done entirely without the marketing savvy of Lee Iacocca. That hard-nosed son of Italian immigrants who pioneered landmark arrangements in public-sector/private-sector coöperation—Lee Iacocca—has not been involved. And still airplane passengers will be able to see it from thirty thousand feet, even though the man who pioneered the Mustang and rescued the ailing (the all but moribund) No. 3 automaker—Lee Iacocca—has probably never heard of it.

Paul Hawks, who thought of it—oh, all right, it's "The United States of America—In God We Trust" spelled out in fifty-foot-high letters on an Oregon hilltop—is, by profession, a marketing consultant. At the moment, what he is primarily occupied with is the Monument. "I sold weatherization," he told us when we visited him in his office, in Eugene, Oregon. "I sold baby pictures for a Los Angeles company for six years. I'll always make a living. But I'm not doing the Monument for money." The Monument (as it is known) will be built of sixty-seven thousand four hundred and sixty concrete blocks, each of which is faced with granite and can be inscribed with the one-hundred-and-seventy-character message of your choice for just one hundred and twenty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents. Mr. Hawks has not yet begun to market his blocks, but he is confident that he will sell all sixty-seven thousand four hundred and sixty, for a total of eight million seven hundred sixty-six thousand four hundred and twenty-seven dollars. He hopes that work will begin on the Monument this summer. "I thought of it back when the Bhagwan cult was all you ever heard about," he said. "I read an article where it said the cult members were the thing Oregon was most famous for. Hey, we've been around since 1859. I wanted something *positive*. I pencilled it out in about thirty seconds. I just knew these were the right words."

"We could have used 'E Pluribus Unum,' " said Win Kinsley, who is helping Mr. Hawks with public relations. "It fitted philosophically—'from many, one.' But it was Latin." Mr. Kinsley designed the guidelines for the inscriptions, and also worked out a number of samples to inspire inscribers, including



These Are a Few of
My Favorite Things:
Basset Hounds, Picnics,
"Fiddler on the Roof,"
Rudyard Kipling,
Cheese Whoppers,
And You, Barbara.
Love, Jerry.

and

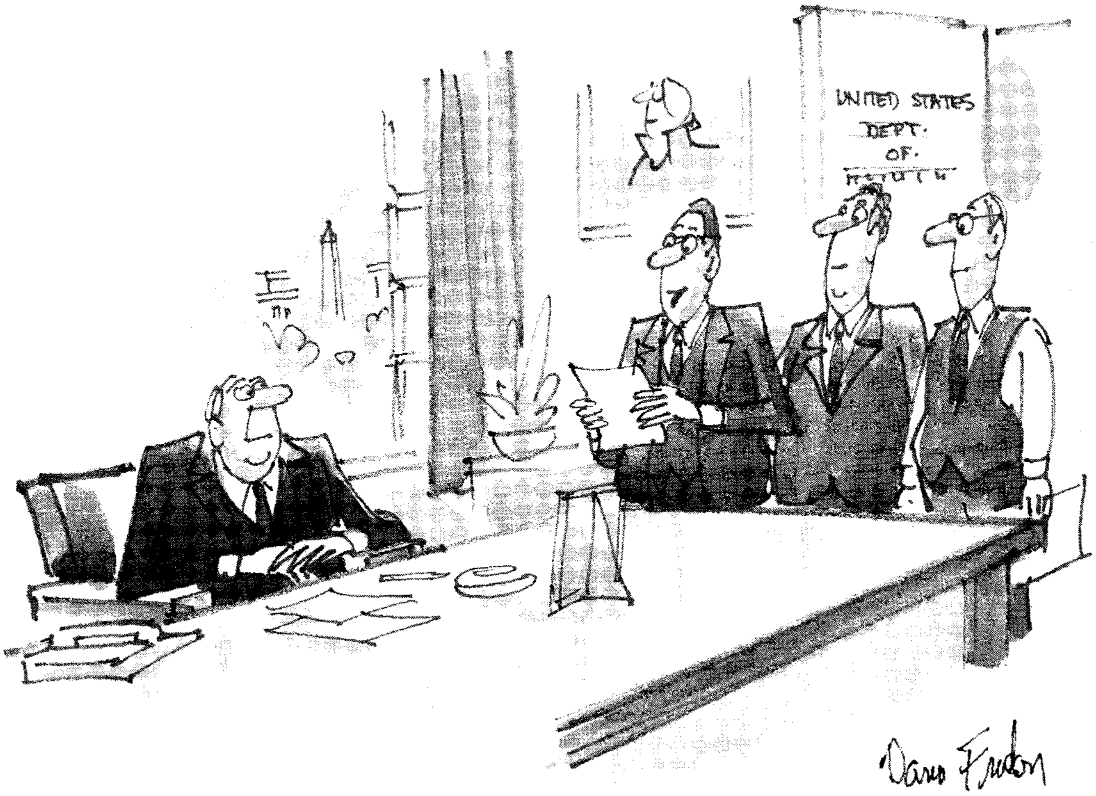
An Angel Dressed in
Spotless White Bent
Down and Kissed the
Spotless Night, Night
Rose to Blush & Then
It Was Gone, God
Blessed It and Called
It Dawn.

Many inscriptions, he predicted, will be either religious or patriotic in content, but he urged inscribers to try their hand at literature. "Boldly publish your poem, prose, lyric, haiku, etc.," he wrote in a set of instructions that he sends to prospective customers, adding, "A sonnet requires two stones." Blasphemous, seditious, libellous, or profane inscriptions cannot be accepted, Mr. Kinsley warned. "We don't want name-calling. We don't want 'You Stink.' We want 'My Group Is Fine.' "

In addition, people are being invited to pay forty-nine dollars to buy time capsules that they can fill with objects of their choice and send in to be sealed in the monument. "They'll be here a long time," said Mr. Hawks. "The Romans, after all, used concrete to make roads two thousand years ago, and some of those roads are still there. We're not making any decisions about when the time capsules should be opened. The way we're dealing with that is we're leaving it up to future generations."

Trouper

We wound up in the auditorium of the Franklin Elementary School in Rahway, New Jersey, one afternoon, sitting in the midst of hundreds of kindergarten-through-sixth-grade kids who were enjoying—and that's putting it mildly—the antics of a big, grownup chimpanzee named Mr. Jiggs. Mr. Jiggs, who is billed as the World's Smartest Chimp, had dressed himself for the occasion (he does that) in black trousers and a ruffled white tuxedo shirt with thirty-five-inch sleeves and a twenty-one-inch neck. His appearance at the school was paid for (three hundred and fifty dollars) by the school's PTA, which raises money through regular cupcake and candy sales. From what we observed, Mr. Jiggs was worth every cent. He did fifty tricks, which included leaping off the auditorium stage on roller skates and sailing up and down the aisles; firing eighteen loud blanks during a Wild West gun duel with his owner; and taking a Polaroid photograph of a teacher named Miss Stricker. (When he tapped his wristwatch impatiently during the ten-second wait, the kids were so tickled that many sprang right out of their seats.)



"We project, sir, in '86, a real economic growth of four and five-tenths per cent after adjustment for inflation and ideology."

• •

Obviously, Mr. Jiggs isn't any ordinary chimp. And he isn't any run-of-the-mill trained chimp, either. Mr. Jiggs is a real show-biz veteran, a twenty-two-year-old seasoned entertainer, who was doing "The Ed Sullivan Show" back in 1968, when he was five. He also did the old "What's My Line?" show (twice); he did Johnny Carson's show, too, of course; and in 1975 he was named Animal Act of the Year by the American Guild of Variety Artists. He went on to chalk up five appearances on the old "Mike Douglas Show," star in a variety of TV commercials, and, just a couple of years ago, play "the bartender chimp" on the TV show "That's Incredible!" (He's adept at pouring and mixing drinks.) More recently, Mr. Jiggs did a TV commercial for Diners Club of Japan, and a spot on a syndicated TV show called "America," where he used a Nikon camera to photograph the comedienne Kaye Ballard. But when there isn't any television work for Mr. Jiggs he entertains at birthday parties, cocktail parties, weddings, bar mitzvahs, christenings, roller rinks, parades, and schools.

Mr. Jiggs is four feet tall and weighs a hundred and seventy-five pounds—up ten from last year, according to his owner-trainer-agent-foil, a silvery-blond-haired man in his fifties named Ronald Winters. Mr. Winters, dressed in a ruffled tuxedo shirt and black trousers to complement Mr. Jiggs' outfit, invited us backstage before the Franklin School show. We were a little nervous about meeting Mr. Jiggs, and hoped our nervousness wouldn't affect Mr. Jiggs the way it can affect, say, a friend's German shepherd that we are meeting for the first time. Mr. Jiggs, though—large as he is—immediately put us at ease, with a big, relaxed handshake and inquisitive but gentle eye contact. Then, while he leaned back in his chair and killed the minutes before showtime by fidgeting with his suspenders, we talked with Mr. Winters, and learned the following about Mr. Jiggs: Mr. Jiggs doesn't watch TV much. He'll watch if there are animals on it, but other things don't really interest him—not even cartoons. Mr. Jiggs is "used like a *surprise*" at parties and receptions. "For instance, at bar mitzvahs," Mr. Winters said, "the bandleader will announce 'We've got a close family friend that just flew in special for Kevin's bar mitzvah, and here he comes!' and I push Jiggs in on his motorcycle with full siren, and they really crack up." Mr. Jiggs goes to sleep at six at night and doesn't wake up till about eight in the morning. ("Thank God," said Mr. Winters.) Mr. Jiggs sleeps in his own double bed, in his own bedroom, in Mr. Winters' home, in Ramsey, New Jersey. In his bedroom he also has his own refrigerator and his own smoke detector. "If Jiggs' smoke detector goes off," Mr. Winters said, "he'll automatically open the window to his bedroom and go down an escape ladder to the back yard." (Mr. Winters, by the way, doesn't have to worry about Mr. Jiggs' smoking in bed: Mr. Jiggs smokes only during one of his tricks—Marlboros—and, fortunately, he doesn't inhale.)

"Most chimps won't perform past eight years of age," Mr. Winters told us. "Jiggs has stayed such a nice chimp for so many years and has kept performing because he's happy. He's never been in a cage. He's always lived right in my house."

MACHINERY

I DON'T have a heart of steel.

I try to explain this to my son Harry, who is sixteen and in trouble. "Your life is a small thing," I tell him. "Don't exaggerate. Don't blow it up."

But advice is nothing. What can it prove? My husband, Claude, agrees, and he says to me, "Write him a song. Then he'll listen."

But what Harry needs to hear is noise. Forget the words. Harry should work awhile with machinery, with a machine that is multipurpose, oversize, with a two-hundred-page manual. If he knew one machine, knew it backward and forward, he'd at least know more than himself.

When we work in the barn, spray-painting equipment, Harry props the radio on a galvanized bin. He says he can hear it above the compressor. He sings along, and I can hear him: "I'm travelling," the words go, "into your arms." Walking back from the barn, I point to the baler and tell him, "That's where you ought to travel. Or into a foreign country."

"I'm into music," he says.

I think he should study something less human, something that doesn't breathe, and when I say so, that's when he says, "You have a heart of steel."

I'VE learned this much about machinery: it has no life of its own. If you track it back to its origins, and there's no reason you shouldn't, machinery is rock. And the more you ride it or work at it—the more bolts and valves and bearings you replace—the more the machinery loses momentum, and stills itself, and reduces itself to the elements.

Soon, when you drive around town and see the factories, especially in the summer, with their huge doors open for ventilation, and you look inside at the screw machines, what you see there is rock, in shapes not so different from what you would see in the deserts of Utah. And outside, in the fields, machinery presents itself, even painted John Deere green, as so many scraps of landscape.

I remind Harry: Cars go in any direction. Airplanes, carved from rock and catapulted, fly easily city to city. Think of the people pushing aside the stone doors, moving in and out.

Mommy, Poppy, and Snookie

Think of a couple of people, I say to Harry, think of anybody—say Pat Ravenel and me—riding an ordinary combine, John Deere Model 3300, harvesting two rows of corn at a time. I say to Harry: This is the modern world, mechanized. Give yourself ten years or so driving machinery before you draw conclusions.

But Harry is interested in songs, those words in the air, all about the heart, and hearts of steel.

IT is possible to farm thirty-five acres with small machinery, and we do. For the combining, though, I hire Pat. From what I've seen, he understands the natural heritage of machinery. When he starts up the 3300, he climbs back out of the cab and stands on the ground, listening, the way you listen at the edge of the woods to an unseen stream, which is water running over rock, the sound you expect.

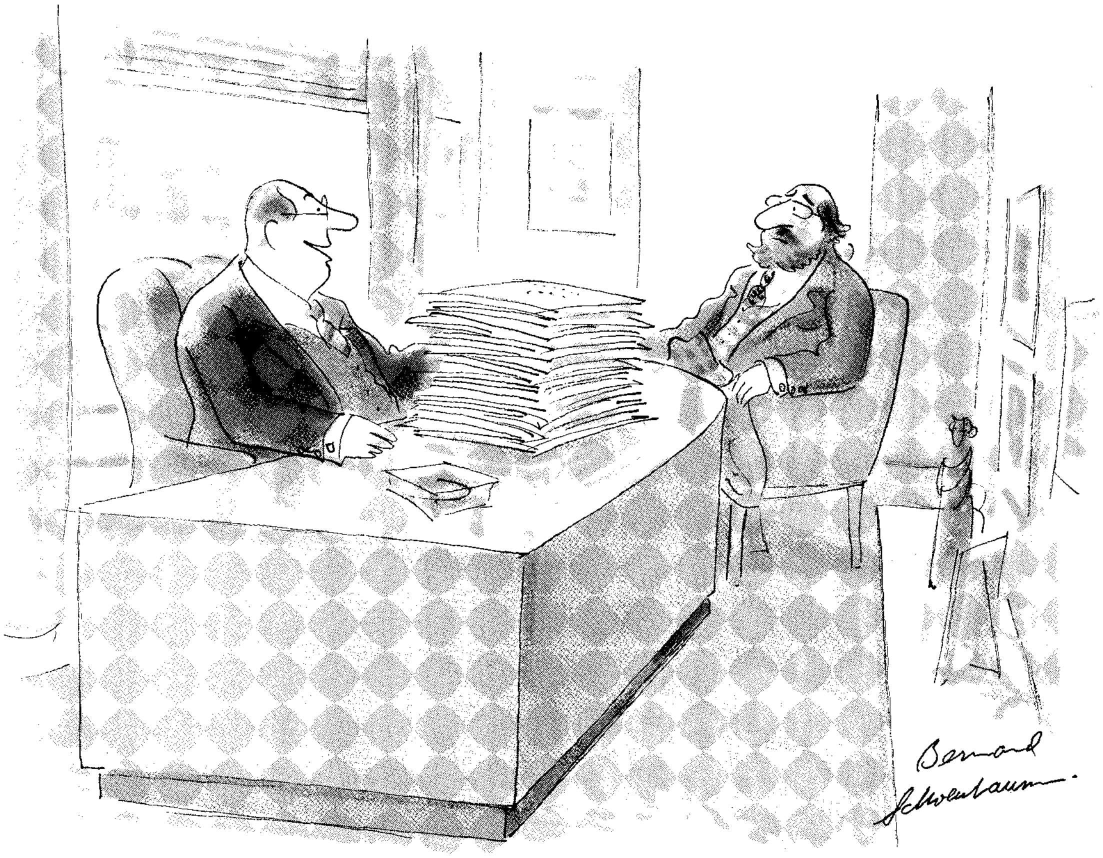
Pat owns this combine. And because, like everybody else, he holds a job in town, farm work is always evening work. He does custom combining, and for three nights every November he harvests the corn in our fields—two small fields, with a hundred and twenty bushel corn, a good yield on poor ground, which we sell at low prices.

It's the same every year. I ride with him in the cab as we run the machine over the rows, for the same reason, I suppose, that some people ride the machinery in a park, the Ferris wheel, up and over, around the hub, the same thing, watching the ground move.

Machines open up the world and give you a ride through your own territory. You ride a rock; it's another point of view.

I've tried to talk about this with Harry. He says he knows the 3300 does a lot of things at once. It does. The machine cuts the corn, pulls the stalks inside, runs the ears between rollers to shell them, joggles it all on a sieve, then augers the kernels into its bin, and fans out the husks and debris, like exhaust. The machine—it's a cave—fills up with sound. I say, "Take a ride. See for yourself." But Harry wants to carry along his headphones, his tapes, and I say, "No, you can't."

To talk in the cab, Pat and I have to shout. We shout about our kids. We shout about the weather. We yell back and forth about the deer, whose disk



"I'm sorry we can't be more encouraging, but allow me to add that you've a hell of a lot of book here."

• •

eyes look back, each time we turn at the end of a row. It's the only time all year that we talk.

I don't like to miss these rides. When I hear the machine, I stop what I'm doing in the house and head outside.

This year, November 5th, when Pat drives the combine down the road it's already dark. He shifts out of road gear—I hear that—and heads back up the lane. I leave the supper table and grab a coat. Claude and Harry expect all this, and they wave goodbye. Claude throws a kiss. "See you later," he says. Harry's lips go shut, humming.

Outside, the wind hits my back. I walk fast on the path, but the combine travels faster than walking speed, a quarter mile ahead, and I won't catch up until it stops.

Out of range of the yard light, there is the pitch-black of the field, flat as a wall, and the ground hits hard against the soles of my boots. I try running, slow and easy, not looking down, and that works fine. The house pulls back into small squares of light. There's a wild, blind rattling of dry stalks—the alfalfa stems under my feet, where I don't look, and the snap of leaves in the cornfield, where I can't see.

Up ahead, the lights of the combine aim toward the farthest cornfield. The engine noise, a great droning, fills the space overhead; the noise rises and closes over, like sky.

AT the end of the lane, what I come upon is a small scene, spotlighted. The combine is idling, and Pat is on his back under the machine, greasing the chains. I can see his feet in the light around the tires.

When he stands up, he yells something about the wind. He sets the grease gun in a toolbox, and he takes off his cap. The world roars, and the leaves of the cornstalks, blond in the headlights, all of them point like streamers, south.

Pat climbs into the cab of the combine, and I climb next. We swing the steel steps up, hook them out of the way of stalks, and shut the door. The noise shifts inside. Wind blasts through a steel ventilating grid behind us, and Pat props a square of cardboard there, to block the cold. He shifts the combine into gear, and the machine moves around, slow as an airliner on its minuscule wheels, taxiing, with the same push, the enormous sigh of hydraulic cylinders, powering itself this way and that way, angling into the first rows.

"I didn't see you!" Pat shouts.

"It doesn't matter!" I shout back.

As the combine hits the first stalks, Pat leans forward, engages the chains, and then we proceed, the noise and vibration shaking the seat.

"Wild!" Pat yells in my ear. He smells like mint, and soap. He's washed his neck.

We ride without talking up a slope, very gradual, where the oncoming stalks are as tall as the windshield. We look right at them. After a while, Pat pulls in a sharp breath, ready to talk.

"Keep your fingers crossed. There's two new bearings! Hear how smooth?"

"Smooth!" I yell back.

"Hey! On the way from Toledo," he shouts, "I thought I saw a UFO! Pulled over, couldn't believe it!"

"What?"

"A UFO! There were lights! These lights over a field. And I pulled onto the shoulder!"

"What was it?" I shout.

"It went slow! And then I knew what it was. This! Out in the field. This!" he shouts, and points at us. "Just these lights!"

He takes another deep breath. He loosens the zipper at the top of his coveralls, and shakes his head. He doesn't look at me to talk—he watches the rows for rocks. This field is a glacial dump, with scattered, head-size rocks, and so when he takes a breath to talk I have to lean toward him, my ear near his mouth.

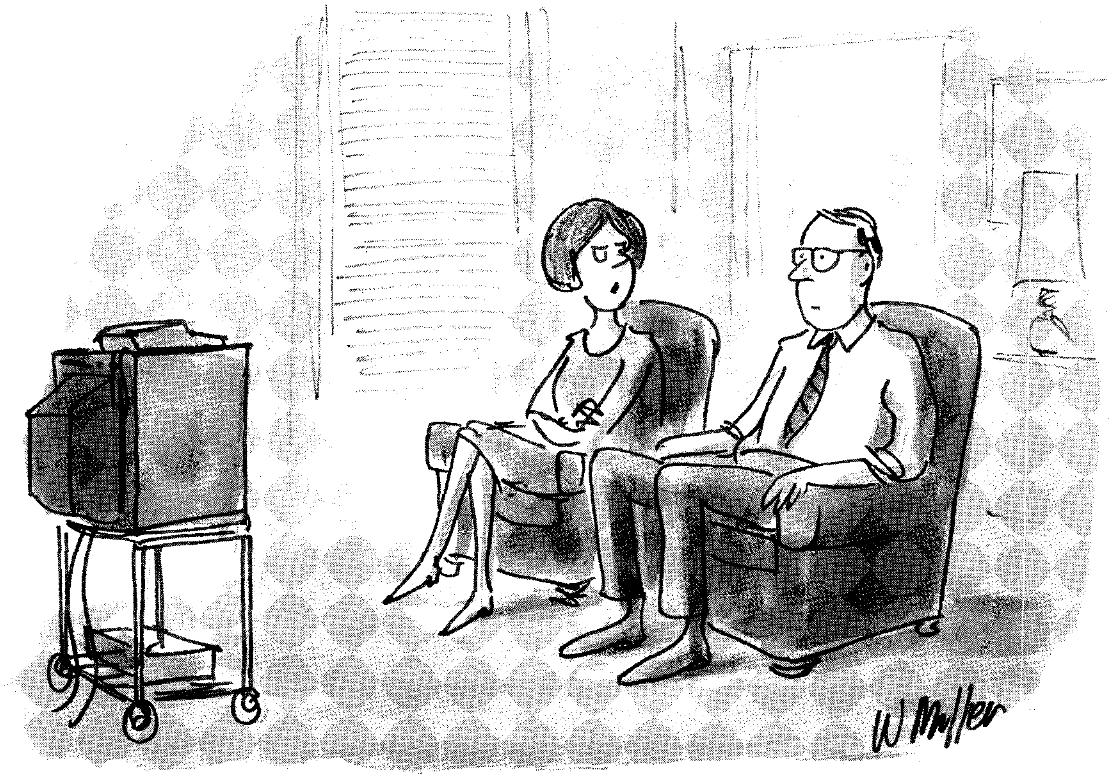
"People say they've seen UFOs! I don't know!"

"That happened with me!" I shout. "Only it was an ambulance out there! Red lights!"

He turns his head—a glance up from the corn rows. "Whitey seen one!"

"What?"

"I don't know! He came in sun-



"I asked you what you had for lunch. I didn't ask you if the new receptionist on the forty-seventh floor looks like Nastassja Kinski."

burned and says he seen a UFO hanging on a pine tree. I said, 'Whitey, I don't need it!' " Pat laughs. "But Whitey sees his grandma's ghost! She walks in his kitchen in her high heels. Clicks her damn high heels! That's how he knows!" Pat shouts.

We turn at the end of the row, and are silent riding back. The hopper fills with corn behind us, ticking against the steel sides, like sleet.

Without talk, the noise of the machinery takes over. It fills my ears, and it moves around inside my mouth, shaking my teeth. The stalks continue their slump, one after another, into the machine, and there's so much to see, looking ahead: the southward veering of the tassels; a flailing of long leaves, bleached out, ribbed like crêpe paper.

On the return row, Pat shouts, "How's your arm?" He asks each year, and it's been three years since the surgery.

"Fine!" I tap my fingertips on the windshield. "I can feel the cold. How's *your* arm?" His accident was long ago.

"Great!" he says, and he waves his right arm, exercises the elbow up and down. "I nearly lost it!" he shouts. "But this one doctor says let's wait. He was my buddy! Don't let yourself in a hospital if you can help it!"

"I won't!"

"Nobody gives you good-night kisses! You can live there, but it's no life. They treated me O.K.! I was in three months."

"Nobody gave you good-night kisses?" I laugh, and the laugh takes visible shape in the cold, and then I duck my head, to hear what he says.

"No! Anybody give *you* good-night kisses?"

"None!"

"See!" he shouts. He waves his arm at the field again. He looks back to check the corn in the bin, and it's nearly full.

"Harry got caught shoplifting again!" I shout.

"What?"

"A couple of records! He's doing community service. Two months!"

"What'd he take? Not Mozart!" he shouts.

"No!"

"Here's music," he says and he pounds the steering wheel. He sings a loud note. "Opera's on tomorrow! I'll bring the radio!" He takes a breath. "Harry's a good boy!"

"He steals!"

"Harry's a good kid!"

At the end of the row, we pull up to a gravity wagon parked on the lane and empty out the bin. Pat switches a spotlight onto the chute, where the corn dumps out in a stream like gold, very fluid, in the light.

I'm not sure what the accident was that tore up Pat's arm. Yelling back and forth, it's hard to catch the details, even over a period of years. I know he wrecked his truck. I know he doesn't blame anybody, not even himself. He's also told me, and these are his words: "Opera is the call of the wild." As for the rest, I don't know who Whitey is. Or his grandmother. It's work, this talk.

I notice it every year. Sometimes we have so much to say to each other. And sometimes we have nothing.

"Margaret's moved to Fennville!" Pat shouts, as we pull back into the field. Margaret is his daughter. He describes her house—how she's fixing it up, building a stairwell. She works in a hospital, and we talk more about hospitals, the new machinery there, but half of what we say gets lost.

Finally we quit shouting and just ride, sometimes pointing at the leaves, if the wind picks up, or pointing at the eyes of the deer.

AFTER an hour or so, Pat motions toward the lane, and I see two lights, car lights, turning our way. The car moves slowly; the lights hover. The lane is rough, and whoever is driving takes it easy, very careful. It could be Claude, or Pat's wife, with coffee. But it's late. It has to be Harry, with no license, out for a drive. He's got the radio on, I know it; he's taking his time. The car moves so slowly a person could walk alongside.

I don't know who Pat thinks is in the car. He stares ahead, watching the ground. And that's what I do, too. The machine, in low gear, crashes into the stalks, and it'll be a while until we reach the end of the row.

—JANET KAUFFMAN

THE THIRD PARTY

THE two men met by arrangement in Buswell's Hotel. The time and place had been suggested by the man who was slightly the older of the two; his companion had agreed without seeking an adjustment. Half past eleven in the bar; "I think we'll probably spot one another all right," the older man had said. "Well, she'll have told you what I look like."

He was tall, acquiring bulkiness, a pinkish-brown sunburn darkening his face, fair curly hair that was turning gray. The man he met was thinner, with spectacles and a smooth black overcoat, a smaller man considerably. Lairdman this smaller man was called; the other's name was Boland. Both were in their early forties.

"Well, we're neither of us late," Boland said in greeting, the more nervous of the two. "Fergus Boland. How are you?"

They shook hands. Boland pulled out his wallet. "I'll have a Jameson myself. What'll I get you?"

"Oh, only a mineral. This time of day, Fergus. A lemonade."

"A Jameson and a lemonade," Boland ordered.

"Sure," the barman said.

They stood by the bar. Boland held out a packet of cigarettes. "D'you smoke?"

Lairdman shook his head. He cocked an elbow onto the bar, arranging himself tidily. "Sorry about this," he said.

They were alone except for the barman, who set their two glasses in front of them. They weren't going to sit down; there was no move to do so. "A pound and tenpence," the barman said, and Boland paid him. Boland's clothes—tweed jacket and corduroy trousers—were wrinkled: he'd driven more than a hundred miles that morning.

"I mean I'm really sorry," Lairdman went on, "doing this to anyone."

"Good luck." Boland raised his glass. He had softened the color of the whiskey by adding twice as much water. "You never drink this early in the day, I suppose?" he said, constrainedly polite. "Well, very wise. That's very sensible: I always say it."

"I thought it mightn't be a drinking occasion."

"I couldn't face you without a drink in, Lairdman."

"I'm sorry about that."

"You've lifted my wife off me. That isn't an everyday occurrence, you know."

"I'm sorry—"

"It would be better if you didn't keep saying that."

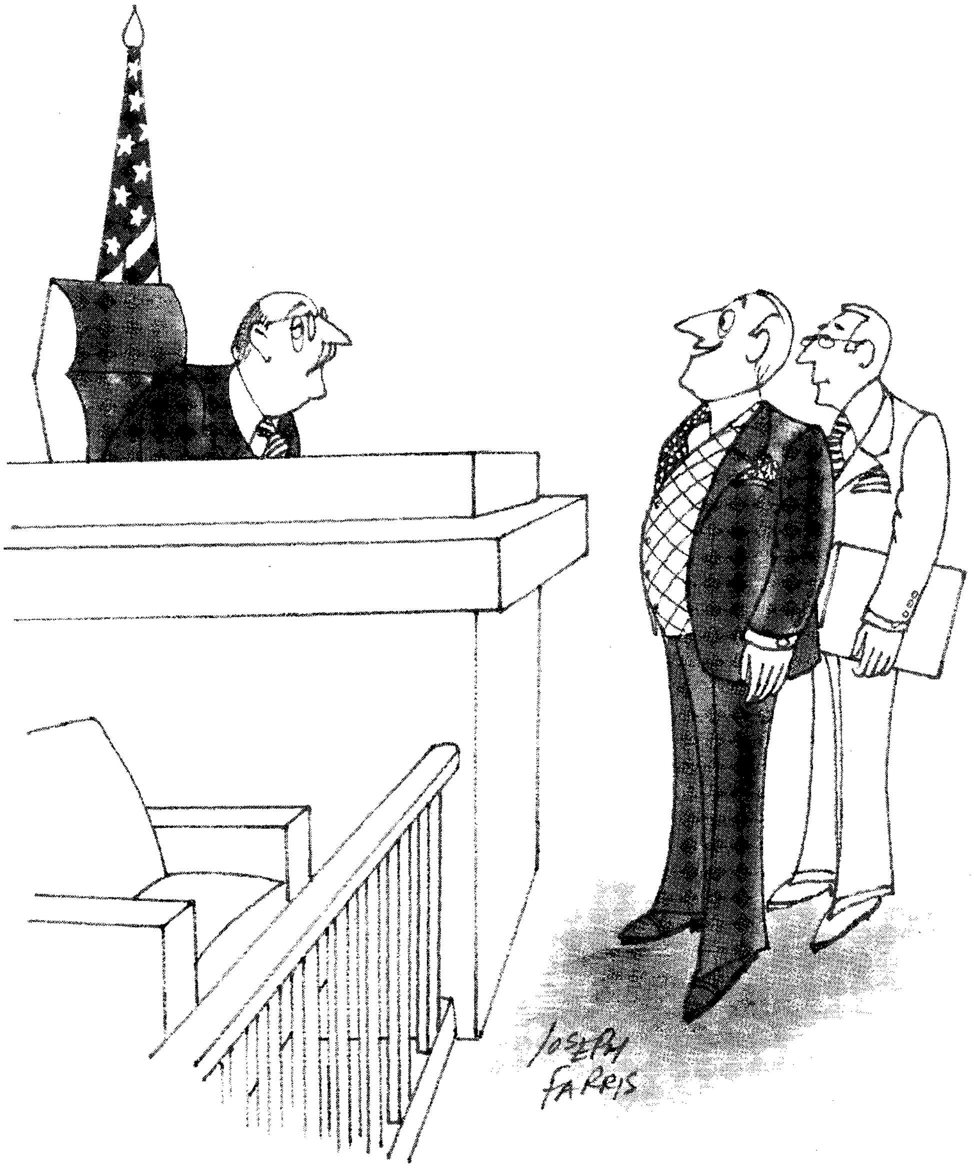
Lairdman, who was in the timber business, acknowledged the rebuke with a sideways wag of his head. The whole thing was awkward, he confessed; he hadn't slept a wink the night before.

"You're a Dubliner, she tells me," Boland said, the same politeness to the fore. "You make blockboard; there's money in that, no doubt about it."

Lairdman was offended. She'd described her husband as clumsy but had added that he wouldn't hurt a fly. Already, five minutes into the difficult encounter, Lairdman wasn't so sure about that.

"I don't like Dublin," Boland continued. "I'll be frank about it. I never have. I'm a small-town man, but of course you'll know."

He imagined his wife feeding her lover with information about his provincialism. She liked to tell people things; she talked a great deal. Boland had inherited a bakery in the town he had referred to, one that was quite unconnected with the more renowned Dublin bakery of the same name. A few years ago it had been suggested to him that he should consider renaming his, calling it Ideal Bread and Cakes, or Ovenfresh, in order to avoid confusion, but he saw no need for that, believing, indeed, that if a change should come about



"It really wasn't my fault, Your Honor. I was led to believe I was above the law."

it should be made by the Dublin firm.

"I want to thank you," Lairdman said, "for taking all this so well. Annabella has told me."

"I doubt I have an option."

Lairdman's lips were notably thin, his mouth a narrow streak that smiled without apparent effort. He smiled a little now, but shook his head to dispel any misconception: he was not gloating, he was not agreeing that his mistress's husband had no option. Boland was surprised that he didn't have a little chopped-off mustache, as so many Dublin men had.

"I thought when we met you might hit me," Lairdman said. "I remarked that to Annabella, but she said that wasn't you at all."

"No, it isn't me."

"That's what I mean by taking it well."

"All I want to know is what you have in mind. She doesn't seem to know herself."

"In mind?"

"I'm not protesting at your intentions where my wife is concerned, only asking if you're thinking of marrying her and if you have some kind of program. I mean, have you a place up here that's suitable for her? You're not a married man, I understand? I'll have another J.J.," Boland called out to the barman.

"No, I'm not a married man. I never have been. What we were hoping was that—if you're agreeable—Annabella could move herself into my place more or less at once. It's suitable accommodation all right, a seven-room flat in Wellington Road. But in time we'll get a house."

"Thanks," Boland said to the barman, paying him more money.

"That was my turn," Lairdman protested, just a little late.

She wouldn't care for meanness, Boland thought, when it began to impinge on her, which in time it would: these things never mattered at first.

"But marriage?" he said. "It isn't easy, you know, to marry another man's wife in Ireland."

"Annabella and I would naturally like to be married one day."

"That's what I wanted to put to you. How are you suggesting that a divorce be fixed? You're not a Catholic, I'm to understand?"

"No."

"No more am I. No more is Annabella. But that hardly matters one way or another. She's very vague on divorce. We talked about it for a long time."

"I appreciate that. And I appreciated your suggestion that we should meet."

"I have grounds for divorce, Lairdman, but a damn bit of use they are to me. A divorce'll take an age."

"It could be hurried up if you had an address in England. If the whole thing could be filed over there we'd be home and dry in no time."

"But I haven't an address in England."

"It's only a thought, Fergus."

"So she wasn't exaggerating when she said you wanted to marry her?"

"I don't think I've ever known Annabella to exaggerate," Lairdman replied stiffly.

Then you don't know the most important thing about her, Boland confidently reflected—that being that she can't help telling lies, which you and I would politely refer to as exaggerations. He believed that his wife actually disliked the truth—a rare enough attribute, he imagined, in any human being.

"I'm surprised you never got married," he said, genuinely surprised because in his experience cocky little men like this very often had a glamorous woman in tow. He wondered if his wife's lover could possibly be a widower: naturally, Annabella would not have been reliable about that.

"I've known your wife a long time," Lairdman retorted softly, and Boland saw him trying not to let his smile show. "As soon as I laid eyes on Annabella I knew she was the only woman who would make sense for me in marriage."

Boland gazed into his whiskey. He had to be careful about what he said. If he became angry for a moment he was quite likely to ruin everything. The last thing he wanted was that the man should change his mind. He lit a cigarette, again offering the packet to Lairdman, who again shook his head.

DAVID'S WATERCOLOR

Dusk. The old cloaked shepherd of terra-cotta
standing guard, front center. A weak, unshaded
bulb you worked by throws, from offstage, his shadow
onto the blue wall.

Shutter flung wide. Glow from my downstairs desk lamp
shows how close we are to our neighbor. Further
up the dark street, luminous rifts distinguish
household from household,

flat from flat, each climbing the common hill, each
lit its own way. Wires like birdflight swoop in
insulated pairs—they've been mates so long now—
gracefully skyward.

Restless late last night, I switched on your Key West
guest-room light. There, dead to the world, my young love
lay. The scene hung over his head, its message
sweet, unemphatic:

Fifteen years this hillside was home. Let someone
else's eye be grazing those Greek horizons.
High in space, sunlit (the one source we still trust)
glimmers a new moon.

—James Merrill

• •

"Sam is a percussionists' percussionist."

• •

Conversationally, friendlily, Boland said, "Lairdman's an interesting name —I thought that when she told me."

"It's not Irish. Huguenot maybe, or part of it anyway."

"I thought Jewish when she told me."

"Oh, undoubtedly a hint of that."

"You know the way you're interested when you're told about a relationship like that? 'What's his name?' It's not important, it doesn't matter in the least. But still you ask it."

"I'm sure. I appreciate that."

When she said his name was Lairdman, Boland had remembered the name from his school days. Vaguely, he'd guessed that the man she was telling him about was a boy he couldn't quite place. But knowing the name, he'd recognized in Buswell's bar the adult features immediately.

" 'Where did you meet him?' That doesn't matter, either. And yet you ask it."

"Annabella and I—"

"I know, I know."

At school Lairdman had been notorious for an unexpected reason: his head had been held down a lavatory while his hair was scrubbed with a lavatory brush. Roche and Dead Smith had done it, the kind of thing they tended to do if they suspected uppityness. Roche and Dead Smith were the bullies of their time, doling out admonitions to new boys who arrived at the school in the summer or winter term rather than the autumn one, or to boys whose faces they found irritating. Lairdman's head had been scrubbed with the lavatory brush because he kept his hair tidy with perfumed oil that was offensive to Dead Smith.

"I think we were at school together," Boland said.

Lairdman almost gave a jump, and it was Boland, this time, who disguised his smile. His wife would not have remembered the name of the school in question, not being in the least interested: the coincidence had clearly not been established.

"I don't recollect a Boland," Lairdman said.

"I'd have been a little senior to yourself." Deliberately, Boland sounded apologetic. "But when she said your name I wondered. I was one of the boarders. Up from the country, you know. Terrible bloody place."

Thirteen boarders they'd been, among nearly a hundred day boys. The day boys used to come noisily up the short, suburban avenue on their bicycles, and later ride noisily away. They were envied because they were returning to warmth and comfort and decent food, because after the weekends they'd talk about how they'd been to the Savoy or the Adelphi or even to the Crystal Ballroom. The boarders in winter would crouch around a radiator in one of the classrooms; in summer they'd walk in twos and threes around the playing fields. The school matron, a Mrs. Porter, was also the cook, but regularly burnt both the breakfast porridge and the barley soup she was given to producing as the main source of sustenance in the evening. An old boy of the school, occupying an attic at the top of a flight of uncarpeted stairs that led out of one of the dormitories, was the junior master, but he appeared to have acquired neither privilege nor distinction through that role: he, too, sat by the radiator in the classroom and dreaded the cooking of Mrs. Porter. The bachelor headmaster, a boxer in his time—reputed to have been known in ringside circles as the Belted Earl, an obscurely acquired sobriquet that had remained with him—was a Savonarola-like figure in a green suit, sadistically inclined.

"Oh, I quite liked the place," Lairdman said.

"You were a day boy."

"I suppose it made a difference."

"Of course it did."

For the first time Boland felt annoyed. Not only was the man she'd become involved with mean, he was stupid as well. All this stuff about an address in England, all this stuff about giving up a seven-room flat, when if he had an iota of common sense he'd realize you didn't go buying houses for the likes of Annabella because in no way whatsoever could you rely on her doing what she said she was going to do.

"I've always thought, actually, it supplied a sound education," Lairdman was saying.

The awful little Frenchman who couldn't make himself understood. O'Reilly-Flood, whose method of teaching history was to give the class the textbook to read while he wrote letters. The mathematics man who couldn't solve the problems he set. The Belted Earl in his foul laboratory, prodding at your ears with the sharp end of a tweezers until you cried out in pain.

"Oh, a great place," Boland agreed. "A fine academy."

"We'd probably send our children there. If we have boys."

"Your children?"

"You'd have no objection? Lord, no, why should you? I'm sorry, that's a silly thing to say."

"I'll have another," Boland requested of the barman. "How about your mineral?"

"No, I'm O.K., thanks."

This time he did not mention, even too late, that he should pay. Instead he looked away, as if wishing to dissociate himself from an overindulgence in whiskey on an occasion such as this, before it was yet midday. Boland lit another cigarette. So she hadn't told him? She'd let this poor devil imagine that in no time at all the seven-room flat in Wellington Road wouldn't be spacious enough to contain the family that would naturally come trotting along once she'd rid herself of her provincial husband. Of course there'd have to be a divorce, and of course it would have to be hurried up: no one wanted a litter of little bastards in a seven-room flat or anywhere else.

"Good man, yourself," he said to the barman when his whiskey came. If he ended up having too much to drink, as indeed might happen, he'd spend the night in the hotel rather than drive back. But it was early yet, and it was surprising what a heavy lunch could do.

"I'm sorry about that," Lairdman repeated, referring again to his slip of the tongue. "I wasn't thinking."

"Ah, for heaven's sake, man!"

Boland briefly touched him—a reassuring tap on the shoulder. He could hear her telling him that the reason for their childless marriage had long ago been established. "Poor old fellow," she'd probably said, that being her kind of expression. She'd known before their marriage that she couldn't have children; in a quarrel long after it she'd confessed that she'd known and hadn't said.

"Naturally," Lairdman blandly continued, "we'd like to have a family."

"You would, of course."

"I'm sorry that side of things didn't go right for you."

"I was sorry myself."

"The thing is, Fergus, is it O.K. about the divorce?"

"Are you saying I should agree to be the guilty party?"

"It's the done thing, as a matter of fact."

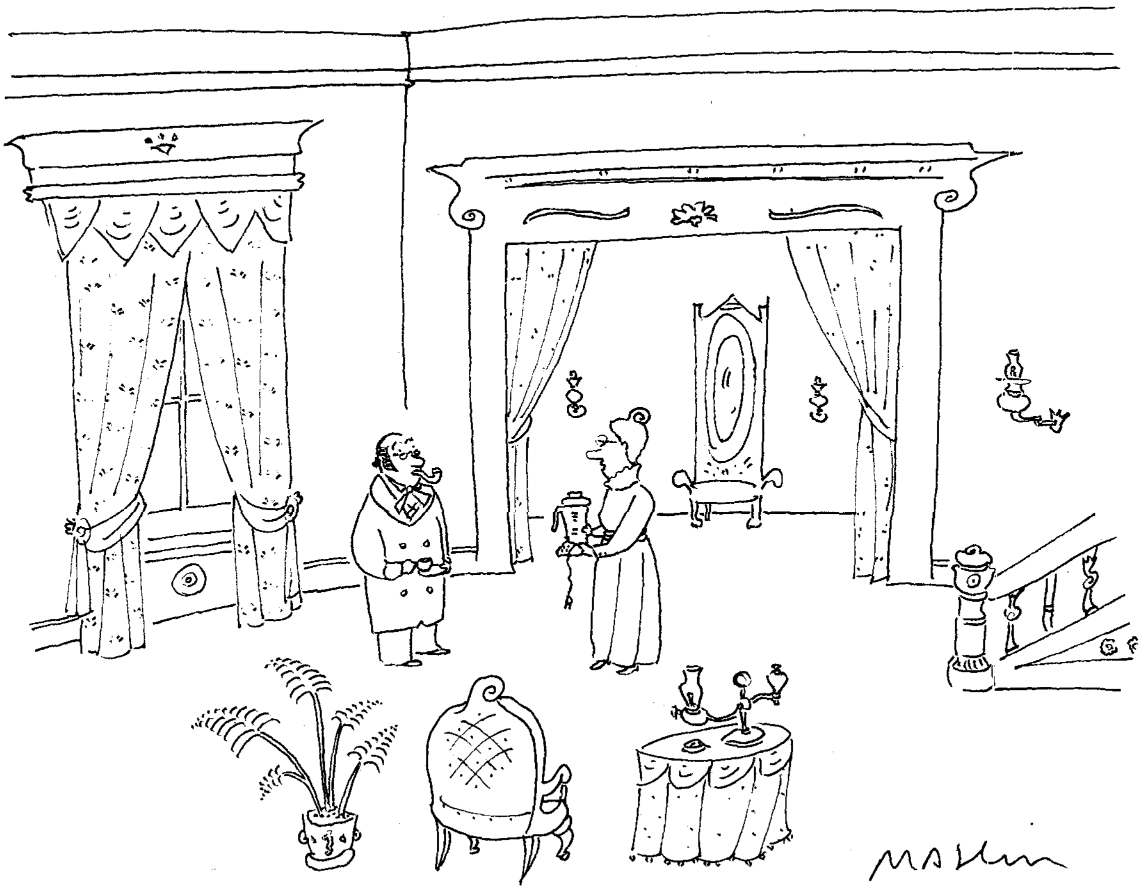
"The done thing?"

"If you find it distasteful—"

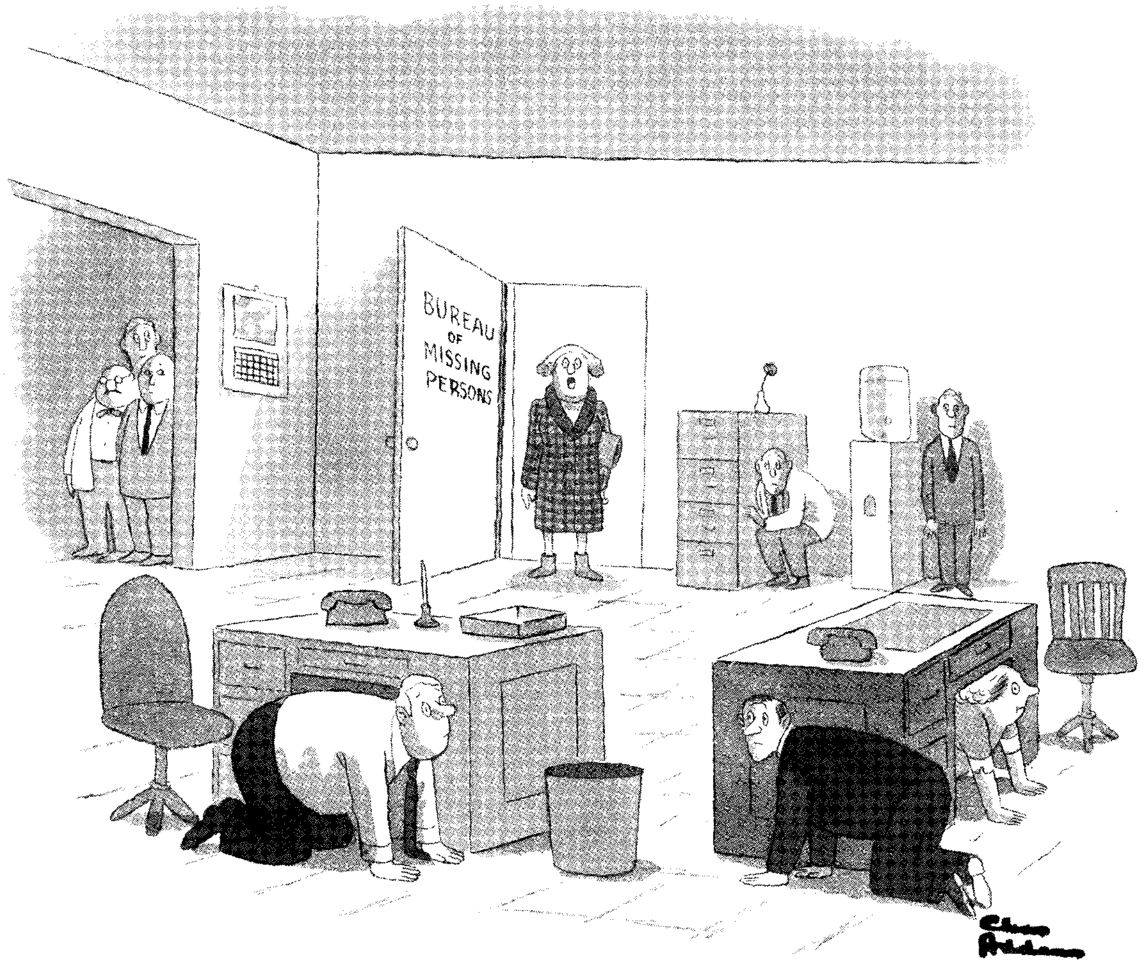
"Not at all—of course not. I'll agree to be the guilty party and we'll work it out from there."

"You're being great, Fergus."

The way he was talking, Boland thought, he might have been drinking. There were people who became easy-



"It's a blender, Morton. We've got to stop living in the past."



"Yoo-hoo! Anybody here?"

• •

going, who adopted that same kind of tone, even if they'd only been with someone else who was drinking: he'd often heard that, but he'd never believed it. A sniff of someone else's glass, he'd heard, a vapor in the air.

"D'you remember the cokeman they used to have there? McArdle?"

"Where was that, Fergus?"

"At school."

Lairdman shook his head. He didn't remember McArdle, he said. He doubted he'd ever known anyone of that name. "A cokeman?" he repeated. "What kind of a cokeman? I don't think I know the word."

"He looked after the furnace. We called him the cokeman."

"I never knew that person at all."

Other people came into the bar. A tall man in a gabardine overcoat, who opened an *Irish Times* and was poured a glass of stout without having to order it. An elderly woman and two men, who appeared to be her sons. A priest, who looked around the bar and went away again.

"You wouldn't have noticed McArdle because you weren't a boarder," Boland said. "When you're weekends in a place you notice more."

"I'm sorry I don't remember you."

"I wouldn't expect you to."

She'd be imagining this conversation, Boland suddenly realized. It was she who had suggested this bar for their meeting, speaking as if she knew it and considered it suitable. "I think I'll go up and see Phyllis," she used to say, saying it more often as time went by. Phyllis was a friend she had in Terenure, whose own marriage had ended on the rocks and who was suffering from an internal complaint besides. But of course Phyllis had just been a name she'd used, a stalwart friend who would cover up for her if she needed it. For all he knew, Phyllis might never have been married, her internal system might be like iron. "Phone me," he used to say, and obediently and agreeably his wife would. She'd tell him how Dublin looked and how Phyllis was bearing up. No doubt she'd been sitting on the edge of a bed in the seven-room flat in Wellington Road.

"It's really good of you to come all this way," Lairdman said with a hint of finality in his voice, an indication that quite soon now the encounter should be brought to an end. "I really appreciate it. I'll ring Annabella this afternoon and tell her we know where we stand. You won't mind that, Fergus?"

"Not at all."

Boland had often interrupted such a telephone conversation. He would walk into the hall and there she'd be, knees drawn up on the second step of the stairs, the receiver strung through the bannisters. She'd be talking quite normally in her slightly high-pitched voice, but when he stepped through the hall door she'd wave a greeting and begin to whisper, the hand that had waved to him now cupped around the mouthpiece. He'd often wondered what she imagined he thought, or if she achieved some tremor of satisfaction from the hushed twilight of this semi-surreptitious carry-on. The trouble with Annabella was that sooner or later everything in the world bored her. "Now, I want to hear," she would soon be saying to Lairdman, "every single thing since the moment you left the house." And the poor man would begin a long history about catching a bus and passing through the entrance doors of his blockboard business, how he had said good morning to the typist and listened to the foreman's complaint concerning a reprehensible employee, how he'd eaten a doughnut with his eleven-o'clock coffee, not as good a doughnut as he'd eaten the day before. Later, in a quarrel, she'd fling it all back at him: Who on earth wanted to know about his doughnuts, she'd screech at him, her fingers splayed out in the air so that her freshly applied crimson nail varnish would dry properly. She had a way of quarrelling when she was doing her nails, because she found the task irksome and needed some distraction. Yet she'd have felt half undressed if her fingernails weren't evenly painted, or if her make-up wasn't right or her hair just as she wanted it.

"I'll be able to say," Lairdman was stating with what appeared to be pride, "that there wasn't an acrimonious word between us. She'll be pleased about that."

Boland smiled, nodding agreeably. He couldn't imagine his wife being pleased, since she so rarely was. He wondered what it was in Lairdman that attracted her. She'd said, when he asked her, that her lover was fun; he liked to go abroad, she'd said; he appreciated food and painting; he possessed what she called a "devastating" sense of humor. She hadn't mentioned his sexual prowess, since it wasn't her habit to talk in that way. "Will you be taking those cats?" Boland had inquired. "I don't want them here." Her lover would willingly supply a home for her Siamese cats, she had replied, both of which she called Ciao. Boland wondered if his successor even knew of their existence.

"I wonder what became," Boland said, "of Roche and Dead Smith."

He didn't know why he said it, why he couldn't have accepted that the business between them was over. He should have shaken hands with Lairdman and left it at that, perhaps saying there were no hard feelings. He would never have to see the man again; once in a while he would feel sorry for the memory of him.

"Dead Smith?" Lairdman said.

"Big eejit with a funny eye. There's a barrister called Roche now; I often wonder if that's the same fellow."

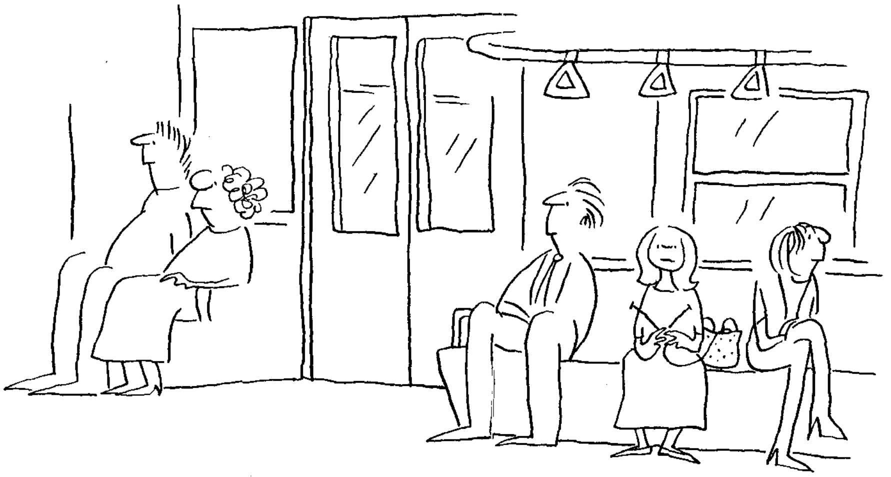
"I don't think I remember either of them."

"Roche used to go round in a pin-striped blue suit. He looked like one of the masters."

Lairdman shook his head. "I'll say cheerio, Fergus. Again, my gratitude."

"They were the bright sparks who washed your hair in a lavatory bowl."

Boland had said to himself over and over again that Lairdman was welcome to her. He looked ahead to an easy widower's life, the house she had filled with her perversities and falsehoods for the last twelve years as silent as a peaceful sleep. He would clear out the memories of her because, naturally, she wouldn't do that herself—the hoarded magazines, the empty medicine bottles, the clothes she had no further use for, the cosmetics she'd pitched into the corners of cupboards, the curtains and chair covers clawed by her cats. He would get Hanrahan to paint out the rooms. He would cook his own meals, and Mrs. Coughlan would still come every morning. Mrs. Coughlan wouldn't be exactly sorry to see the back of her, either.



"I don't know why," Lairdman said, "you keep going on about your school days."

"Let me get you a decent drink before you go. Bring us two big ones," he called out to the barman, who was listening to an anecdote the man in the gabardine coat was retailing at the far end of the bar.

"No, really," Lairdman protested. "Really, now."

"Oh, go on, man. We're both in need of it."

Lairdman had buttoned his black overcoat and drawn on a pair of black leather gloves. Finger by finger, he drew one of the gloves off again. Boland could feel him thinking that, for the sake of the woman who loved him, he must humor the cuckold.

"It takes it out of you," Boland said. "An emotional thing like this. Good luck to you."

They drank, Lairdman seeming awkward now because of what had been said. He looked a bit like a priest, Boland thought—the black attire and the way he wore it. He tried to imagine the pair of them abroad, sitting down together in a French restaurant, Lairdman being pernickety about a plate of food he didn't like the look of. It didn't make sense, all this stuff about a devastating sense of humor.

"I only mentioned the school," Boland said, "because it was the other thing we had in common."

"As a matter of fact, I'm a governor up there now."

"Ah, go on!"

"That's why I said we'd maybe send the children there."

"Well, doesn't that beat the band!"

• •

"I'm pleased myself. I'm pleased they asked me."

"Sure, anyone would be."

Stupid he might be, Boland thought, but he was cute as well, the way he'd managed not to make a comment on the Roche and Dead Smith business. Cuteness was the one thing you could never get away from in Dublin. Cute as weasels they were.

"You don't remember it?" he prompted.

"What's that?"

"The lavatory thing."

"Look here, Boland—"

"I've offended you. I didn't mean that at all."

"Of course you haven't offended me. It's just that I see no point in harping on things like that."

"We'll talk of something else."

"Actually, I'm a bit on the late side."

The second glove was again drawn on, the buttons of the smooth black overcoat checked to see that all was well for the street. The glove was taken off again when Lairdman remembered there'd have to be a handshake. "Thanks for everything," he said.

For the second time, Boland surprised himself by being unable to leave well alone. He wondered if it was the whiskey, the long drive and then the whiskey on top of an empty stomach, because of course there hadn't been anything in the house for his breakfast when he'd gone to look—not even a slice of bread. "I'll come down and do you scrambled eggs and a few rashers," she'd said the night before. "You'll need something inside you before you set off."

"I'm interested in what you say about sending your children there" was what he heard himself saying. "Would these be your and Annabella's children you have in mind?"

Lairdman looked at him as if he'd gone out of his senses. His narrow mouth gaped in bewilderment. Boland didn't know if he was trying to smile or if some kind of rictus had set in.

"What other children are there?" Lairdman shook his head, still perplexed. He held his hand out, but Boland did not take it.

"I thought those might be the children you had in mind," he said.

"I don't follow what you're saying."

"She can't have children, Lairdman."

"Oh, now, look here—"

"That's a medical fact. The unfortunate woman is incapable of mothering children."

"I think you're drunk. One after another you've had. I thought it a moment ago when you got maudlin about your school days. Annabella's told me a thing or two, you know."

"She hasn't told you about the cats she's going to spring on you. She hasn't told you she can't give birth. She hasn't told you she gets so bored her face turns white with fury. It's best not to be around then, Lairdman. Take my tip on that."

"She's told me you can't stay sober. She's told me you've been warned off every racecourse in Ireland."

"I don't go racing, Lairdman, and, apart from occasions like this, I hardly drink at all. A lot less than our mutual friend, I can promise you that."

"You have been unable to give Annabella children. She's sorry for you, she doesn't blame you."

"Annabella was never sorry for anyone in her life."

"Now, look here, Boland—"

"Look nowhere, man. I've had twelve years of the woman. I'm obliging you by stepping aside. But there's no need for this talk of divorce, Lairdman, in England or anywhere else. I'm just telling you that. She'll come and live with you in your seven-room flat; she'll live in any house you care to buy; but if you wait till kingdom come you'll not find children trotting along. All you'll have is two Siamese cats that would eat the legs off you."

"You're being despicable, Boland."

"I'm telling you the truth."

"You seem to have forgotten that Annabella and myself have talked about all this. She knew you'd take it hard. She knew there'd be bitterness. Well, I understand that. I've said I'm sorry."

"You're a mean little blockboard man, Lairdman. You belong with your head held down in a lavatory bowl. Were you wringing wet when they let go of you? I'd love to have seen it, Lairdman."

"Will you keep your damn voice down? And will you stop trying to pick a quarrel? I came out this morning in good faith. I'm aware of the delicacy of the thing, and I'm not saying I've been a saint. But I'll not stand here and be insulted. And I'll not hear Annabella insulted."

"I think Dead Smith became a vet."

"I don't care what he became."

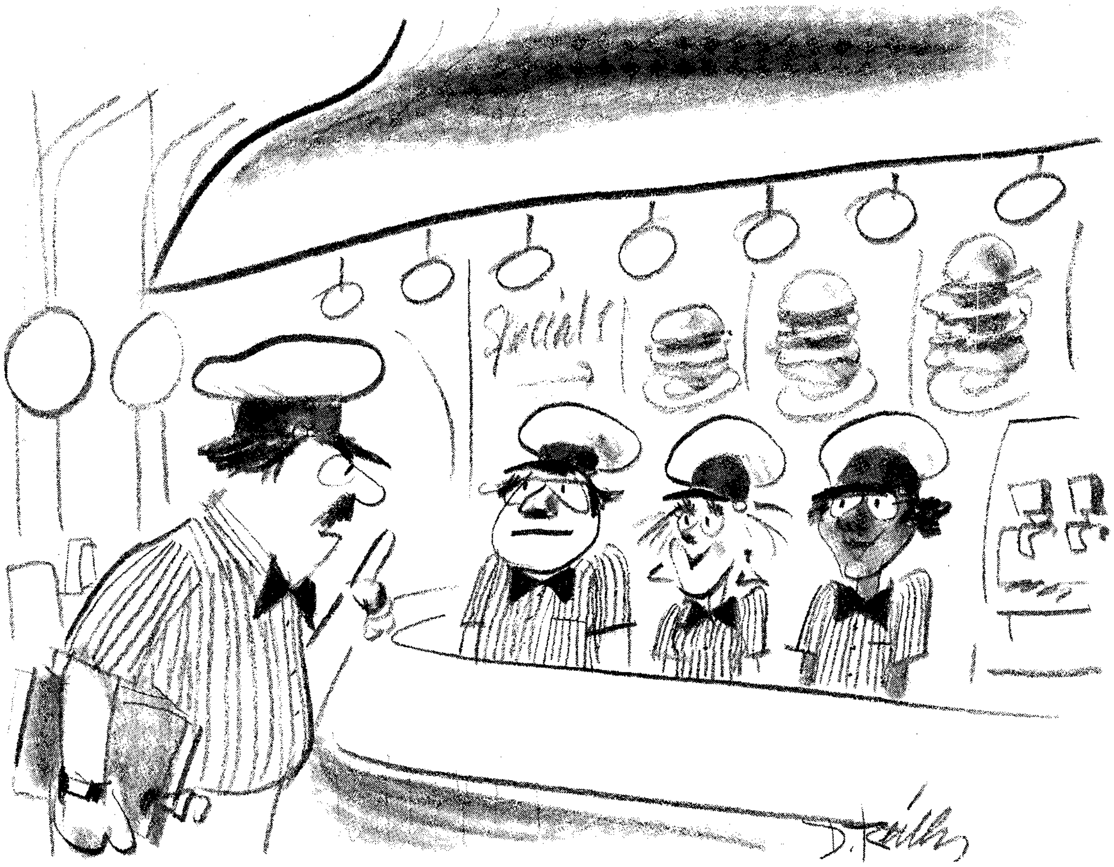
ABRUPTLY, Lairdman was gone. Boland didn't turn his head or otherwise acknowledge his departure. He examined the row of bottles behind the bar, and in a moment he lit a fresh cigarette.

For half an hour he remained on his own, where his usurper had left him. All he could think of was Lairdman as he remembered him, a boy who was pointed out because of what two bullies had done to him. The old cokeman, McArdle, used to laugh over the incident. Sometimes, when the classroom radiator wasn't hot enough, the boarders would go down to McArdle's cokehole and sit around his furnace. He'd tell them obscene stories, all of them to do with the matron and cook, or else he told them about Lairdman. The more Boland thought about it all the more clearly he remembered Lairdman: not much different in appearance, the same trap of a mouth, a propelling pencil and a fountain pen clipped into the pocket of his jacket. He had a bicycle Boland could remember—a new one that had perhaps replaced an older one. A Golden Eagle. "Oh, we met at a party Phyllis gave," she had said, but there was no way of knowing how much truth there was in that—presumably none.

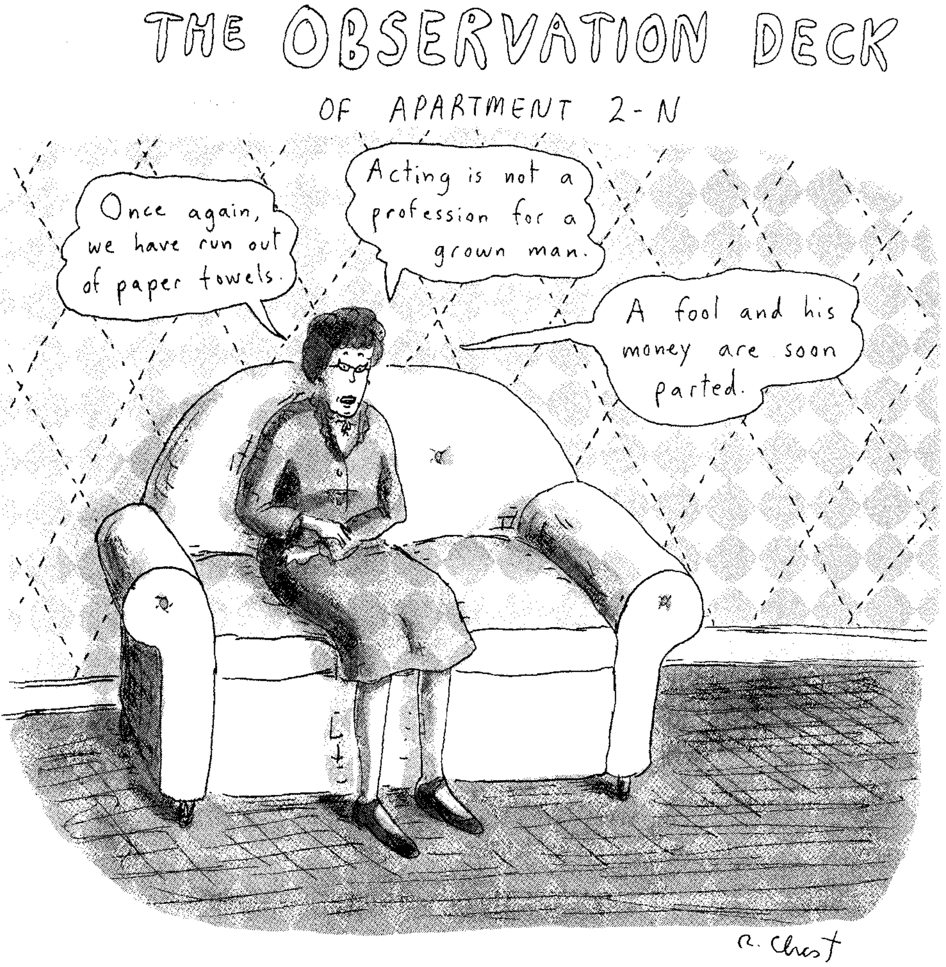
Boland ate his lunch in the dining room of the hotel, among people he did not know, who gave the impression of lunching there regularly. He didn't have to say he'd take nothing to drink because the waitress didn't ask him. There was water in a glass jug on the table; he'd be all right for the journey home, he decided.

"The cod," he ordered. "Yes, I'll have the cod. And the cream of celery."

He remembered a time when the thirteen boarders had smashed a window in an outhouse that no longer had a purpose. Most of the windowpanes were broken already, the roof had long ago tumbled in, and one of the walls was so badly split that it had begun to disintegrate. It was forbidden for any boy to enter this small, crumbling building, and the boarders had not done so. They had stood twenty or so yards away throwing stones at the remaining windowpanes, as they might have thrown stones at a cockshot. They had meant no harm, and did not realize that an outhouse which was so badly damaged already might be worthy of preservation. Ceremoniously the following morning the Belted Earl had taken his cane to them in the presence of the assembled day boys. Lairdman would have been watching, Boland reflected as he ate his soup. Lairdman might have brought it up, just as he himself had brought up the other matter, but of course that wasn't Lairdman's way. Lairdman considered himself a sophisticate; even in the days of his Golden



"And remember—only junk people call it junk food."


THE OBSERVATION DECK
OF APARTMENT 2-N
Once again, we have run out of paper towels.
Acting is not a profession for a grown man.
A fool and his money are soon parted.
R. Chast

Eagle he would have considered himself that.

Boland crumbled the bread on his side plate, picking up bits of it between mouthfuls of soup. He saw himself, one day in the future, entering the silence of his house. He saw himself on a summer evening pushing open the French windows of the drawing room and going out into the garden, strolling among its fuchsia bushes and apple trees. He'd known the house all his life; he'd actually been born in it. Opposite O'Connor Motors, it was the last one in the town, yellow-washed and ordinary, but a house he loved.

"Did you say the fish, sir?" the waitress inquired.

"Yes, I did."

He'd been married in Dublin, she being the daughter of a Dublin wine merchant. The old man was still alive, and so was her mother. "You've taken on a handful," the old man once had said, but he'd said it playfully because in those days Annabella had been a handful to delight in. What they thought of her now Boland had no idea.

"The plate's hot, sir," the waitress warned.

"Thanks very much."

People who'd known him in his childhood had been delighted when he brought her to live among them. They'd stopped him on the street and said he was lucky. They were happy for him: he'd come back from Dublin with a crown of jewels was how they saw it. And yet those same people would be delighted when she left. The terrible frustration that possessed her—the denial of children through some mischance within her—turned beauty into wanton eccentricity. It was that that had happened, nothing else.

Slowly he ate his cod, with parsley sauce and cabbage and potatoes. Nobody would mention it much; they'd know what had happened and they'd say to one another that one day, probably, he'd marry again. He wondered if he would. He'd spoken airily of divorce to Lairdman, but in truth he knew nothing of divorce in Ireland these days. A marriage should wither away, he somehow felt, it should rot and die; it didn't seem quite like a cancer, to be swiftly cut out.

He ordered apple tart and cream, and later coffee came. He was glad it was all over: the purpose of his visit to Dublin had been to set a seal on everything that had happened, and in the encounter that had taken place the seal had at some point been set. The air had been cleared; he had accepted the truth it had been necessary to hear from someone else besides his wife. When first she'd told him he'd wondered if she could possibly be making it all up, and he'd wondered it since. Even while he'd waited in Buswell's bar he'd said to himself he wouldn't be surprised if no one turned up.

On the way to the car park two tinker children begged from him. He knew it wasn't coppers they were after but his wallet or whatever else they could get their fingers on. One held out a cardboard box, the other pressed close to him, with a rug folded over her hands. He'd seen the trick before; Dublin was like that now. "Go on, along with you," he ordered them as harshly as he could.

It was because there hadn't been enough for her to do: he thought that as he eased the car through the heavy city traffic. And from the very start she hadn't taken to provincial life. A childless woman in a provincial town had all the time in the world to study its limitations. She had changed the furniture around, and had chosen the wallpapers that her Siamese cats had later damaged. But she'd resisted bridge and tennis, and had deplored the absence of even a cinema café. He'd thought he'd understood; so well used to the limitations himself, he was nevertheless aware that the society he had plunged her into was hardly scintillating. He'd driven her as often as he could to Dublin, before she'd taken to going on her own to visit Phyllis. For years he'd known she wasn't happy, but until she told him he'd never suspected she'd become involved with a man.

He stopped in Mullingar and had a cup of tea. The Dublin evening papers had arrived before him. He read in the *Herald* that the Italian government had been successfully re-formed after the Achille Lauro incident; the dollar was slipping again; a meat-processing plant was to close in Cork. He dawdled over the paper, not wanting to go home. Lairdman would have telephoned her by now. "Why don't you drive up this afternoon?" he might have said. Maybe all day she had been packing, knowing the encounter was only a formality. "He won't stand in the way," Lairdman would have said. "He'll even supply grounds." There'd be nothing to keep her, now that all three of them knew where they stood, and it was the kind of thing she'd do—pack up and go when she'd got him out of the way.

A coal fire was burning in the café. A rare welcome these days, he remarked to the woman who'd served him, and pulled a chair up close to it. "I'd take another cup of tea," he said.

The little white Volkswagen he'd bought her might be on the road to Dublin already. She wouldn't leave a note because she wouldn't consider it necessary. If the Volkswagen passed by now she would be puzzled at not meeting him on the road; she'd never notice his own car parked outside the café.

"Ah well, you'd need a fire," the woman said, returning with his tea. "A shocking foggy old month we're having."

"I've known better certainly."

He drove on after he'd had a third cup of tea, keeping an eye out for the Volkswagen. Would she greet him with a touch on the horn? Or would he greet her? He didn't know if he would. Better to wait for the moment.

But over the next fifty or so miles there was no sign of his wife's car. And of course, he told himself, there was no reason there should be: it was pure conjecture that she'd depart that afternoon, and the amount she had to pack made it unlikely that she could manage to do so in a day. For the next few miles he speculated on how, otherwise, her departure would be. Would Lairdman drive down to assist her? That had not been agreed or even touched upon as a possibility: he would instantly put his foot down if it was suggested. Would Phyllis arrive to help her? He would naturally have no objection to that. Certainly, the more he thought about it the less likely was it that she would be capable of completing the move on her own. She had a way of calling in other people when something difficult had to be undertaken. He imagined her sitting on the second step of the stairs, chattering on the telephone. "Would you ever . . ." she had a way of beginning her demands and her requests.

His headlights caught the familiar sign, in English and Irish, indicating that the town which was his home was the next one. He turned the radio on. "Dancing in the dark," a sensual female voice lilted, reminding him of the world he supposed his wife and Lairdman belonged to, the thrill of illicit love, tête-à-tête dancing, as the song implied. "Poor Annabella," he said aloud, while the music still played. Poor girl, ever to have got herself married to the inheritor of a country-town bakery. Lucky, in all fairness, that cocky little Lairdman had turned up. The music continued, and he imagined them running toward one another along an empty street, like lovers in a film. He imagined their embrace, and then their shared smile before they embraced again. As the dull third party, not even a villain, he had no further part to play.

But as Boland reached the first few houses on this side of the town he knew that none of that was right. Not only had the white Volkswagen not conveyed her to Lairdman in his absence, it would not do so tomorrow or the next day, or next week. It would not do so next month, or after Christmas, or in February, or in the spring: it would not ever do so. It hadn't mattered reminding Lairdman of the ignominy he had suffered as a boy; it hadn't mattered reminding him that she was a liar, or insulting him by calling him mean. All that abuse was conventional in the circumstances, an expected element in the man-to-man confrontation, the courage for it engendered by an intake of John Jameson. Yet something had impelled him to go farther: little men like Lairdman always wanted children. "That's a total lie," she'd have said already on the telephone, and Lairdman would have soothed her. But soothing wasn't going to be enough for either of them.

Boland turned the radio off. He drew the car up outside Donovan's public house and sat for a moment, swinging the keys between his thumb and forefinger before going in and ordering a bottle of Smithwick's with lime. At the bar he greeted men he knew and stood with them drinking, listening to talk of racehorses and politics. They drifted away when a few more drinks had been taken but Boland remained there for a long time, wondering why he hadn't been able to let Lairdman take her from him.

—William Trevor

wm Hamilton

"Be frank, Jan. Do I look ousted?"

•

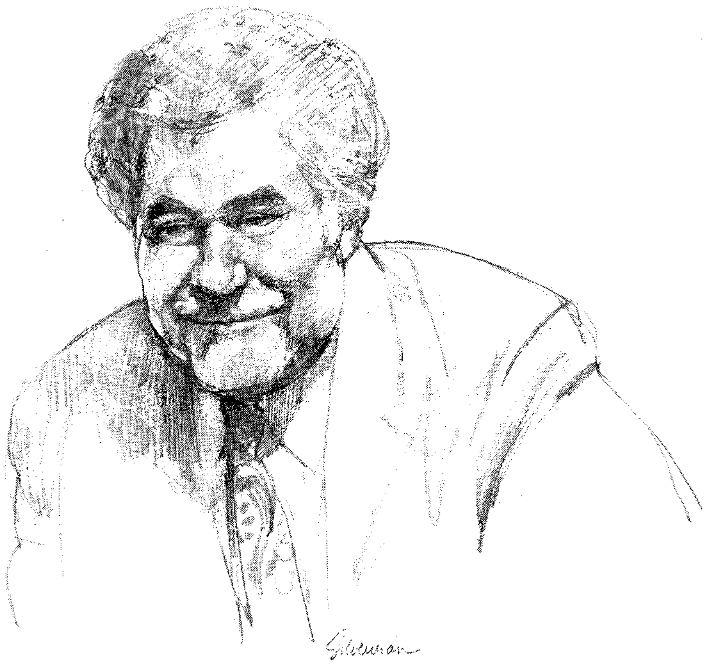
UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Grand Rapids Press*]

Actors-Actresses—Need positive people of all ages for immediate casting in major film. Training available. Minor Film Productions.

PROFILES

SEARCHING FOR GREGORIAN—I



THE New York Public Library houses many treasures, but few are as colorful, complex, enigmatic, civilized, and stimulating as Vartan Gregorian, its president and chief executive officer. I have been looking things up all my life in the monumental Beaux-Arts building at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, and one Saturday noontime not long ago I went over there to look up Gregorian, who holds a Ph.D. in history and is generally known as Dr. Gregorian. I had read of his somewhat legendary and magical work in restoring the library to financial and intellectual vigor—the strenuous fund-raising, the spotlight of publicity, the exhibits, the lectures, the unprecedented gala dinners—but I knew very little about the man himself. In a library, one thing leads to another, and each point of reference becomes an act of discovery, an extension of one's own horizons. My pursuit of Dr. Gregorian began in his office, on the second floor of the library—a spacious, high-ceilinged room with walls of green damask and dominated by an immense oval yellow oak conference table, which almost completely eclipsed a large desk in one corner of the room. The oak table was piled high with neatly stacked papers and books. Bookshelves and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century portraits—John Jacob Astor; Benjamin Franklin; Shelley's parents, by Romney—lined the walls. Tall windows opened onto Fifth Avenue, but the city seemed far away. The room is scholarly and noble, like so many spaces throughout the library, which was built by Carrère & Hastings, opened in 1911, and is universally acknowledged to be a classic structure. When I entered the room, Dr. Gregorian was standing by the desk going through some papers, and he didn't walk over to greet me—he bounced over, rapidly, with short, rolling movements. He is in his early fifties, of medium height, rumpled, and on the heavy side, with an anarchic clump of graying hair and an arresting short salt-and-pepper beard. I was immediately struck by his benign resemblance to the two sculptured lions, Patience and Fortitude, that guard the main steps to the library.

Dr. Gregorian whipped off the jacket of his suit and carefully hung it over the back of a broad-bottomed yellow oak chair that matched the big oak table. He beckoned to me to sit down in a similar chair, one of ten or so spread around the conference table. "We'll talk about library and Gregorian and have sandwich," he said to me. The prospect seemed to delight him. He speaks softly but quickly, with a pleasant Middle Eastern accent. "A library is a sacred place," he said. "My role is educator and teacher. For four thousand years, humanity has gone through dreadful horrors, dreadful turmoils, varied glories. How do we distill the past? How do we retain the memories? *Libraries*. The New York Public Library is one of the greatest in the entire world. Its research libraries contain some twenty-nine million items, and there are eighty-eight miles of stacks right here in this building. Millions of memories. We are a treasured repository of civilization. Sometimes I am overwhelmed when I realize what we mean to the city and to the world. Libraries keep the records on behalf of all humanity. We contain the unique and the absurd, the wise and fragments of stupidity. We mirror the world, in all its folly and wisdom. We serve the masses and the individual. A library must never be indifferent to the individual, must always protect him. Think of a lone person in one of our reading rooms, who has just read a book, a single book that has perhaps not been read in twenty years by another living soul, and from that reading comes an invention of incalculable importance to the human race. It makes a man tremble. Endless sources of knowledge are *here*. We have books in three thousand languages and dialects. I can take you through here from Balanchine to Tibet. There are esoterica on synthetic fuels, neglected maps of the Falklands which were suddenly in demand at the time of the Falklands War. And Warsaw telephone directories from the years of the Holocaust, often invaluable as the only source of documentation of who lived where, in order to substantiate claims for retribution. There will never be an end to this library. Never!" By now, I was quite aware that the Dr. Gregorian I was seeking was a vital, driving force, and I was happy that I had undertaken the journey.

Dr. Gregorian was still talking as he bounced again across the room and opened a door to an anteroom where a few people were working. "Sandwich and coffee for my friend, and sandwich and Diet Coke for me!" he called to someone just outside the door. He closed the door and sat down again. "I have the most extraordinary, loyal staff," he said. "They come in on Saturday. To *work*. You have noticed how quiet it is in my suite of offices, but we must not forget the hundreds of people spread all through this building who are reading, studying, digging into subjects, gaining knowledge. When I came here, in the spring of

"If anyone wants me, I'll be in the garden with my English spading fork."

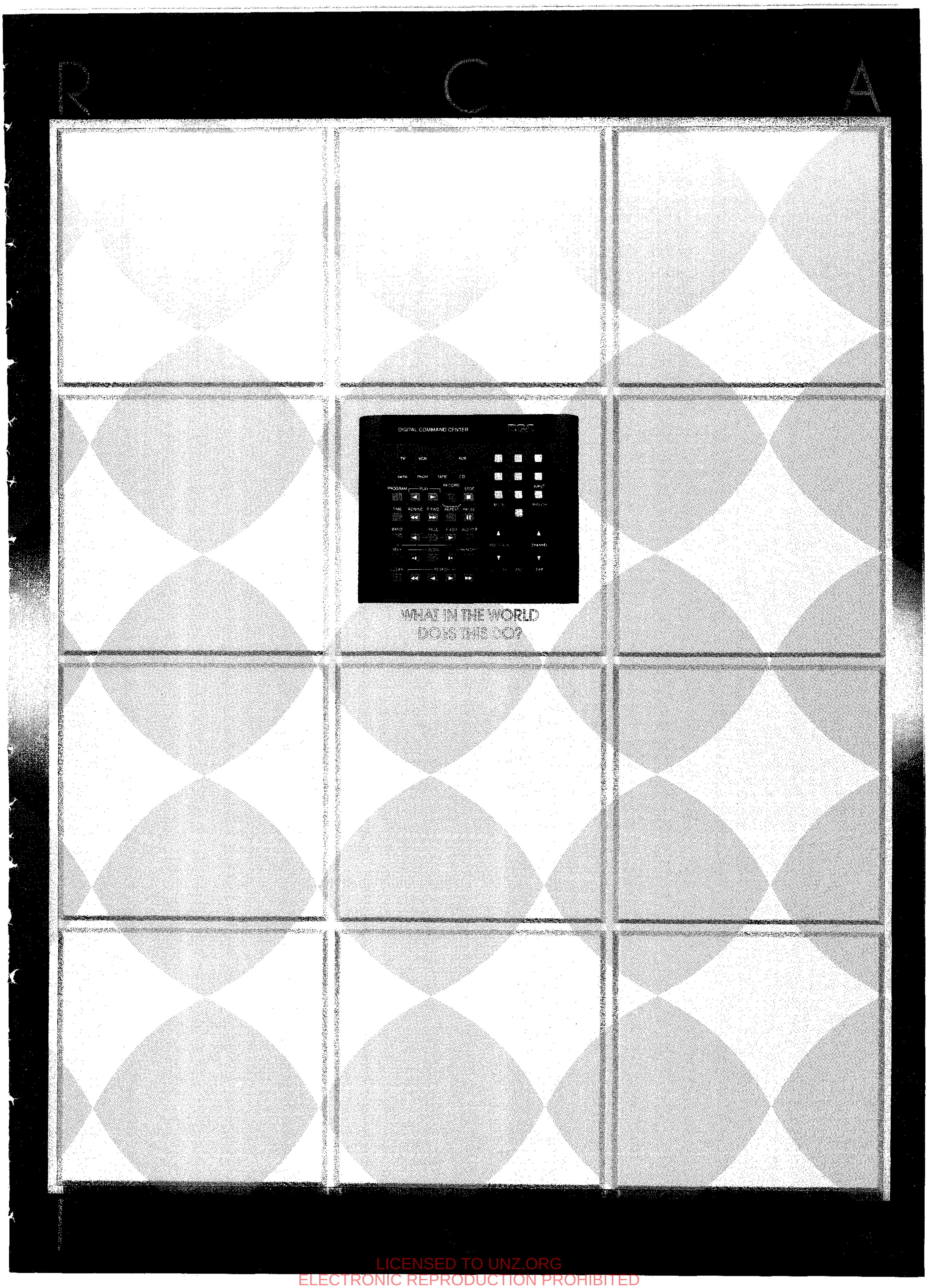
• •

1981, the library was in a crisis, the city was in a crisis. I was in a critical period of my own life. The city was under attack. I had been under attack. As it turned out, I was in the right place at the right time. New York is full of chutzpah. I am full of chutzpah. There has been an extraordinary revival."

The door to the anteroom opened, and a tall, energetic, and strikingly attractive young woman entered, carrying lunch. Dr. Gregorian introduced her to me as Maryann Jordan, his executive assistant. I could sense immediately that she must exercise a strong, calming influence on the president's office. She put lunch on the big table and quietly left the room. "Thank you, Maryann!" he called out to her. "When I first met the staff of the library, I was a total stranger to them," he said to me. "Naturally, they were somewhat suspicious of a man who had never been a librarian before, who had been provost of the University of Pennsylvania, who was a professor, who spoke with a foreign accent, who dropped his articles. I stood up in front of them, and my first words were 'Fellow-educators.' This was appreciated. This gave people a sense of the dignity of their profession. I also told them I would go back later and pick up all the articles I had dropped. One of my greatest teachers was my maternal grandmother, a most remarkable woman, and one of the many things she taught me was that dignity is not negotiable. Dignity is the honor of the family. I have thought about it many times. She also taught me that envy is very bad. Envy will deform your character. 'You must not have a hole in your eye,' she would say. The hole in the eye was caused by envy. The hole would be insatiable and could never be filled."

We both eyed the sandwiches lying on the table. "I think it's time for lunch," said Dr. Gregorian. He handed me an egg-salad sandwich hermetically sealed in a plastic container. I began to struggle with it, attempting to find some chink in its armor, some vulnerable corner into which I could perhaps slide a nail to reach the sandwich. No luck. No luck whatever. Dr. Gregorian observed me closely. He seemed to understand my plight completely. "Some people have the knack of these things and some people don't," he said, with kindness. I realized that I was in warm and friendly hands. He took the package and, with a flick of a finger, had it open. We went on to other matters.

He said, "I am an Armenian, born in Tabriz, in Iran, in 1934. This was northwestern Iran, near the Russian border. My family had been in Iran for many years. I can trace Tabriz Armenians back some two thousand years. Where I was born was very cold—very high, very dry. Since I am a teacher, I like to talk about Armenia, and sometimes I like to use phrases like 'one, two, three,' and hold up fingers to prove points to the class. The capital of Armenia is Yerevan. Turkey is on the west, Azerbaijan on the east, Iran to the south, and Georgia to the north. Armenia is the oldest Christian state." He paused a moment, to take a bite of egg salad. "One learns only by learning about different cultures, different places, different peoples. A funny thing—I know a Soviet Armenian who has said that Christianity was founded in


R C A
DIGITAL COMMAND CENTER
RCA
TV
VCR
AUX
AM/FM
PHONO
TAPE
CD
PROGRAM
PLAY
RECORD
STOP
INPUT
TIME
REWIND
F.FWD
REPEAT
PAUSE
BAND
PAGE
AUDIO
CHANNEL
SLOW
SEARCH
CLEAR
OFF
WHAT IN THE WORLD
DOES THIS DO?

300 B.C. There's history for you!

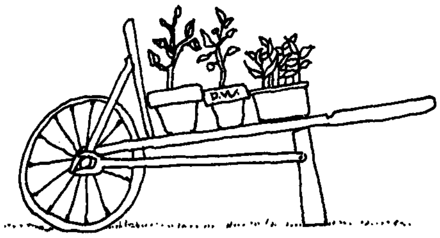
"We lived in a large house in what was known as the Armenian quarter of Tabriz. A middle-class section. The family was still speaking Armenian at home. I also spoke Turkish. Today, I can speak seven languages. Armenia was the first nation to accept Christianity as a state religion. There were two apostles who were said to have travelled in Armenia—St. Thaddaeus and St. Bartholomew—and thus the church was known as an apostolic church. My church, the Armenian Apostolic, is independent. The Russian Orthodox Church Outside of Russia remains czarist in its sympathies. As for my family, my grandfather was called Father, and my grandmother was called Mother. I called my father Samuel. He is still alive. He is seventy-eight and lives in Tehran. He telephones me occasionally, perhaps on a birthday, but we have never been close. How is that sandwich?"

I said that it was fine, now that he had found the way.

"Coffee for you," he said, opening a white plastic container. "I take diet cola. Back to Tabriz. It was in a Turkish-speaking province. They spoke an eastern Turkish. They also spoke Persian. Persian was the language of instruction, Turkish the language of population, Russian the language of occupation. One's early memories are vivid, yet scattered. My father's father had a caravansary—a sort of animal parking lot. No camels. Absolutely no camels. Mules and donkeys brought goods to the place where the animals were parked. I remember that my father's father had lost an eye—gored by a bull. A bad bull. When he died, my mother was determined that her father-in-law should have a Christian burial. She wanted to avoid his being buried in a Muslim shroud—the Muslims don't have coffins. My mother would have done anything to have her father-in-law buried in a coffin. The body had been brought home. Very important that the body come home before burial. My mother bribed the police chief and gave his wife all her needlework, and then my mother and I went to the bazaar and bought a coffin. She rented a phaeton and put the body in the coffin and the coffin on the phaeton and gave him a Christian burial. As they sprinkled water on the dead man, his good eye opened, and the people at the funeral cried out, 'Bala Beg is alive! Bala Beg is alive!'

"The house in which I lived in Iran, like other houses of the Armenian community, was designed for maximum privacy. They were interior houses—no display outside, small windows. Made of brick and mud." Dr. Gregorian suddenly stood up and moved briskly across the room. "There was a basement and a first floor. There would be a big knock on the door"—Dr. Gregorian knocked on the wall of his office. "Who is there?" he cried. "The answer would come from the street." He was back in his memories now, far from Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. He had a strange smile on his face, a smile of contentment touched with pride. "Then you would enter the house and descend to a courtyard and a basement with windows. On the right was the living room"—broad, sweeping gesture—"the Official Occasion Room. There was a rug here, and good china. This was, in essence, the foreign ministry. There was a huge kitchen—oh, a *huge* kitchen—with a huge oven. My parents' room was across from the kitchen. There was a large dining room, converted at night into a bedroom, with storage space for bedding. We slept on thick mattresses on the floor, under beautifully embroidered quilts. But the kitchen was the centerpiece—half the size of this big office of mine, which still makes it quite large. We cooked with charcoal. Bread was always being baked. The bread hung in the cellar on trays suspended from the beams by ropes. They were rounded loaves, drying there along the walls, and when bread was needed someone would sprinkle water on a loaf. My grandmother had a small room to the right of the kitchen. Her name was Vosky; it means 'gold.' It meant gold to me then, it means gold to me now. She was known as Vosky Baji—a term of endearment, 'Baji' meaning 'sister.'

"Her influence was tremendous. She had no formal education, but immensely valued it. She lived her life with consummate dignity. She struggled. She coped. She never lost faith, was never cynical. She did not speak ill of others. She insisted that one must do good without expectation of reward. She believed that to think ill of others is to diminish oneself. She was deeply respected all over town. When I went to the store for her, I never carried money. It was enough for me to say that Vosky Baji had sent me. I am not superstitious; she was dreadfully so. She knew about the evil eye and believed in it. '*You do not show your baby to someone with the evil eye!*'" Dr. Gregorian was pacing up and down his office now, speaking in what can perhaps best be described as circular terms—never in a straight line. I sensed that I was experiencing a classic library phenomenon: search for one thing, and a moment later you have discovered something new and beckoning.



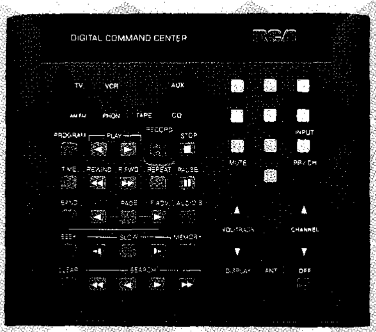
DR. GREGORIAN continued, "My mother died shortly after the death of my grandfather. She died in 1941. She was twenty-six or twenty-seven; I was seven. She died of pneumonia—the Russians were coming, and there were no medicines. There she was in her bed. Dead. But nobody explained it to me. They told me later that she had gone to America. Since she was very beautiful, I thought that America must be doubly beautiful—beautiful for itself, beautiful because my mother was there. But I find that I go back to my grandmother. When I went away as a young man, my grandmother sewed a blue bead inside my jacket for good luck. The color of lapis lazuli. When I think of her, I think of the strength of a wounded wolf. I still have some objects from my grandmother—for example, a piece of hair from my first haircut. She saved it, presented it to me. Also her picture—a woman with powerful eyes. A letter I wrote when I was eight or nine. She stopped going to church after one of her sons died. She felt that her children had been taken away from her—he was the seventh child she had lost.

"I must tell you that I was a choirboy. I felt very important, because I could look down from the altar. *I was on high ground*. And when a rich man died you carried the unlit candles and banners through the streets from his home to the church. It was Christ being resurrected. You walked around, but never across, the Muslim section of town. I was one of two candle bearers. I had a certain unity with the priests, a feeling of belonging to some metaphysical order. You know, I actually got involved with street gangs. Nothing serious, you understand, but there was trafficking in cig-

DIGITAL

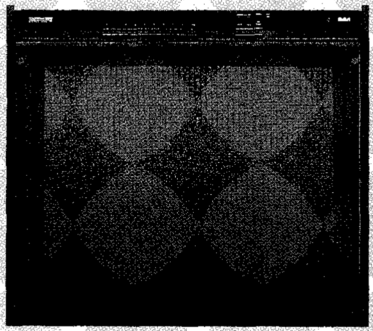
DOES IT OPERATE
A LINEAR-TRACKING TURNTABLE?

DOES IT CONTROL
A COMPACT DISC PLAYER?


DIGITAL COMMAND CENTER
RCA
TV
VCR
AUX
AM FM
PHON
TAPE
CD
PROGRAM
PLAY
RECORD
STOP
INPUT
REWIND
F.FWD
REPEAT
PAUSE
MUTE
PR/CH
BAND
PAGE
F.ADV
SEEK
SLOW
MEMORY
CHANNEL
CLEAR
SEARCH
DISPLAY
ANT
OFF

WHAT IN THE WORLD
DOES THIS DO?

DOES IT OPERATE A
PROGRAMMABLE AM/FM RECEIVER?



DOES IT CONTROL
A VIDEO MONITOR?

DOES IT RUN AN AUDIO
CASSETTE DECK WITH DOLBY*?

DOES IT RUN
A VHS HI-FI VCR?

*TM Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

COMMAND

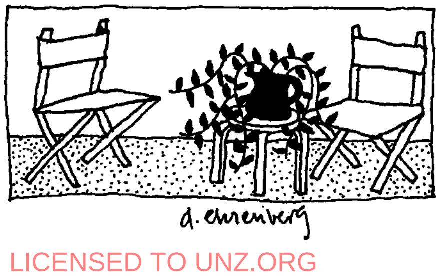
arettes when I was growing up. You would buy something for nine dollars and ninety cents and sell it for ten dollars and eighty cents. Big deal. But there was another road, and I took it. I landed in the local Armenian library, on top of the local archbishop's residence. Another big room. I *like* big rooms. I like working in them. My office when I was provost of the University of Pennsylvania was big, too—Victorian Gothic, a room as big as this one, with the trustees' big room next door and a large suite of offices outside for my assistants.

"But I am ahead of myself. I was a page in the Armenian library, with freedom to read and roam. Almost all the books were in Armenian, and there were translations of the classics. There were two Armenian monasteries that translated Shakespeare. I read Shakespeare. I read Dumas, *père* and *fils*. I read Victor Hugo. I was especially impressed by 'Les Misérables' and the character of Jean Valjean, a man whose soul was touched. My own soul was touched. I also read Tolstoy, and didn't understand him. Another place in which I would read was a street bookstore, a sort of rental library. More books and still more books. There was the real world to face. So-called reality. Two events brought it home to me. On the streets of Tabriz, there was a madwoman who kept cats in her bosom. She would walk up and down the streets with those cats in her bosom, singing, singing, singing. It was a dreadful sight. One Sunday when she came to the church, the priests did not like her looks, or her madness, and they refused her Communion. This shocked me. Another important experience in coming face to face with reality took place when I saw my priest emerging one day from a men's room. Until that moment, I had felt that priests were a special breed, a higher order of humanity, which under no circumstances engaged in normal human functions. I went to an Armenian-Russian school. Russian soldiers were all over the place, but there was no massacre, no looting, no resistance. I remember going down to the main street to see the tanks. There was a tremendous wooden map in the center of the city—with arrows and illustrated military campaigns. I learned a good deal in Turkish about Russian subjects. One of the teachers in this school was an ignorant wise man. We treated this fellow very badly. He wasn't really qualified to teach Persian history, and we teased him unmercifully—sent up a dreadful humming that must have driven him to distraction. He would call us animals, but we kept on humming. He would punch two holes in his newspaper and pretend to be reading while we were studying, but all the time he was peeping at us through the holes. Corporal punishment followed upon infraction of the rules—whippings on the palm of the hand, where it hurt, with a whip carrying a ball bearing at the end. But this ignorant wise man taught us several important lessons I have never forgotten: One [finger in the air], if you see a donkey carrying gold, it is not a golden donkey. Two [two fingers in the air], if you see a donkey carrying a diploma, it is just a donkey carrying a diploma. And, three [three fingers in the air], if you see a donkey in Jerusalem, it is not a holy donkey. Useful information for later life. I was very bright, no question about that—straight A's all over the place. But once I hit the principal with a snowball that was intended, believe me, for someone else, and got a spanking. My grandmother instantly came to my rescue and defense. Down to the principal she went. She didn't know the word 'principal,' or what it meant, but she said to him, 'Have you fed him? Have you taken care of him?' And then she slapped him in the face."

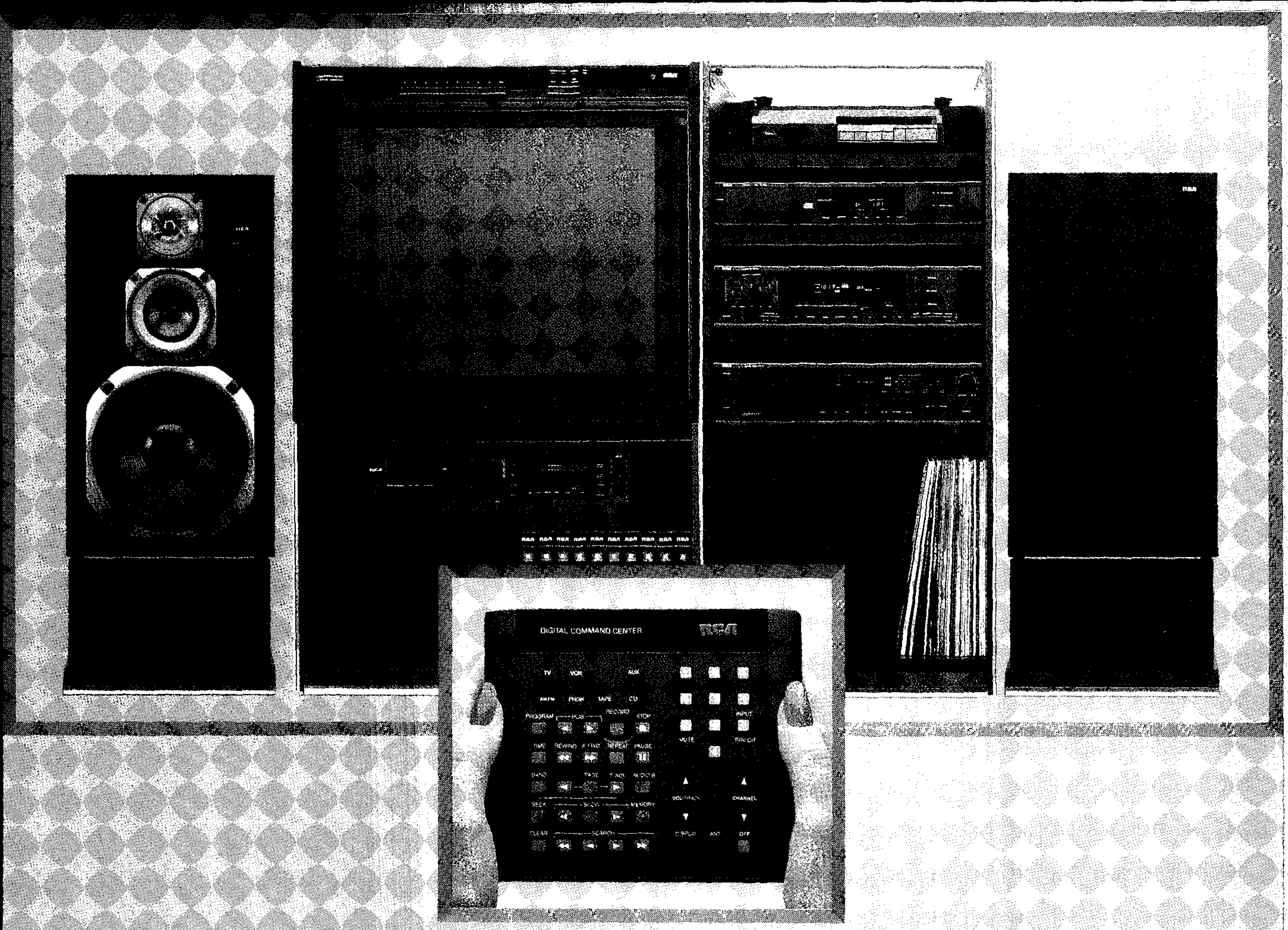
Dr. Gregorian bustled over to the anteroom door, disappeared, and returned a moment later with another can of Diet Coke. "A key to my character was my physical smallness," he said. "I was very thin. I was not physically strong. But my survival instinct told me to go after the bullies in the school. This was my way of showing my strength of character, my sense of self. I was bloodied from time to time, but people said, 'Keep away from this fellow, he is somebody to be careful of.' I put up a curtain between myself and others."

Dr. Gregorian paused to take a sip of soda, and then continued. "A bit more about childhood," he said. "My father worked for the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. He was an office worker, a functionary. He knew English, Persian, and accounting. He was a soldier in the Second World War, and I remember when he went off to the war, seated on a white horse. Of course, there was fear of the evil eye, so before he left everybody sat down and then stood up together, so that the evil eye would not know which one was the traveller. And water was thrown on the horse and on the ground where the horse stood, so that the evil eye could not trace the traveller's path. Within a few days of his leaving, everything collapsed on the front. First, we heard he was a deserter, had gone AWOL, and we thought that meant he was dead. So there was mourning and weeping. My father had exchanged his clothes for those of a peasant and came back home riding on a donkey. My grandmother didn't recognize him, and when this strange fellow came to the house she said, in effect, 'Get lost.' When he called out 'Mama!' she recognized him. He had been hit in the stomach with a rifle butt, but was otherwise in good shape.

"It was not an easy childhood. My father remarried, but my stepmother removed my mother's picture, and this deeply offended me and my grandmother. Just took the picture down. And I fought with my father, for I was caught in this messy situation with his new wife. My sister was studying in a local French school, and we had our private schemes. We collected matchboxes and filled them with ants. According to local legend, America was a sanitary, antiseptic paradise—so clean, in fact, that the anteaters of America were unemployed, totally without work. So my sister and I set about collecting ants for shipment to America. We envisioned making millions of dollars. We collected both the small ones, the Christian ones, and the big black ones, the Muslim ants. This was a venture that never got off the ground, and once we realized the enterprise was doomed we buried the ants under an almond tree. But it kept me occupied and it removed some of the strain in the house. My grandmother had moved next door, and I was saved, in a sense, by three people in Tabriz with whom I could spend time and study—learning was becoming paramount, the main goal. One was an optometrist, another the director of a flour mill (my sister married his son), and the third a rug merchant. They were most important at the time. I profusely borrowed bicycles from them, not owning one of my own. My



PONENT



IT P [illegible]

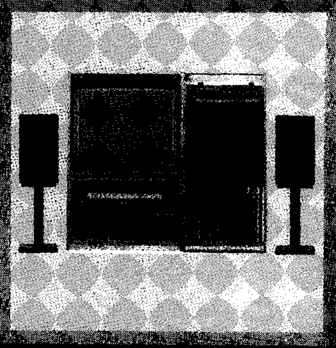
If you settle for less than RCA's Digital Command Systems, that's exactly what you'll get. Less convenience. Less performance. Less excitement.

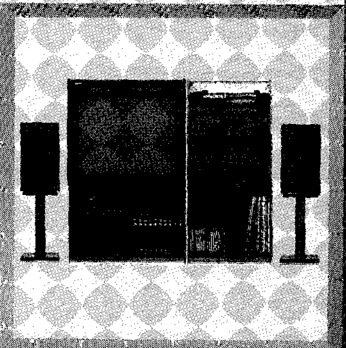
Why? Because RCA Systems are the world's first sight and sound component systems operated by a single remote control. With the simple push of a button, RCA brings you all that high-performance audio and video have to offer: movies, music videos, records, audio tapes, compact disc recordings, stereo TV and radio broadcasts.

While the technology behind these systems is strictly RCA's, the choice of systems is all yours. You can choose from a basic 25 inch Monitor/VCR/Receiver/Speaker system starting at $1,995* up to a sophisticated 7 component system with 26 inch Monitor for $3,495.* If you'd like, you can even add additional components to your system later on. And yes, all additional components will still be operated by the same, single remote.

RECEIVE UP TO $250 IN REBATES AND FREE TAPES, RECORDS & DISCS.

Before you settle for anything less, see the new Digital Command Component Systems first. And ask your participating RCA dealer about our special offer of up to $250 in rebates and free music, good until June 1, 1986. For more information, write RCA Consumer Electronics, Dept. 32-312 MM, P.O. Box 7036, Indianapolis, IN 46207-2036.





RCA

TECHNOLOGY THAT EXCITES THE SENSES.

*Suggested dealer price. Retail price may vary.

TEMS

Fortress Louisbourg, Nova Scotia

Faraway Feelings!

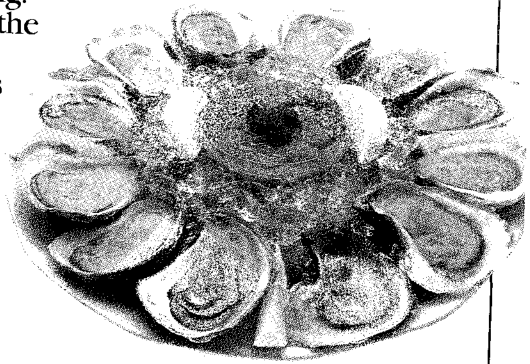
Keltic Lodge
On the Cape Breton Trail near Ingonish Beach. Rest assured!

Festival Time
All summer long, we have Highland Games, and Scottish tradition. Come for a fling!

Canada's Atlantic provinces--New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island–bring together four different worlds, all close at hand but far away in feeling.

From the richly detailed re-creation of Fortress Louisbourg, (above), to the towering sand-dunes of Cavendish Beach, or the slow-motion spectacle of the world's highest tides ebbing and flowing on the Bay of Fundy, this is a compact region of contrasts–with some easy-going seaside cities and a host of cozy coastal inns.

Best of all, your U.S. dollars enjoy a substantial premium–and the welcome awaits you just next door. For more information call: New Brunswick-1-800-561-0123; Newfoundland-1-800-563-6353; Nova Scotia-1-800-341-6096 (from mainland U.S., except Maine), 1-800-492-0643 (from Maine); P.E.I.-1-902-892-2457.



Harvest from the sea
Malpeque oysters, Fundy lobster, Digby scallops and dozens of tasty fish–dig in!

A whale of a time!
Nature excursions include whale watching, bird watching and magnificent coastal scenery.

Canada
The World Next Door

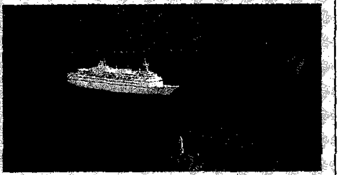
reading had unfortunately given me an exaggerated, literary view of a wicked stepmother, and it became fixational, something from which I felt I had to flee. In 1947—" Dr. Gregorian was interrupted by a knock on the door, and a young woman appeared. "I hate to break in," she said, "but I think it is time for you gentlemen to have some brownies. We have outrageous brownies at the New York Public Library."

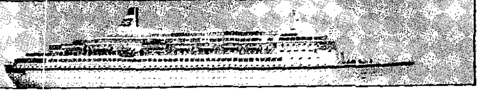
We both nodded, the brownies were presented, were tasted, and were pronounced outrageously good. The young lady silently departed.

"The people who work with me reflect my moods," Dr. Gregorian said. "If I am down, they tend to be down. When I'm up, they are up. Now, in 1947 there was a province-wide examination of scholastic achievement, and I did quite well—a sixteen-point-five average out of a maximum of twenty. About this time, an important figure came into my life. Important and helpful people have always mysteriously shown up at critical times. He was a French vice-consul named Edgar Maloyan, and since there were no good hotels in Tabriz he stayed at the home of a friend of mine, and I got to know him. We talked and talked, and he taught me to play chess—I would win one game in a hundred—and he told me of the exciting capitals of the world, and of the big world outside, and he said to me, 'Vartan, you are bright and must leave here and go to Petit Paris, to Beirut.' I cannot bear to think of Beirut today, where the shellfire and the bombing and the devastation have been so severe that the ancient Roman ruins are beginning to peep up from buried layers of earth. This man told me that even if I went to Beirut with no visible means of support I could still live on a banana a day. I didn't even know that you had to peel a banana in order to eat one! Beirut seemed impossible to reach—there was so much protocol involved in getting there—but this man volunteered to write a letter to officials in Lebanon. He would help in every way. My father was dead set against the idea. He told me that he would give permission if I could obtain a passport, feeling entirely certain that a passport was impossible. I brought a petition to the governor, at his official residence. I tried every avenue. I went to hearings. I was tenacious. I know how to be tenacious. Still, my father tried to dissuade me. 'It's a strange land,' he kept saying. 'A strange land.' Finally, after more than eight months, the passport came through. My father had one last ace up his sleeve. He told me to talk with my grandmother, the one I called Mother. He was certain she would persuade me not to leave home. She surprised them. Of course she surprised them. She said, very calmly—I remember it so clearly—'I would like my son to go and become a man. To become a man, he needs an education.' "

A WEEK or so later, as we sat talking in Dr. Gregorian's quiet office, I could not help thinking of the many other people in the building, silent yet all around me, looking things up, pursuing facts, pursuing fancies, reading books, perhaps fulfilling dreams, reaching back in order to reach forward. I thought, What a curious world it is that places at the head of one of the greatest repositories of knowledge, in the center of the island of Manhattan, this exotic man from Armenia.

"You are shaking your head in a strange way," said Dr. Gregorian.





Canada/New England Norwegian host.

Your expert Norwegian seamen and caring staff offer genuine warmth. Superb solo performances offer genuine Theatre at Sea. Royal Pampering comes to America on Royal Viking Line!

One-of-a-kind Viking Adventuring takes place in Canada/New England this fall as the leaves begin to turn. Gatsby-like mansions pose on Newport's shores. Hail the homefront of Boston's harbor and Maine's Bar Harbor. You'll call at Canada's Quebec and Montreal for a touch of French.

Canada/New England American coast.

Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, a bit of British. Cruise 14 scenic days round trip from New York, Aug. 30 or Sept. 6, 13, 20 — with free air fare!* 7-day segments available. From $1,519 to $9,940.

See your travel agent today. For a brochure, call 800-862-1133. (In Georgia, 404-237-3526.) Or write Royal Viking Line, Dept. NMA, One Embarcadero Center, San Francisco, CA 94111.

Royal Viking
Pampering. Adventuring.

ROYAL VIKING LINE

Royal Viking Line ships are of Norwegian Registry and Spirit.

*Conditions apply.

"I am astonished," I heard myself saying, "at the meeting of different cultures in this city and in this building. While you have been speaking of your grandmother, quite unexpectedly I have been thinking of mine. She was born in 1858, here in New York—then a city of nearly eight hundred thousand—on West Twenty-second Street, in Chelsea. And educated directly across the street from where we sit, at Rutgers Female College, on Fifth Avenue, in a series of Victorian Gothic buildings." This news excited Dr. Gregorian.

"Tell me something about her," he said.

"The paramount memory of her childhood, which she passed on to me, was of her father taking her to City Hall in April of 1865 to see the body of Abraham Lincoln lying in state, on its way to burial in Springfield," I said. "Hand in hand with her father, she climbed those beautiful curving stairs, with thousands of other mourners. When she was in school, the Croton Distributing Reservoir was right here, where the library stands, with high Egyptian walls of masonry and a fashionable promenade along the top."

"I imagine she walked there often," said Dr. Gregorian.

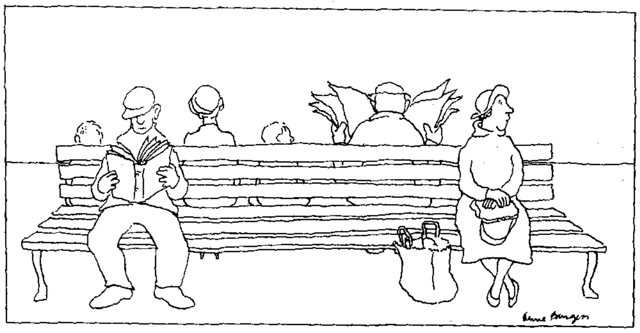
"I know that for a fact," I said. "I also remember how proud she was of Rutgers Female College. She studied Greek, Latin, French, piano, mathematics, art, and moral philosophy."

I had now had several visits with Dr. Gregorian. I knew something about him. He knew something about me. After all, we were in a library.

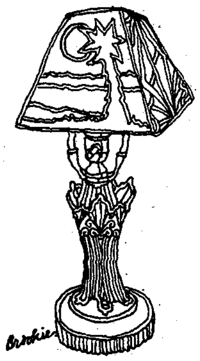
ON one of many other occasions, I was back in Dr. Gregorian's office, talking with him and struggling with an egg-salad sandwich. Once again, he mercifully came to my rescue, skillfully opening the stubborn wrapping. "I left for Beirut when I was fifteen, with fifty dollars in my pocket," he said. "'Oh, you'll be back,' said my stepmother. *That* did it. I was determined to succeed. I stayed at the Hotel Lux. There was nothing luxe about it. It consisted of several rooms on the fifth floor of a building near the port. The guests were a motley assortment, all strangers to me. There were some poets, and everybody played pinochle, bridge, and poker. After about two weeks, someone asked me about paying a bill. I sold some silver cups and silver frames I had brought with me, and one of my blankets. There were some highly competitive bridge games. Because I was poor, I actually took seriously the advice I had been given to eat a banana a day, but learned rather rapidly to peel it. I began my studies at the Collège Arménien. A turning point in my life. The college was situated in the former headquarters of the French Admiralty—a good setting. Good teachers. A vital, all-important person now entered my life—Simon Vratzian, Armenian nationalist, writer, last prime minister of the Independent Armenian Republic. He was the principal of the college, and he took me under his wing, made me his protégé. To many he was a national hero. He managed to get me a small scholarship, and room and board. I would not be here today if it were not for Simon Vratzian." Dr. Gregorian rose and walked swiftly around the yellow oak table. Then he sat down again. "I wear on the fourth finger of my left hand a gold ring with embossed black stone given to me by Simon Vratzian. It pictures a shovel for the peasantry, a dagger for the revolution, and a quill for the intellectual life. At the college, I became secretary to Vratzian. His eyesight was bad, so I read all his mail for him. I was allowed to open it. I edited his memoirs. I became indispensable to him. The going was hard. I learned French. I picked up money where I could—different jobs, everything from busboy to dormitory assistant. People were kind, discreet, subtle in helping a young man—especially, once again, three families who gave me moral, and even financial, support. Someone would ask me if I would accompany him to his dinner engagement, and this would mean that I would then get a free meal. The approach would be indirect. The same with clothes. I would be provided with secondhand suits, but in a most civilized manner. Vratzian had been a close friend of Aleksandr Kerensky, and, as I say, was a national hero. As his secretary, I achieved a certain prominence. Wherever he went, there were demonstrations—flowers, speeches, outpourings of emotion. I am speaking of the Middle East and a demonstrative people. I returned to Tabriz three times to visit my grandmother. On one occasion when Vratzian was delivering a speech there, I introduced him to my grandmother. I felt so proud when Simon Vratzian said to her, 'I thank you for Vartan Gregorian.' When I left home, she had told me to go out into the world and become somebody, and now I *was* somebody. Whenever I visited her home, we ate a great deal, and I would take her to see American movies. She insisted on walking out on the 'Ziegfeld Follies.' 'I want to go this minute,' she said. 'Nobody has invited those people to take off their clothes.' When I was twenty-two, in 1956, I began to feel that it was time to move on, to leave Beirut and head for the outer world."

He was teeming with ideas, he said, but had no set focus. He knew that he wanted to be a scholar, and to pursue knowledge to the fullest extent of his abilities. He began the study of Portuguese, with the notion that he might go to São Paulo, Brazil, and become principal of an Armenian high school there. The United States appealed to him. So did England. As for the United States, he had certain fixed notions of life there: everybody wore eyeglasses (all the American missionaries in Beirut wore them); everybody read constantly (this explained the eyeglasses); and the country had a strong, masculine, outdoor dignity (he had seen a lot of American movies). Some instinct told him that America was the place for him. He was attracted to Stanford University. He had read extensively about Herbert Hoover's relief work in Europe during and after the First World War, and he knew a good deal about the Hoover Library at Stanford. He was offered scholarships at both Stanford and Berkeley. The Stanford letter arrived by airmail; the Berkeley one had been sent as surface mail. First come, first served. Gregorian decided to go to Stanford.

New York, his first stop in the United States, overwhelmed him. "I felt like a yellow ant," he told me. He had very little money. He spent several nights at a Y.M.C.A., at two dollars a



night, and rose at 4 A.M. in order to wash in privacy. His room, he recalls, was like a cell. His shyness was acute. Cafeterias and self-service stamp machines fascinated him, and signs reading "PED XING" bewildered him. He was totally confused by a sign that said "ANIMAL HOSPITAL." The notion of a hospital for animals was beyond his comprehension. He remembers an entry in the diary he was keeping that read "Noise and noise! I have an eerie feeling as if I have lived in New York for many years," and one that read "On Sundays there is a special breakfast that costs 35 cents (great!). It has a catch—I gather a Protestant minister will be giving a sermon during the breakfast. No, thanks." The sight of people poking through garbage cans made him sad. He gave a panhandler twenty-five cents, and noted in his diary, "I know too well what it means not to have any money." The girls on the street, he thought, were exceptionally well dressed. In general, he felt that Americans ate too much—heavy breakfasts and dinners. He wandered into the New York Public Library and headed for the Slavic section, but almost immediately he turned and walked out, stunned by the size of the place. "I simply could not believe that someone could walk up those big front steps and enter that extraordinary building without any questions, without any identification, no proving this or proving that, and no one asking are you liberal, conservative, or wishy-washy," he said.



On another occasion, I talked with Dr. Gregorian at an Armenian restaurant in the East Thirties. "We will have lunch where you will not have to struggle with the packaging," he said. "I will show you Armenian food." I arrived at the restaurant, a pleasant place with spotless tablecloths, promptly at eleven forty-five and was directed to a table at the rear, where Dr. Gregorian was surrounded by a cluster of waiters, who were obviously enjoying his company. I heard him say to one of them, "I like the Serbian expression '*Mrtvo Puhalo.*' It means 'one who is dead and doesn't know it.' So many people like that are walking around."

All the waiters spread out through the restaurant except one, who said to me, "Your order?" I immediately made it clear that my knowledge of Armenian cuisine was less than rudimentary.

"You have nothing to say today, nothing whatsoever," said Dr. Gregorian. "I am doing the ordering. This is my table. I always sit here." An order was given, in Armenian, with considerable authority. The waiter smiled a smile of complete satisfaction.

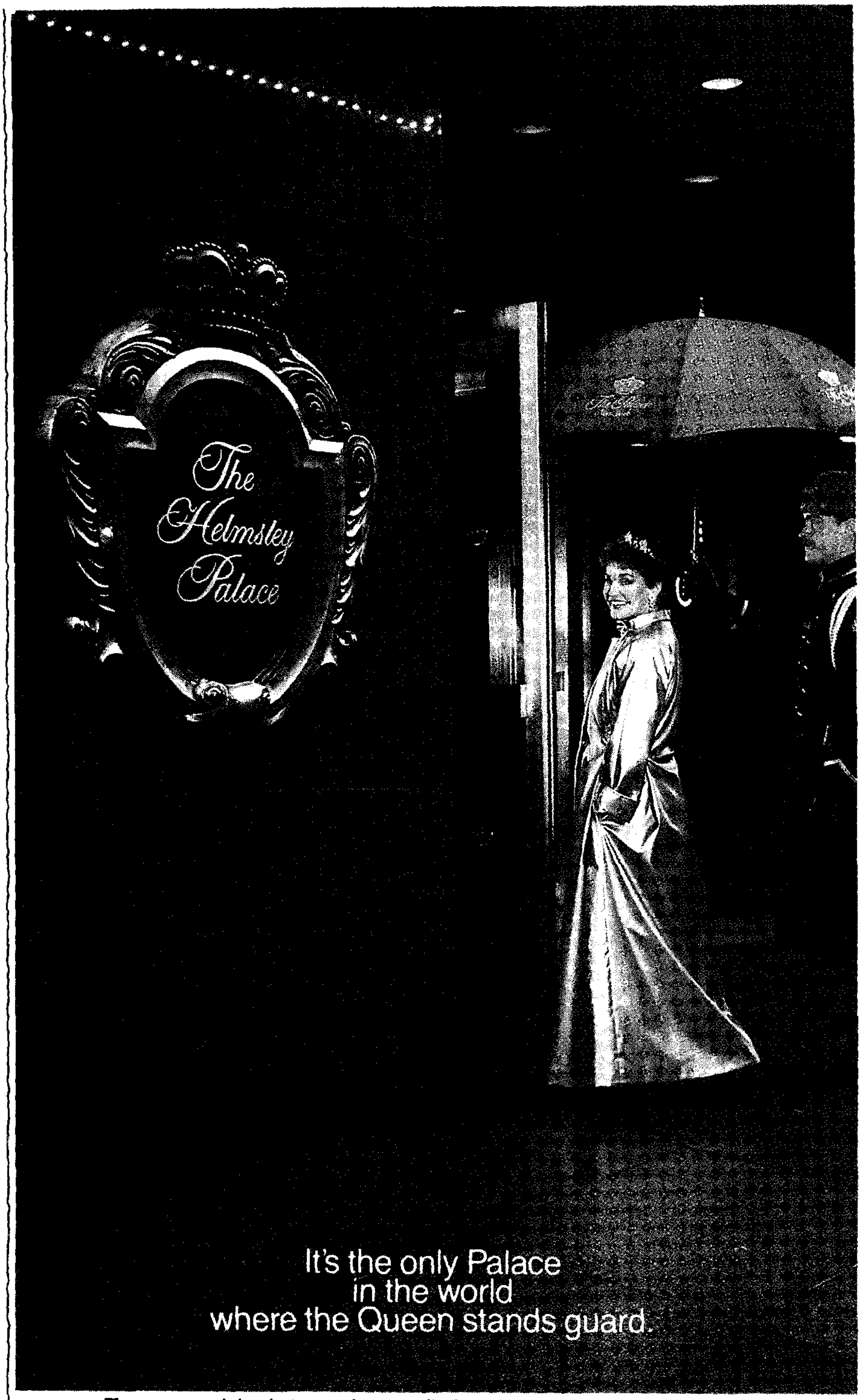
"I am going to compress some of the next academic years," said Dr. Gregorian. "Undergraduate at Stanford with a bachelor's in 1958. Then a Ph.D. in 1964. I was scheduled to study English literature, but ended up a history major. My thesis was on 'Traditionalism and Modernism in Islam.' Although I spoke seven languages, I got mixed up in English from time to time. I studied extremely hard. I even shaved my head, to avoid social engagements. Perhaps I just wanted to save on haircuts. I mixed myself up in all sorts of campus activities at the same time that I was studying. I have always been extremely active. I studied geology, but it struck me as a mystical science, and I dropped it. I studied philosophy. There was an organization of foreign students on campus, and I became head of it, and acted as master of ceremonies on different occasions. Malapropisms dropped from my lips. Once, when I was told that the top brass of Stanford was coming, I rose and announced, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to introduce the brass tacks of Stanford University.' Someone told me we were in the Year of the Dog, and I rose and announced that it was a dog of a year. That sort of thing, if you can stand it."

Some dishes were brought to our table by the smiling waiter: a flaky cheese-blintz type of dish; *baba ghanouj* (eggplant salad); some grape leaves; and mussels with nuts. All very tasty. Dr. Gregorian had a Bloody Mary and ordered some white wine. "These are just the hors d'oeuvres," he said. Then for me he ordered swordfish with green peppers, onion, and rice, and for himself a highly spiced beef kebab. "Give us time with the hors d'oeuvres," he said to the waiter, "and bring some of your pickled cabbage." To me he said, "The pickled cabbage is extremely delicious. Now, back to Stanford and serious matters. For a while out there, I was dating a French ballerina. A beautiful dancer. I was slim as a reed in those days, and a good dancer. I am still very light on my feet. People are always surprised when they see this short, roly-poly figure with the jiggling beard hopping about with grace. Well, there was this fine French dancer, but each time I went to pick her up at the dormitory I was immensely attracted to a tall, blond young woman, an undergraduate, a major in American and Ottoman history, whose papers I happened to be marking. And she played an entrancing Joplin ragtime. The ragtime gripped me, and so did the young lady playing it, Clare Russell. I fell in love with her. I remember dates well, and on May 28, 1959, all sorts of people went from Palo Alto to San Francisco to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the publication of Edward FitzGerald's translation of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. The celebration took place at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. Darius Milhaud composed a piece for the occasion. Stephen Spender was there. Edward Teller made a speech on the atomic theory of Omar Khayyám. Clare and I went together. Someone asked me who the tall, beautiful lady was, and I said, 'She is the lady I hope to marry.' On the way back from San Francisco to Stanford, although I was feeling quite nervous, I said to her, 'Someday I will ask you to marry me.' She said, 'If you ask me now, the answer is yes.' We have three sons—one who has graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, one who is now a senior there, and a third at Trinity School here in New York. When we called her father in Tenafly, New Jersey, to make the announcement, it was a bad connection, and he thought we said we were in jail. When I met her grandfather, he told me about their family Bible, which for three hundred years had never had a foreign entry, and I couldn't resist saying that our family Bible had sixteen hundred years of Armenian names in it. We were married in March, 1960.

"I taught at San Francisco State part time, and then full time. I taught five courses a week. I taught European intellectual history and Middle Eastern history. I taught the history of Russia. I taught European history from 1914 to the present. I taught in the mornings, I taught in the afternoons, I taught in the evenings. I *loved* to teach. Then I taught at the University of Texas. Then, in 1972, I went to the University of Pennsylvania, and *that* is a history. I was the first Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, and then I became provost. It was the most exhilarating and most painful experience of my entire life. It's on my mind a great deal. It was a searing experience. Sometimes I think I am over it, other times it still haunts me. I expected to become the president of the university." Dr. Gregorian put down his knife and fork and sighed. I could see that he was becoming agitated. He said, "When I start talking about the University of Pennsylvania, my wife says, 'Please don't talk about it again.' Sometimes she tiptoes from the room."

Dr. Gregorian said that when Martin Meyerson, then president of the university, announced his intention to retire, in 1978, it appeared that a large proportion of the faculty expected that he would be named the new president. The trustees decided otherwise. Dr. Gregorian was deeply wounded. He feels that the manner in which he was rejected assaulted and violated his most basic dignity. During the height of the decision-making process at Pennsylvania, he was under serious consideration for the chancellorship of the University of California at Berkeley, which he has always considered one of the best academic jobs in the country. Thinking that he would get the University of Pennsylvania post, Gregorian withdrew his name from consideration for the Berkeley job—only to be passed over at his home institution. There are some differences of opinion in academic circles as to precisely how far the University of California went in its pursuit of Dr. Gregorian. Most of the scholars with whom I have talked are certain that he was one of two finalists for the post. Others seem to think that he was, in fact, definitely offered the post. Some of Dr. Gregorian's opponents in the fracas at Pennsylvania claim that he was never actually offered the chancellorship. A distinguished social scientist at Harvard who was asked about such matters replied calmly, "There are no blood battles anywhere, *anywhere*, that can compare with the blood battles of academia. Horrible is the word for the massacres." In any event, on September 15, 1980—the day the University of Pennsylvania trustees announced that Sheldon Hackney, the president of Tulane, would be named the next president of the University of Pennsylvania—Dr. Gregorian announced his resignation as provost.

"I felt devastated," Gregorian told

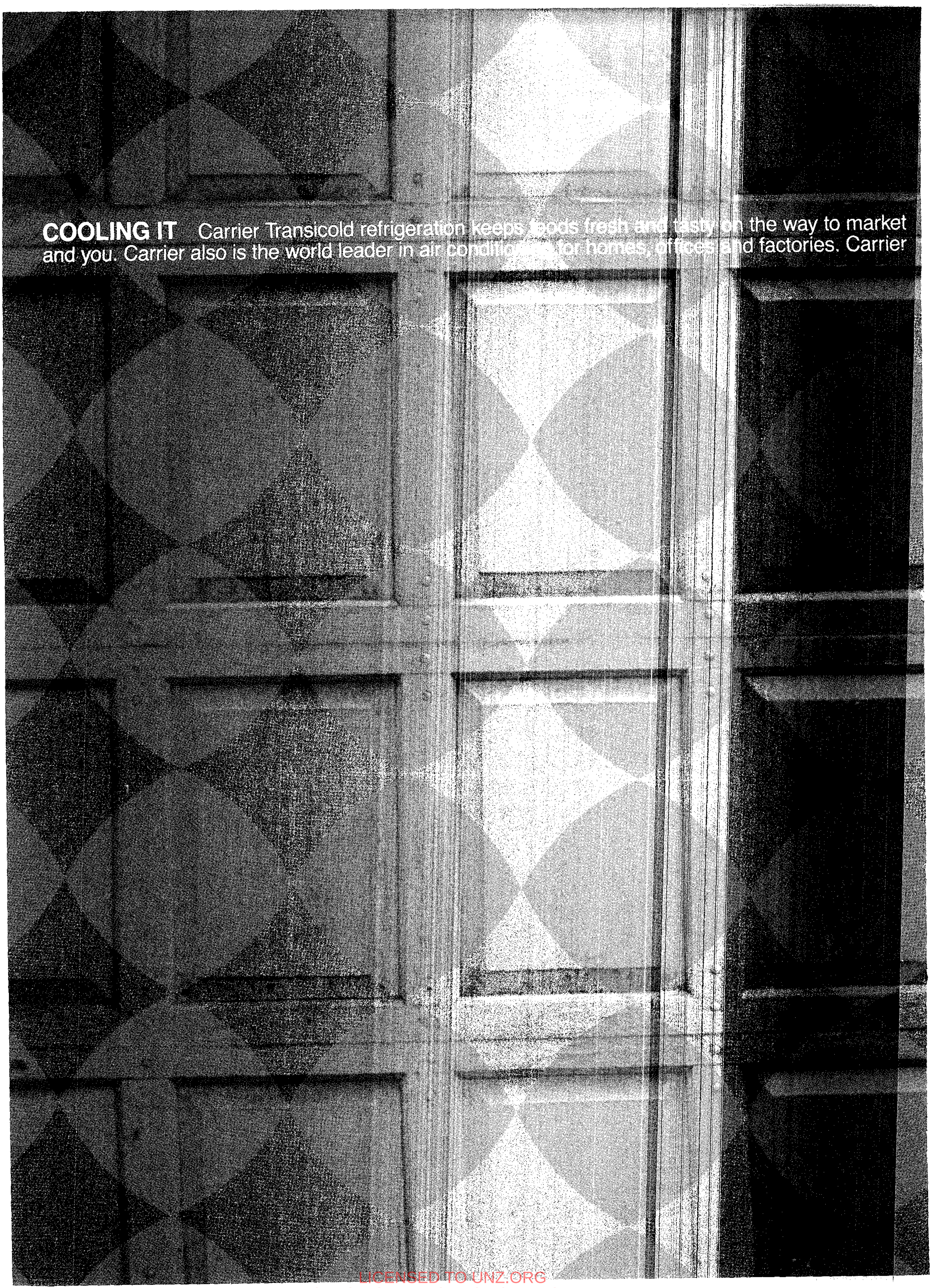


From a cold winter rain not fit for ducks to the dog days of summer, Leona Helmsley arrives at The Helmsley Palace to see that everything is beyond reproach. What better way to pave the way for her guests. You. Her royal family.

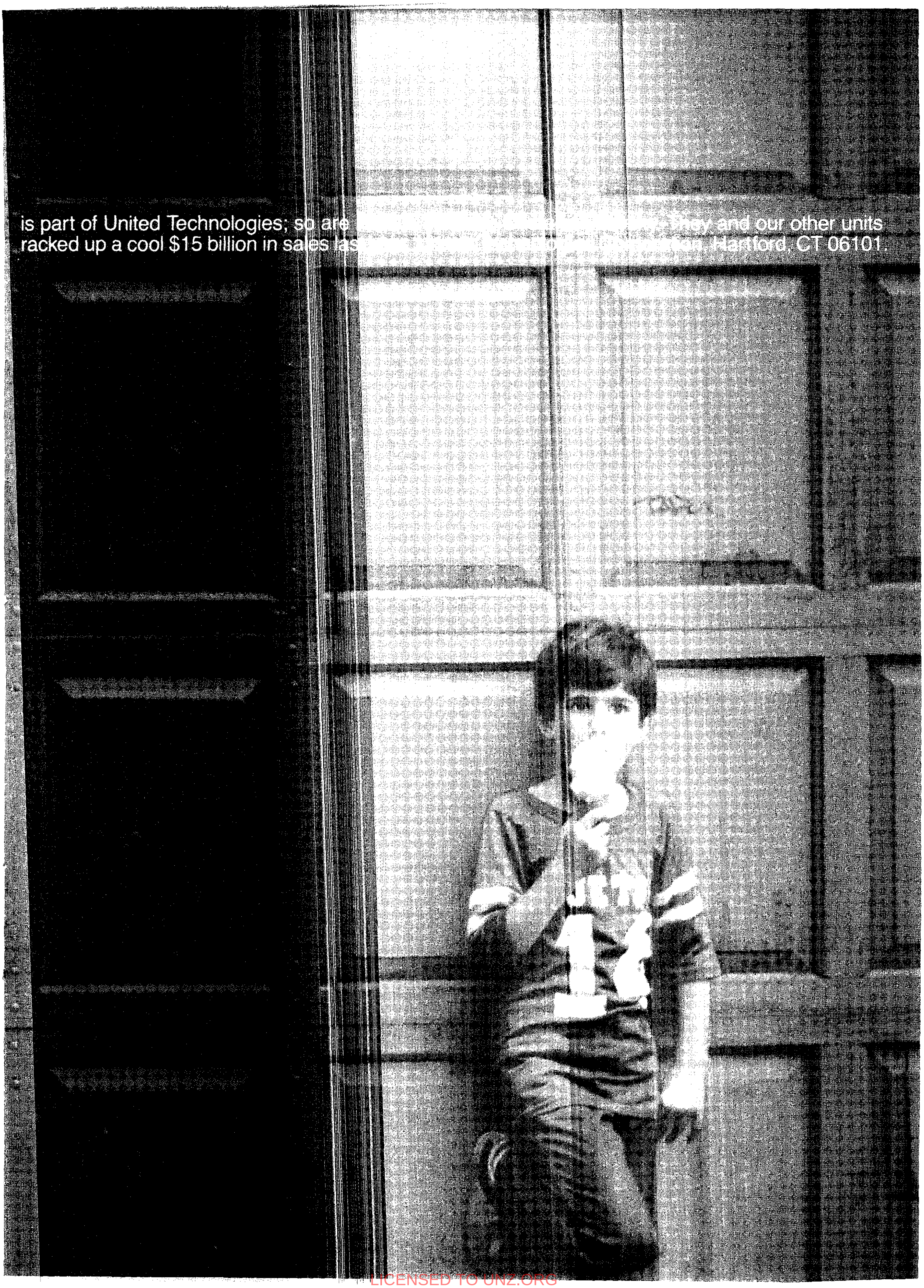
It's The Helmsley Palace

455 Madison Avenue (at 50th Street), New York, NY 10022.
For reservations call toll-free: **800/221-4982** or in NY, **212/888-1624.**
TELEX: 640-543. Or call your travel agent.

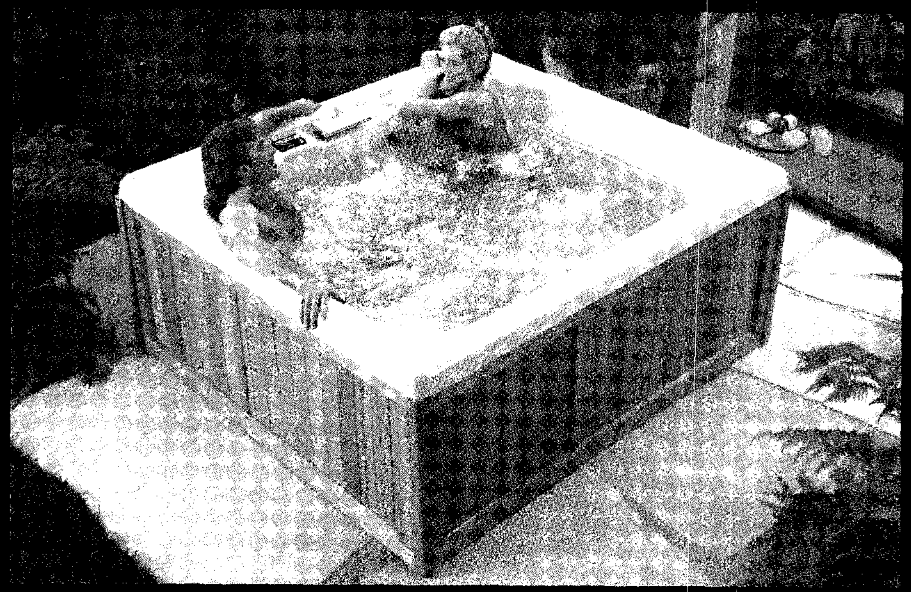
The only hotel in New York ever to receive the
AAA Five Diamond Award ◆◆◆◆◆
The Leading Hotels of the World®



COOLING IT Carrier Transicold refrigeration keeps foods fresh and tasty on the way to market and you. Carrier also is the world leader in air conditioning for homes, offices and factories. Carrier



is part of United Technologies; so are [illegible] They and our other units
racked up a cool $15 billion in sales las [illegible] Hartford, CT 06101.



THE VECTRA™

With the Vectra™ a new era in portable spa design has begun. Dazzling features such as the Water Rainbow™ spout and innovative styling make it the ultimate in spa design. Add the unsurpassed whirlpool massage that only our patented jets can provide and you get The Vectra™—created for a feeling far beyond the ordinary.

The Real One. The Only One.

For complete color catalogs, send $2.00 to: Dept. NYR, P.O. Drawer J, Walnut Creek, CA 94596.
For dealer locations call toll free: **(800) 227-0710.** In California: **(800) 227-0991.**

The Hay-Adams Chronicles No. 5

(Authentic examples of the standard of service at the Hay-Adams Hotel.)

She was ten and she told Michael, our concierge, that she was on her way to New York with her parents. But it was Halloween and she was "kinda sad" about missing trick-or-treating back home. Michael thought of his kids and, when the family checked out, he gave her a whole box of chocolates for her own Halloween treat. She left wide-eyed and smiling. It's the little things that count. The Hay-Adams. A hotel with the grace of a fine home. Across from the White House at One Lafayette Square, Washington, D.C., (202) 638-6600, (800) 424-5054.

The Hay-Adams Hotel

me. "And now I am going to change the subject and talk about knowledge. I sit here and I look intelligent, but we must put our minds to real concerns. What is to become of memory? Orwell didn't realize the dangers of the computer: the possibility of being *overwhelmed* by undigested information, and the possible manipulation of that information by those who process it. Furthermore, he wasn't aware of acid paper, destroying the written word. I went down to Wall Street the other day and made a talk to some businessmen, and I scared them. I told them that information is doubling every five years—talk about explosions—but that the ratio of use to available information is declining. Availability has increased, but use has diminished. Technically we have managed to perfect retrievability, but the question remains how the general public will get the information. Presumably, the scholar will be able to make his way through the new technology, but what about the individual member of the general public? How will he master the methods of retrieving information? And the cost! Nobody knows how much information will cost. Knowledge will be there, but will it be only for the rich? It costs money to use computers. Will this mean that only those with money will have access to information? I worry about this. Believe me, I worry about this. The great fear for the future is the cry 'The computer is down!'—meaning you can't get the information until the computer is working again. This puts knowledge, in a sense, in the category of airline tickets. 'Sorry, we can't confirm your reservation now, as the computer is down.' When we say that the computer is down, we give the computer itself a say in the development of knowledge. Another thing that worries me is the loss of process with the computerization of knowledge. I am contradictory about all this, for I am wholeheartedly for the new system of computers, but I do see some of the dangers. I worry about the various drafts of a story or poem or essay, the material that has gone to build up libraries. What about all the revisions of 'The Waste Land' that are in our Berg Collection? Will the computerization of knowledge wipe out evidence of the process of gaining it? All the systems are dangerous, but at the same time I have great faith in them. I am an optimist at heart. Today, there are a thousand systems that one can plug into, and I foresee a system of converters all over the world, the way you plug your electric razor into a converter in a foreign hotel in order to get a shave."

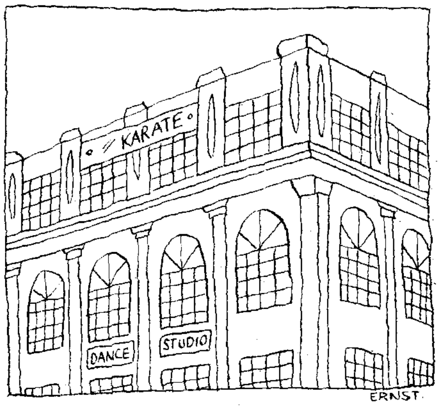
A young woman at a nearby table got up and approached us. She held out her hand to Dr. Gregorian. "You don't remember me," she said, "but I studied with you at the University of Texas. The only change I can see in you is that your beard is no longer jet black."

"I noticed you," said Dr. Gregorian. "I thought I recognized you, because all the girls at Texas were beautiful."

"I see you haven't changed," the young woman said. "I would like to phone you and come and see the library." Dr. Gregorian beamed, and she returned to her table.

"Happens to me all the time," he said. "I dreadfully miss teaching. I miss the feedback, the give-and-take, but once I had decided to come to New York and the library I immersed myself in the library. I commuted every day for four months from Swarthmore, where we lived. I read everything I could get my hands on about the library. I made a thorough investigation of the place. I must have visited at least twenty of the eighty branches. I met every single trustee, in thirty or forty meetings. I talked with Daniel Boorstin, the librarian at the Library of Congress. 'You have a historical obligation to take the job,' he said. I talked to Oscar Handlin, who was then head of the Harvard University Library. I asked them not only what they had accomplished but what they couldn't do. I was twenty minutes late for my first meeting with the trustees. To begin with, the train was late. Then the cabdriver who picked me up at Penn Station didn't have the faintest notion how to get to Wall Street, where the meeting was. I found everything here so different from Philadelphia. Passion is frowned upon down there. They don't capitalize on their strengths. They allowed New York to walk off with the Bicentennial—the tall ships, for instance. Philadelphia is like an artichoke. You peel off a leaf at a time. There is Bryn Mawr. And there's Swarthmore. Philadelphians live their lives on the outskirts. Not much sense of unity. It's horizontal, not vertical. People can live off the interest down there, as in Boston, and not touch the capital. The children of the élite go to prep school there but off to college elsewhere. Incidentally, I was only the second foreign-born provost in the University of Pennsylvania's history, and proud of it."

Dr. Gregorian took a sip of wine. "No question the Pennsylvania experience left a deep scar," he continued. "I am afraid I glamorized the Anglo-Saxon tradition of fairness. I still often wear the blue-and-maroon university tie. I still know the names of some one thousand Penn faculty members. But once I made up my mind to come to New York in 1981 that was it. New Yorkers are not afraid of passion. They are not afraid of flamboyance or panache. I was struck by the deep feeling the trustees of the library who approached me had for their institution. Their excitement infected me. I was feeling pretty bankrupt, and I said to them that when the lions are hungry you feed them starving Armenians. I told them that we would face monumental problems, that we could go either up or down. Yet I knew that I could not only run an institution but build it and make it stronger. All my life, I have wanted to know the rules of the game, and I felt that the people who ran the library knew the rules. I know that some people criticize me for all the social events we put on—the big, expensive dinners, the monumental fund-raisers—but they are ways of showing the flag. I have also noticed that at a literary cocktail party one requires a distinct, exaggerated peripheral vision in order to see who is coming in the door, who is talking to whom, and so on. Once here, to get a feel of the place, I went into active duty at the information desk in Room 315, the card-catalogue room. A terrifying experience. I answered the phone. I could not believe the way the inquiries poured in. A lady called wanting certain information about Flaubert. I was so flustered I couldn't find anything about Flaubert. I couldn't even find his name in the catalogue. The lady was nervous. She said, 'It's my first day on a research project.' 'Lady,' I said, 'it's my first day, too.' Finally, a seasoned employee took pity on me. 'Dr. Gregorian,' he said, 'the lady seems to be looking for an article, not a book. You will find it in Periodicals.' I learned what these people do from day to day. I learned how long it takes to get a book onto a shelf. I began to appreciate the details of the system. I have never forgotten something I heard in an exchange between Mike Wallace and Marlene Dietrich. Wallace asked what was the most important thing she had learned, and she said it was how to overcome the routine in order to do the essential. In the library, I discovered that someone must open the front door. Not everybody can be creative. The cogs in the wheel are vital. It is essential that someone spend forty years answering economics questions.



"I am proud of many things, and especially of the money we have raised. A ten-million-dollar grant—the very largest in our history—from the Vincent Astor Foundation! Twenty-seven point six million dollars in a new capital fund allocated to us by the City of New York! Never before has the city given so much to the library! Exxon has donated one million dollars to our Science and Technology Research Center. The Dana Foundation has given us half a million to advance the computer catalogue system. And the National Endowment for the Humanities has awarded our Research Libraries a matching grant of two million dollars a year for three years. Under its terms, we will need to have raised eighteen million in private funds by June, 1988. We have been getting matching grants from the Endowment since 1972, but this represents the largest ever to a single institution." Dr. Gregorian paused for breath. "I am often overwhelmed by the generosity and the interest. I know that each year it is another uphill struggle just to keep going. I wonder who I am, where I am. The New York *Times Book Review* once asked me what character in literature I would most like to be. I instantly replied Candide. His deep concern for humanity. His critical rationalism. His healthy skepticism. His realistic optimism. His knowledge that with a frank acceptance of man's fate life can be made endurable. Candide calls for positive action, for faith in man's eventual ability to improve the human condition. One must cultivate one's own garden." —PHILIP HAMBURGER

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

AMERICAN CHRONICLES

BLACK OR WHITE

Susie Guillory Phipps thinks this all started in 1977, when she wanted to apply for a passport. Jack Westholz thinks it started long before that. In 1977, Susie Phipps was forty-three years old, but, as it happened, she had never before found herself in need of a passport. She had grown up in Acadia Parish, Louisiana, in a poor French-speaking farm family that found a trip to Eunice or Crowley an occasion. After a brief teen-age marriage to one of her cousins, she went to Lake Charles, in the southwest corner of the state, where she worked mainly as a waitress, and where, eventually, she met a pipe fitter from South Texas named Andy Phipps. Phipps was a rough-cut man who, like so many of the people who came to that stretch of the Gulf Coast to build ships or work in the oil industry, had grown up poor himself. When he wasn't on his construction job, he was often butterflying for shrimp in an inlet of the Gulf of Mexico called Calcasieu Lake. It was literally as well as figuratively moonlighting: catching shrimp on the surface of the water in a butterfly-shaped net depends on moon and tides. Andy Phipps did well at it. Eventually, he turned to shrimping full time, and then he established a wholesale operation. By 1977, when his wife drove from their home, on the outskirts of Sulphur, a town ten miles west of Lake Charles, to New Orleans to pick up her birth certificate for the passport application, Phipps was well off—a man who wore diamond rings and drove expensive cars and lived in a large brick house and could take a vacation in South America if he felt like it. In New Orleans, the clerk at the Division of Vital Records apparently said there was a problem, and she took Mrs. Phipps into an office to show her what it was. The birth certificate for Susie Guillory, duly recorded in Acadia Parish in 1934, showed the race of both parents as "Col."—colored. Mrs. Phipps has said many times what her response to learning that was: "It shocked me. I was sick for three days."

The state official to consult about how to have a birth certificate changed was—and still is—H. M. (Jack) Westholz, Jr., chief of the New Orleans section of the Office of the General Counsel of the Louisiana Department of Health and Human Resources. For some changes, Westholz can refer people to a statute or a regulation that lists precisely which documents have to be provided. It's a simple matter to change the spelling of a name listed on a birth certificate. Someone who wants to change the sex designated can refer to a statute that states exactly the proof required (". . . that the petitioner was properly diagnosed as a transsexual or a pseudo-hermaphrodite, that sex reassignment or corrective surgery has been properly performed"). Changing the date of birth, which sometimes becomes an issue in pension and Social Security disputes, is more complicated. The most complicated of all has always been race.

All states ask for racial designation on birth certificates—the courts have ruled that the use of such information for public-health and census purposes fulfills the "compelling need" that any level of government has to demonstrate in order to categorize people by race—but Louisiana is peculiar in having a rich history of court cases brought by people who maintain that the racial designation on their birth certificates is incorrect. From its earliest days as a French and Spanish colony, Louisiana has had a substantial number of residents who are not easily categorized racially by their appearance, and the question of what constitutes blackness or whiteness has been a matter of almost constant conten-

"Mr. Crowninshield is a banker, Mr. Fenimore is in insurance, and Mr. Blevin, my husband, is a wastrel."

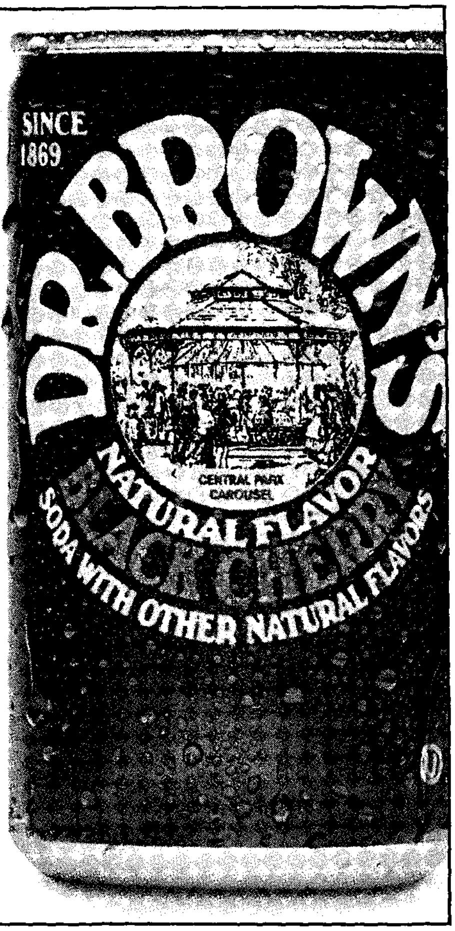
tion. At the time Susie Guillory's birth certificate was recorded, the definition of a black person was a matter of court precedent: a black person was anyone who had "any traceable amount" of black ancestry. In 1970, at a time when a lot of Jim Crow laws were being taken off the books, the state legislature quietly passed a statute that, in an odd and oddly stated way, seemed designed to put some constraints on the sort of genealogical all-points bulletin that could be triggered by the definition of blackness established in the courts. The 1970 law said, "In signifying race, a person having one thirty-second or less of Negro blood shall not be deemed, described, or designated by any public official in the state of Louisiana as 'colored,' a 'mulatto,' a 'black,' a 'Negro,' a 'griffe,' an 'Afro-American,' a 'quadroon,' a 'mestizo,' a 'colored person,' or a 'person of color.' " As a general rule of law, the information contained in a vital record like a birth certificate is presumed correct as it stands, and in Louisiana there was a court precedent concerning the burden of proof borne by anyone who wanted to change it. The burden was not simply a preponderance of the evidence, or even proof beyond a reasonable doubt. Anyone in Louisiana who wanted to change, say, "Col." to "white" on a birth certificate would have to present evidence that left "no doubt at all."

Of course, the vital-records office has always had the discretion to permit the correction of obvious errors, and Susie Guillory Phipps said that the racial designation on her birth certificate was just that. The designation had originally been provided, after all, by a rural midwife, who was hardly likely to have arrived at it through a diligent examination of genealogical records; a lot of people in that part of Acadia Parish, including Susie Guillory's parents, could neither read nor write. "I was brought up white, I married white twice," she has often said. Her assumption has always been that the information on her birth certificate about the race of her parents flies in the face of what anyone can see with his own eyes: in the words of Jack Westholz himself, "Susie looks like a white person."

After Mrs. Phipps returned to Sulphur, she got in touch with Westholz about her problem, and he asked her to furnish certain information—the complete names of her parents, for instance, and the names and place of

"Dr. Brown's Soda is no mere beverage; it is a blow against the Tyranny of the Commonplace."
—Dr. Brown

THE PERFECT SOFT DRINK



© 1986 KBI, P.O. Box 87, College Point, NY 11356.

GET LOST!
IN PARADISE

An island paradise that offers you total relaxation plus the thrill of discovery. Stroll pristine beaches. Go fishing for the big ones. Sun yourself by our pool or scuba in waters renowned for the splendor of their tropical fish. On Forbes Magazine's LAUCALA ISLAND, all the choices are yours.

BUT JUST FOR A FEW . . . Forbes loves its private Fiji island, and we think you will, too. So we've put out the welcome mat, but only for a few at a time. We'll take up to 8 guests, for 7 nights and 8 days. Cost is $1,650 per person, which includes 4 days of tropical fishing plus all meals, lodging and a round-trip flight between Laucala and Nadi International Airport (on the main island). It's the "in" place to go, away from the cold, the traffic, the noise, the hassle. Service with a smile and no tipping.

For information please write:
Fiji Manager, Forbes Magazine,
60 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011
or call 212/620-2461.

birth of her brothers and sisters. Eventually, he informed Mrs. Phipps that, having checked the records, he had concluded that no error had been made. The racial designations on her birth certificate were consistent with the information on the birth certificates of her brothers and sisters. None showed signs of having been tampered with. As far as the State of Louisiana was concerned, Westholz said, Susie Guillory seemed to have been correctly identified on her birth certificate as the child of two colored people.

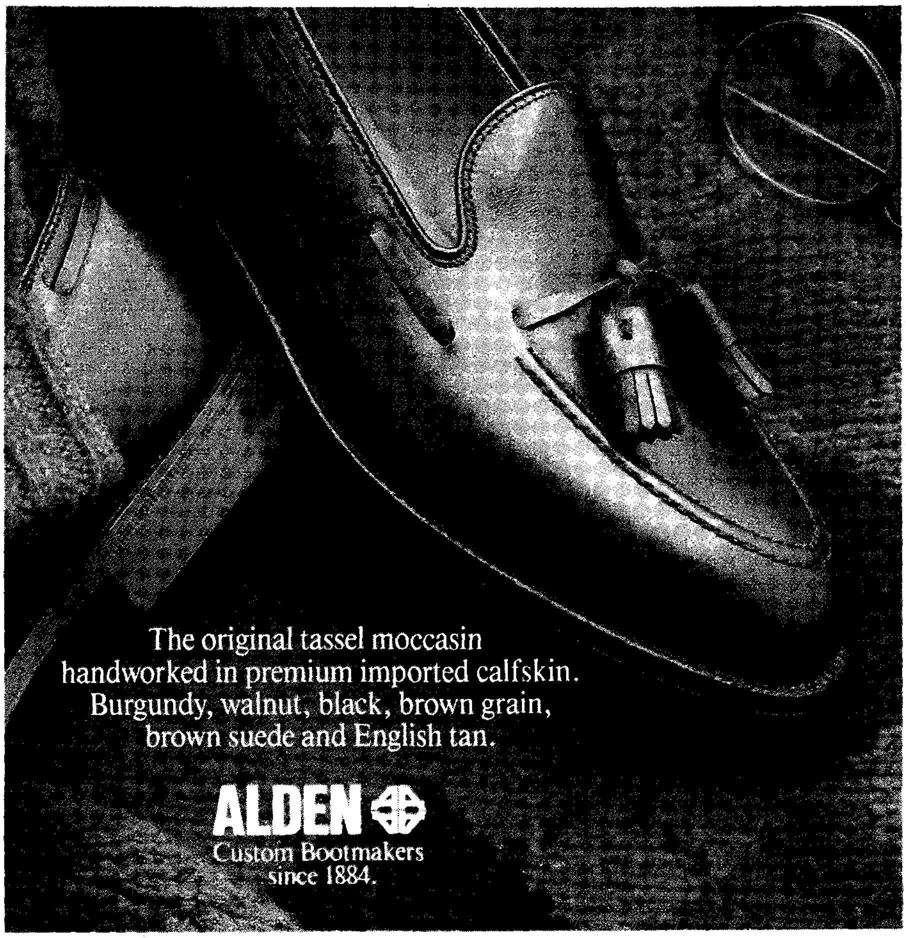
IT might have ended there. Whatever Mrs. Phipps' views on race, there was a lot to be said for simply forgetting about her encounter with the vital-records office. If the racial designations on her birth certificate had not affected her life for forty-three years, why pursue the issue? The system of legal separation of the races had been dismantled years before; nobody was trying to take away her right to vote or trying to force her to sit in the back of the bus. Susie Guillory Phipps lived as a white woman. Virtually nobody even knew what her birth certificate said. She was recorded as white on her own children's birth certificates. When her parents died, she had identified them as white on their death certificates. She had brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews who lived as white people. Nobody had challenged any of that. There was nothing to prevent her from using the birth certificate to obtain a passport—passports do not designate race—and then never using it again. She could have left well enough alone.

But she would not accept a copy of a birth certificate that identified her as black. She insisted that the designation be changed. Undoubtedly, she didn't realize how difficult and, in time, how public attempting to change it would turn out to be. When she began—she retained a legal clinic whose advertisement she saw in the New Orleans Yellow Pages—the process was so private that she didn't feel the need to tell her husband what had happened at the vital-records office. Even when she and a number of her relatives filed suit—by that time, the legal clinic had been dissolved and one of its partners had handed the case over to a New Orleans lawyer named Brian Bégué as part payment for a fee—she was listed as Jane Doe. But when it became apparent that continuing her efforts would involve considerable publicity, not to speak of considerable expense,

THE GANT SUIT.
FOR THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T BE SEEN IN
ANYONE'S SHOULDERS BUT HIS OWN.

GANT

Gant Tailored Clothing, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10104, (212) 581-3942


The original tassel moccasin
handworked in premium imported calfskin.
Burgundy, walnut, black, brown grain,
brown suede and English tan.
ALDEN
Custom Bootmakers
since 1884.

For complete store listing and illustrated brochure, write: Alden Shoe Company, Dept. 4N, Middleborough, MA 02346.

Susie Phipps decided to go ahead. In the view of Jack Westholz, "she was very insistent—to the point of obsession—that she wanted to get judicial blessing of her color." Why? Not, she has always maintained, because she has anything against black people. At times, she has said that if her birth certificate did not get corrected her descendants might come across it and think she was somebody she wasn't. At times, she has said that she simply had to stand up for what she believed in. From the start, she made it clear precisely what it was that she believed in: "I am white."

It could also be said, of course, that Jack Westholz might have easily allowed Susie Phipps to change her birth certificate to say whatever she wanted it to say about her race. Nobody would have cared. Louisiana is no longer the sort of place where politicians are waiting to pounce on some bureaucrat who has failed to enforce rigid standards of racial purity. Westholz acknowledges that he could have fulfilled the obligations of his office by advising Mrs. Phipps to seek a court order and then opposing the order only in a token manner. Instead, he marshalled an elaborate defense of the birth certificate that was filed for Susie Guillory in Acadia Parish in 1934. He commissioned a genealogist, Ruth Robertson Fontenot, to trace the Guillory family tree. He gathered together dozens of birth certificates and marriage contracts and baptismal records and historical documents—documents like a "copy of the Inventory from the 1764 Succession of Manon LaCaze" and a "copy of an agreement dated November 8, 1762, between Pierre Ricard and François Allain with Louis (Ricard) regarding remuneration for caring for cattle." He tracked down people who were related to Susie Guillory. Before he was finished, he had accumulated two large cardboard boxes full of exhibits—dozens of pages of depositions, a genealogy that went back to the eighteenth century, and a chart that depicted the race of the Guillory family according to something called the Robertson Fontenot System of Visual Percentage Analysis.

Why? Understandably, some have suggested that Jack Westholz was simply reflecting the zeal with which so many Louisiana officials in the bad old days used to search out any hint of what was known as "a touch of the tarbrush." It's a suggestion that Westholz bitterly and vocally resents. He has said that he acted partly out of

The Pierpont Equity Fund

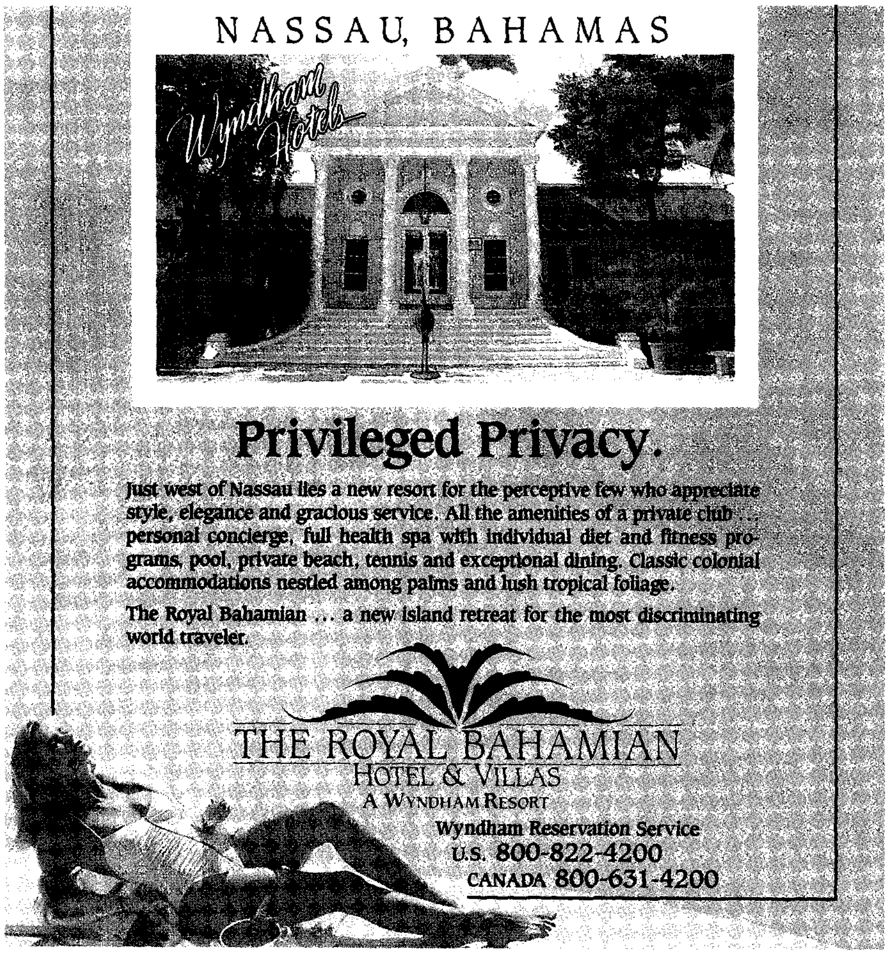
Consider the credentials.

The Pierpont Equity Fund is sponsored by Morgan Stanley. Its investment adviser is Morgan Guaranty.

The investment objectives of The Pierpont Equity Fund are to provide both long-term capital growth and reasonably high current income. The Fund will seek to achieve capital appreciation and current income greater than the market average and the dividend yield represented by the Standard & Poor's 500 index.

More complete information, including charges and expenses, is contained in the prospectus, which you should read carefully before you invest. For a prospectus, and the latest investment results, please write or call Alan M. Trager, Principal, Morgan Stanley & Co. Incorporated at (212) 398-2900.

MORGAN STANLEY
1251 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020



NASSAU, BAHAMAS

Privileged Privacy.

Just west of Nassau lies a new resort for the perceptive few who appreciate style, elegance and gracious service. All the amenities of a private club . . . personal concierge, full health spa with individual diet and fitness programs, pool, private beach, tennis and exceptional dining. Classic colonial accommodations nestled among palms and lush tropical foliage.

The Royal Bahamian . . . a new island retreat for the most discriminating world traveler.

THE ROYAL BAHAMIAN
HOTEL & VILLAS
A WYNDHAM RESORT
Wyndham Reservation Service
U.S. 800-822-4200
CANADA 800-631-4200

a belief that he was being presented with a rare opportunity for a test case—a case that might result in administrative reforms of a sort that the legislature, still touchy about matters of ancestry, was reluctant to deal with. Mrs. Phipps seemed to have the resources to pursue the matter through the courts; the documents available were extensive and unaltered. Westholz says he hoped that a court might give his department some guidelines for settling disputed racial designations without litigation, or might even get rid of the 1970 one-thirty-second law, which the department had always considered at least unworkable and almost certainly unconstitutional. He also saw himself as defending the integrity of the records his department was charged with gathering and preserving. Jack Westholz is a voluble man in his fifties with a somewhat anxious manner—a man accustomed to dealing with the demands of people who don't understand the limitations imposed by the rules as well as he does. He has worked for the state Health Department for eleven years, and he gives the impression that he would simply find it galling if someone were allowed to get away with pretending that the records said something they plainly did not say. "It's a historical record," he said recently of Susie Guillory's birth certificate. "Let it be. We can't go back and change history." Whatever his original interest in the case, Westholz acknowledges, any lawyer who is involved in protracted litigation becomes overtaken by an additional motivation: he wants to win.

"WHAT created the problem is the overlapping of Anglo-Saxon and Latin views of the nature of descent," Munro Edmonson, an anthropologist at Tulane, said not long ago while discussing the constant wrestling with racial classification that has gone on in Louisiana. During the time Louisiana was a French or a Spanish colony—a time when liaisons between white men and black women were widespread and in some cases nearly formalized—the offspring were treated according to a Latin view of race that left room for a spectrum of colors between black and white. The French had eight terms to calibrate the spectrum—from "*mulatre*," for the product of a union between a black and a white, to words like "*marabout*" and "*métis*," to describe more complicated combinations. The Spanish

DC'S HOTTEST HEALTH CARE CENTER.

We take such good care of you. With a new Health Club and non-smoking rooms. The relaxing sauna soothes frazzled nerves. Nautilus machines enhance your bodily image. Your looks are held in high esteem, too. We'll help your tan attain Palm Spring standards.

Then there's the pure and sparkling non-smoking rooms. Accommodations with air as fresh as the linen.

We've spent two million to keep you in mint condition. Call your travel agent or 1-800-Hiltons. In Washington call 202-393-1000.

THE CAPITAL HILTON
16th & K Streets, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

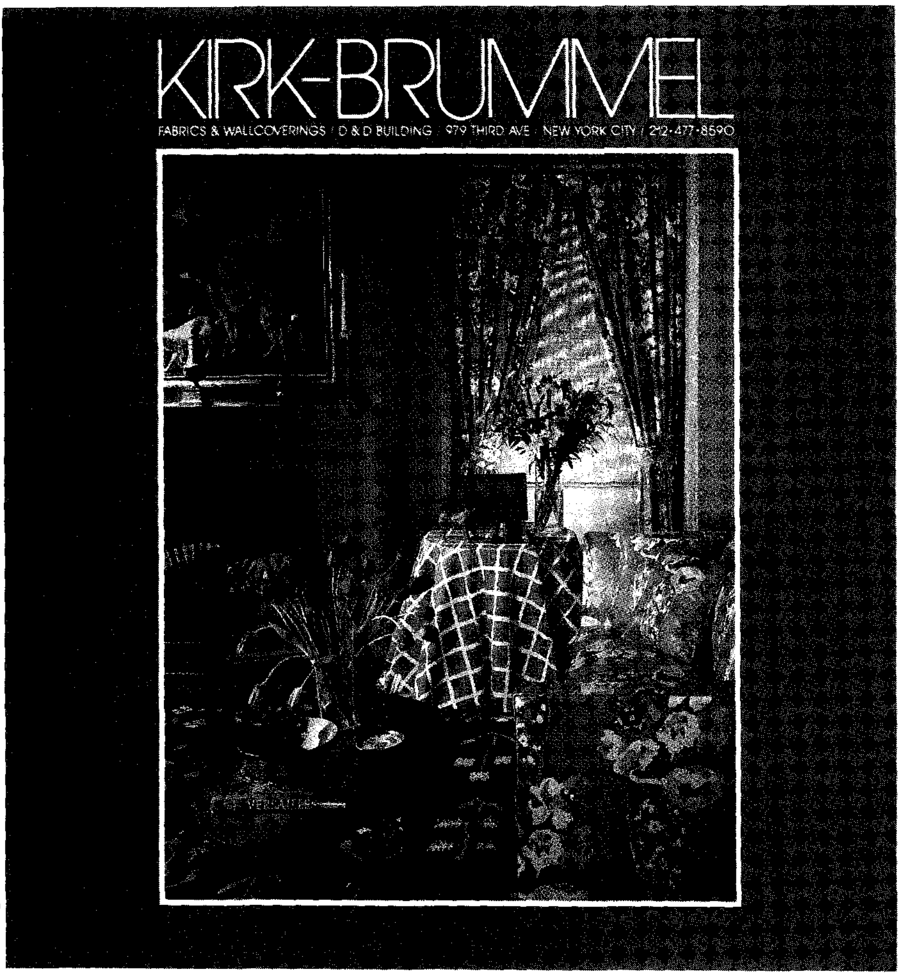
Always in Gund taste.
Gotta Getta GUND®
© 1984 Gund, Inc.

This luscious bear is Chocolate Truffle.
And you can getta Gund at all fine department, toy, gift and infants' stores.
Gund, Inc., P.O. Box H, Edison, New Jersey 08818.

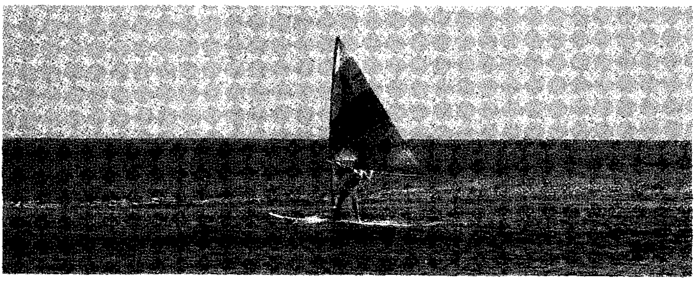
managed to come up with sixty-four terms. Then, in 1803, Louisiana was taken over by the Americans, who imposed what Edmonson refers to as a Germanic view of descent, common to Northern Europe and England: "When it comes to mixing between in-group and out-group, the offspring is flawed, and becomes a member of the out-group." It is a view that ultimately leaves room for only two categories: black and white.

There were a lot of people of mixed ancestry who didn't fit easily into either category. Many of them were people who had been given their freedom, and they were not eager to be lumped with people subject to the laws governing slaves. Despite decades of pressure to eliminate ambiguities in what became a system of separating two races, people of mixed race in Louisiana—light-complexioned, Catholic people, often with French names—managed well into this century to maintain themselves as nearly a third race in between. They are often called Creoles—a usage that can cause ferocious arguments in Louisiana, since the word is used by some people to mean only the white descendants of French or Spanish colonists. They are sometimes called Creoles of Color or Colored Creoles or, lately, Black Creoles. In the rural parishes of southern Louisiana, where some of them settled generations ago and continued until recent years to speak what is sometimes called Creole French, they are often known as mulattoes, or *mulatres*, the word having lost the mathematical precision it had in Colonial times. In the section of New Orleans known as downtown, meaning downriver from Canal Street, they used to be known as Downtown Negroes—distinguishing them from the darker, Protestant people above Canal, who were sometimes known as Uptown Negroes, or even American Negroes. When it came to nomenclature, what most interested people of mixed ancestry in Louisiana was not being called black—the category that segregationist authorities were constantly trying to force them into.

For generations, Creoles of Color were nearly obsessed with physical appearance—they admired "fine" hair and "fair" skin—and with separating themselves from black people. In New Orleans, a lot of Downtown Negroes were artisans of one sort or another, and it used to be said that black schoolteachers in New Orleans tended to be very dark-complexioned, because


KIRK-BRUMMEL
FABRICS & WALLCOVERINGS / D & D BUILDING / 979 THIRD AVE / NEW YORK CITY / 212-477-8590

"SPORTY"


Florida Division of Tourism

DORAL HOTEL-ON-THE-OCEAN AND AMERICAN EXPRESS. YOU'VE GOT OUR WORD.SM

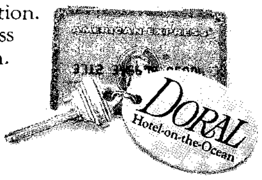
It's a sporty life at the Doral Hotel-on-the-Ocean. Year-round vacation packages include windsurfing, jetskiing, scuba, tennis, golf, and equally exciting evenings. It's all available with the convenience of the American Express® Card.

When you call 1-800-327-6334 to make your reservation at the Doral Hotel-on-the-Ocean, be sure to ask for an American Express® Card Assured Reservation. And if you don't have an American Express Card, call 1-800-THE-CARD for an application.

Doral Hotel-on-the-Ocean and American Express make a sporty vacation as easy as lying on the beach. You've got our word.

Don't leave home without it.® AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL RELATED SERVICES

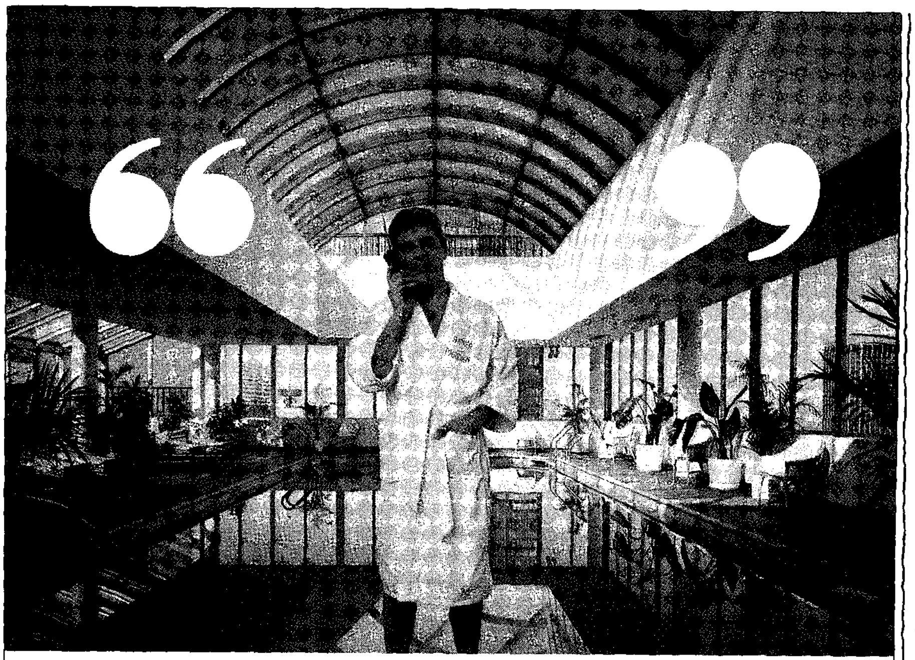
© 1985 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

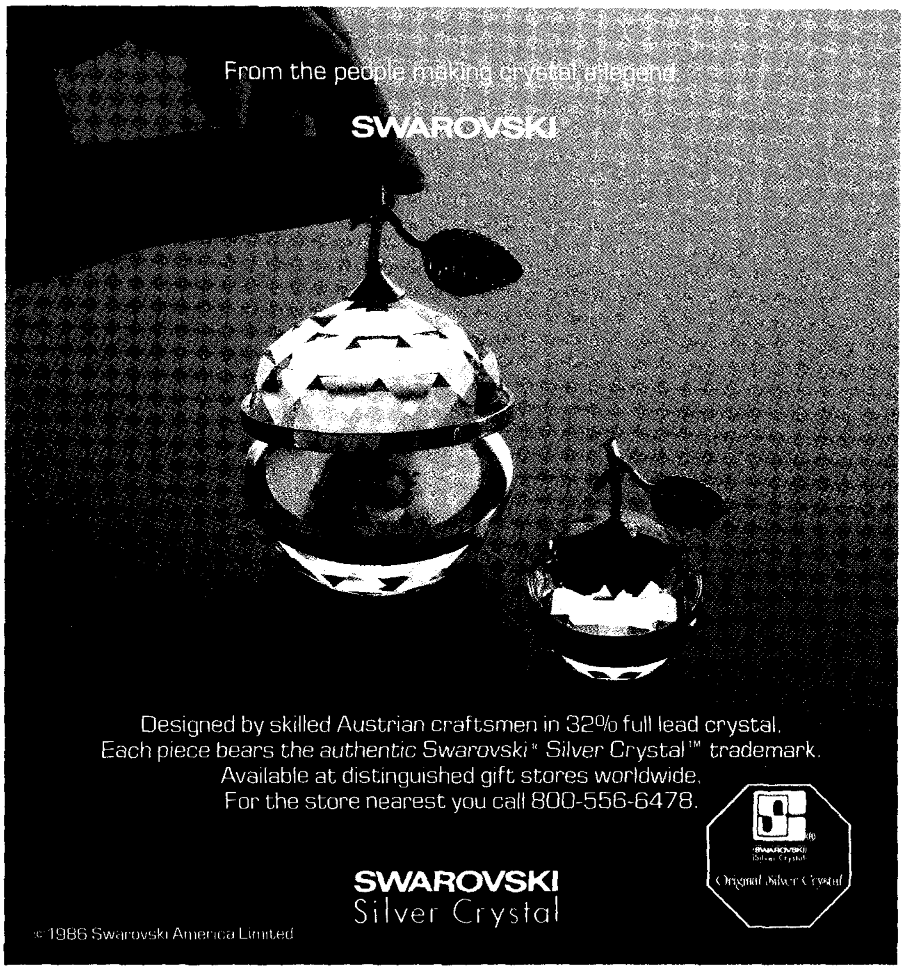


their choice of career had been dictated by their being too dark to get into the plasterers' union. There are still people alive in Louisiana who tell stories of parties at which nobody with skin darker than a paper bag was admitted or parties that drew the line by putting a comb on the doorsill and not allowing anyone in who could not run it through his hair.

There were always some Creoles of Color who could pass for Creoles of no color at all, and, particularly in the days when Louisiana operated a two-caste society based on race, it would not have been difficult to convince some of them of the advantage of simply marrying a white person and melting into the privileged caste. It's a process that is still going on. In a soon-to-be-published book called "White by Definition," an anthropologist named Virginia B. Domínguez tells of surveying thirty-one New Orleans families in the vicinity of Corpus Christi Church, traditionally the center of Colored Creole life, and finding that more than a third of them had members who passed for white at least part of the time. Traditionally, the way for light-skinned Creoles of Color to change races has been to change addresses. After the Second World War, a lot of servicemen from around Corpus Christi Church settled in other parts of the country—particularly Southern California. (It used to be said in New Orleans that half the white bricklayers in Los Angeles were from below Canal Street.) For some of the people who have changed races over the years, the changed address has been simply a different town or a different neighborhood. In southern Louisiana, it is taken for granted that a lot of white families have at least one ancestor who became white about the time he joined the family. Huey Long apparently used to say that if you had a loaf of sliced bread and handed it out only to pure-white people in Louisiana it would last a year.

That was not the attitude found in the vital-records office. At Vital Records, it was taken for granted that certain families were white and certain families had a traceable amount of black blood, and that it was up to the vital-records office to tell them apart. When it came to tracing traceable amounts, nobody ever accused the vital-records office of bureaucratic lethargy. Vital Records saw itself as upholding the law. For decades, after all, the statutes of Louisiana made it illegal for a white person and a person


The French have a word for it: Meridien.
Where else can you find a pool overlooking Central Park. A complete health and racquet club. A world-renowned Parisian restaurant called *Maurice*. Smartly appointed luxury rooms and 24-hour room service. All of it located through a breathtaking atrium lobby, right next to 57th St. shopping. At 118 W. 57th St., (212) 245-5000. Your travel agent knows. Or call 800-543-4300. In NYC, (212) 265-4494.
HOTEL PARKER MERIDIEN NEW YORK
Travel Companion of Air France
Boston • Houston • Montreal • New Orleans • Newport Beach • San Francisco • Vancouver
Opening Soon: Los Angeles • Mexico City

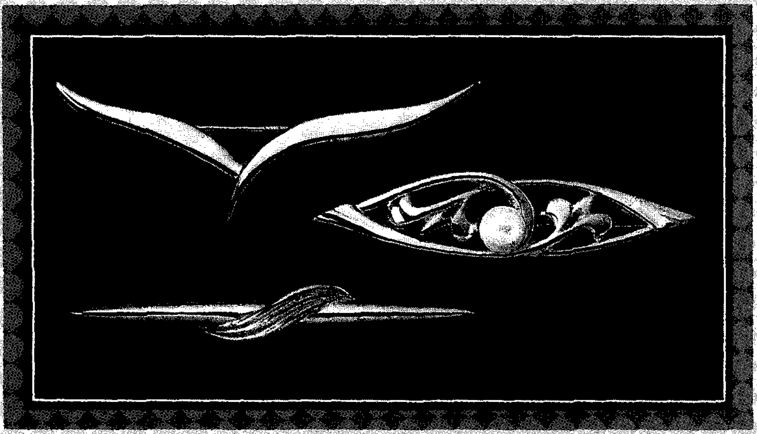


Designed by skilled Austrian craftsmen in 32% full lead crystal.
Each piece bears the authentic Swarovski® Silver Crystal™ trademark.
Available at distinguished gift stores worldwide.
For the store nearest you call 800-556-6478.
SWAROVSKI
Silver Crystal
Original Silver Crystal
© 1986 Swarovski America Limited

with a traceable amount of black blood to get married; in fact, people of different races would have been breaking state law by competing against each other in a tennis tournament. The vital-records office has always been in New Orleans rather than in Baton Rouge, the capital, and there is hardly a lawyer in town of a certain age who doesn't have a story to tell about a battle—almost always an unsuccessful battle—he fought to obtain a marriage license or a birth certificate for an ostensibly white client whose family the vital-records office considered partly black. In the nineteen-fifties, the state clerks were overshadowed by an autocrat named Naomi Drake, who was the deputy registrar of the vital-records office for the city of New Orleans, and who, armed with the power of the files and an intimidating manner, was for fifteen years the arbiter of who was black and who was white, who could have a "white" birth certificate and who couldn't, who could marry and who couldn't. If someone asked for a certified copy of a birth certificate that contained information Naomi Drake found suspicious, she simply refused to issue it, and for years even high public officials were too frightened of her and her files to do anything about it. When she was finally fired for insubordination, in 1965, it was found that in her last five years in office she had ignored a minimum of forty-seven hundred applications for certified copies of birth certificates and a minimum of eleven hundred applications for death certificates. In the list of complaints that had been sent to her by the director of the Board of Health to justify the dismissal, No. 6 was "Lack of courtesy and tact by making such statements to a citizen as 'All of the people born in White Castle, La., are half breeds.' "

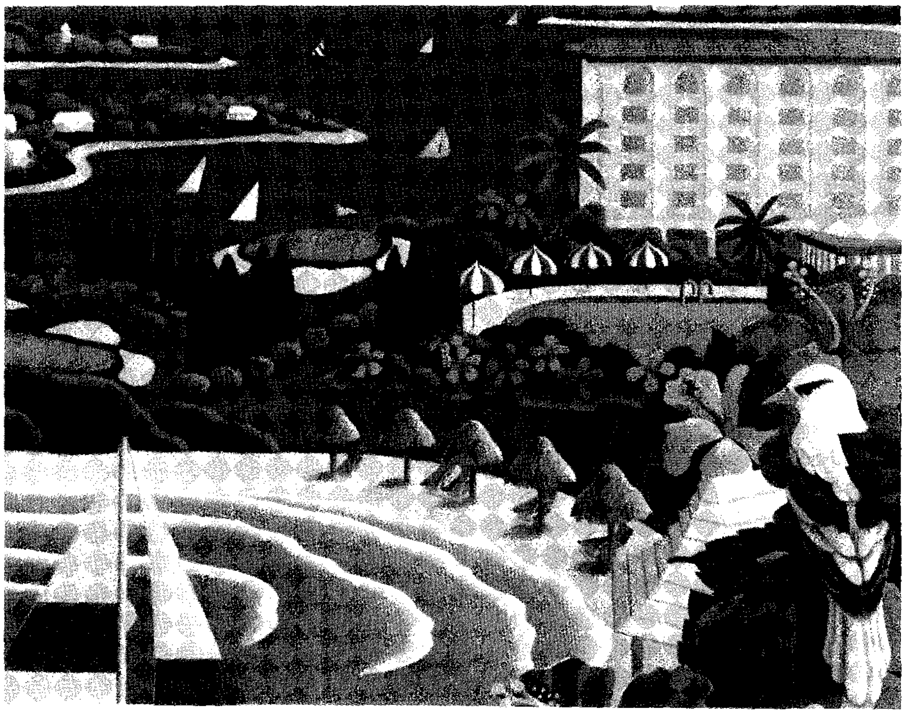
The firing of Naomi Drake may have enhanced the level of courtesy among those who took care of vital records in New Orleans, but it did not alter Louisiana's basic policy. There continued to be employees of the state who were known unofficially as race clerks. Years after laws like the anti-miscegenation statute were taken off the books, race clerks continued to flag the records of any family they considered genealogically suspect. In 1978, a woman who had been fired from her job as an assistant secretary of the Department of Health and Human Resources revealed that until the previous year, when she discovered the practice and put a stop to it, race clerks

Variations on a classic theme.



These smart updated variations on the classic brooch theme impart a timeless excitement all their own. Today's "must" accessory, accent brooches can be used to punctuate fashion statements in countless, creative ways! Fine points of styling are preeminent in these elegantly crafted 14Kt. Gold wave, pearl and knotted bar designs from Ballou. Look for them at fine jewelry and department stores.

B.A.BALLOU & CO.INC.
East Providence, Rhode Island 02914



Picture yourself in the world of a Princess.

For reservations and information, see your travel agent or call 800-223-1818;
in N.Y. State 800-442-8418;
in N.Y. City 212-582-8100;
in Canada 416-964-6641.

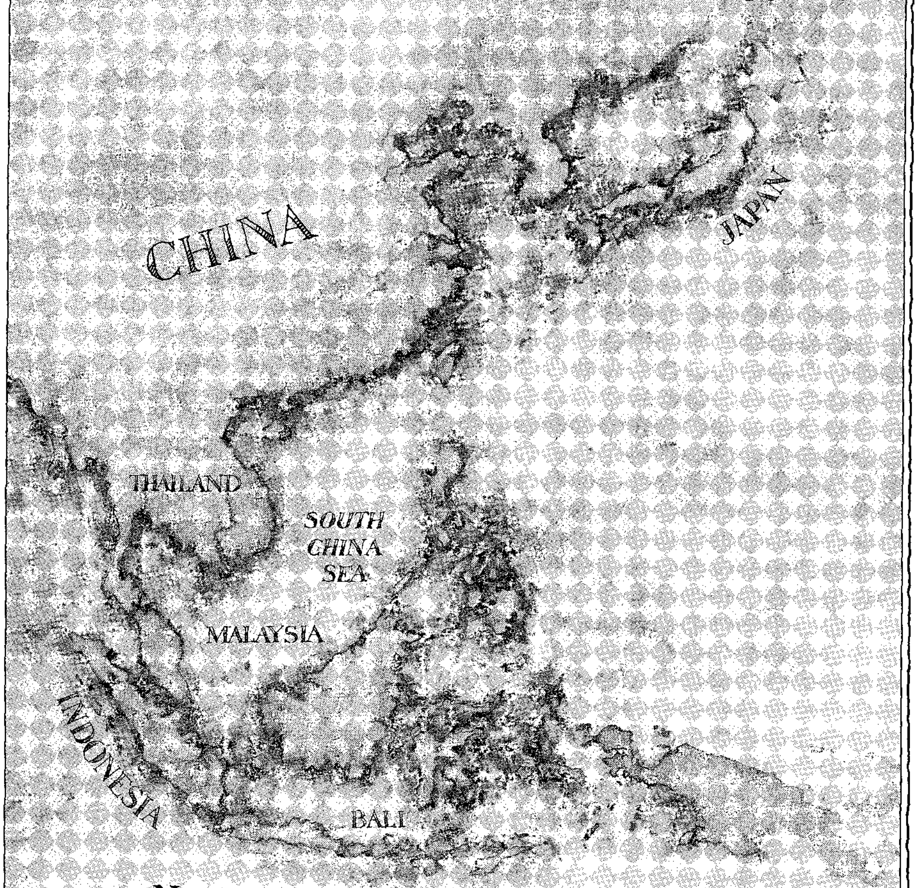
Southampton Princess
Bermuda

ACAPULCO: Acapulco Princess, Pierre Marques; BAHAMAS: Bahamas Princess Resort and Casino
BERMUDA: Southampton Princess, The Princess. Represented by Princess Hotels International, Inc.®

had maintained a list of two hundred and fifty families living as white but suspected of having black ancestry. "If you've got a good Louisiana French name, it's probably on the list," she said. Apparently, there were occasions when race clerks, unable to persuade a family to come in for a chat about racial designations, simply took it upon themselves to change birth certificates. According to an interview that Virginia Domínguez had with the state registrar of vital records, reported in "White by Definition," between sixty and a hundred surnames "were regularly flagged by the bureau and checked in a special file room against fairly extensive genealogies kept by the bureau on the many branches of these families." The registrar said that in 1976, the year before Susie Guillory Phipps walked in, the vital-records office had spent about six thousand man-hours checking race cases.

It appears that one of the cases led to the 1970 law that, in a reverse sort of way, defined a black person as someone who had at least one-thirty-second black ancestry. The 1970 law has customarily been interpreted as a change in the state's policy on race—an attempt to moderate the "any traceable amount" standard, or, in the other view, a piece of latter-day racism that seemed to be a throwback to the Nuremberg Laws. But there is a lawyer in New Orleans—he can be called Baxter—who says that he managed to have the law passed to serve the needs of a client. According to Baxter, he was approached in the late sixties by a blond, blue-eyed young man from Tangipahoa Parish, across Lake Pontchartrain from New Orleans. The man and his wife were both identified on their birth certificates as white, but apparently his family name had since been flagged. A child had just been born to the couple, and the vital-records office was refusing to accept the man's designation as white on the child's birth certificate. Baxter says that he looked into the records and found that Vital Records had the law on its side: his client was, according to Baxter's calculations, one-one-hundred-and-twenty-eighth black. "I thought that was a hell of a note," Baxter said recently. "There wasn't anything for me to do except to try to change the law." As it happened, Baxter had been, by family tradition and by inclination, strongly associated with the segregationist forces during the civil-rights struggle. He had con-

This Land Is Our Land.



No one knows the enchanting lands of the Far East better than Pearl Cruises. We've been here longer than any other cruiseline. And unlike the others, we're here year round.

Our Bangkok, Bali & Beyond cruise explores the most exotic ports on earth. Our Great Cities of Asia cruise blends the best of Asia into one unforgettable voyage. And Pearl's China Explorers cruise calls at twice the number of ports others do.

For a free brochure, just see your travel agent or call our toll-free number.

Ship's Registry: Bahamas

Pearl's Far East

1(800) 537-9208. In California: (800) 632-7811.

Pearl Cruises, 1700 Montgomery Street, Suite 320, San Francisco, CA 94111

Branch Office.

Working at home with views through the trees can be an extremely pleasant way to manage your business and your personal life. The best of both worlds? At The Commons, it's right in the neighborhood.

THE COMMONS

GOLDEN GATEWAY

San Francisco Townhomes that make business a pleasure. (415) 781-4900

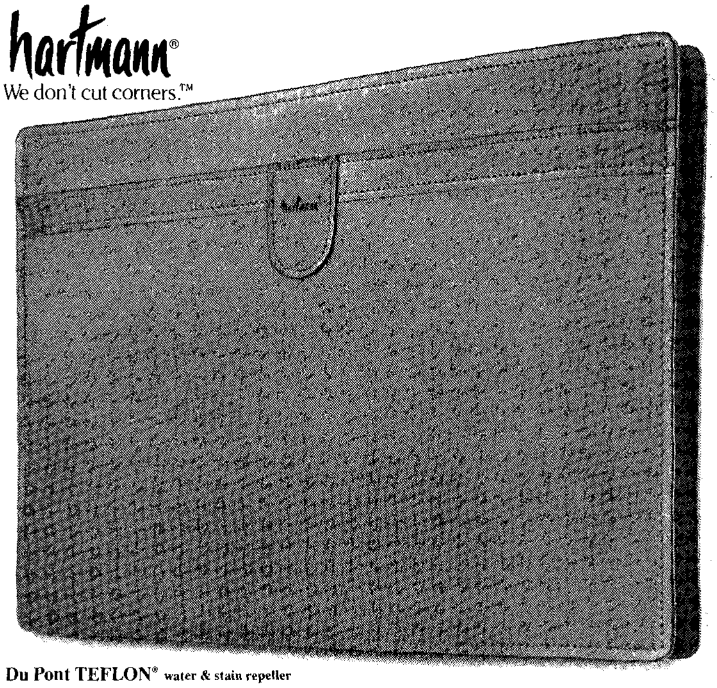
tinued to consider himself a believer in separation of the races, but, he says, the notion that someone with one black ancestor out of a hundred and twenty-eight was black struck him as silly—particularly when the man in question happened to be his client. Baxter says that, working with a politically influential member of another prominent segregationist family, he lobbied the relevant members of the legislature about a change in defining what a black person was. He figured that his credentials as a segregationist would reassure even those unreconstructed souls from rural districts of northern Louisiana that the proposed change did not represent a plot by the race-mixers. ("I was well known enough in the field that if people knew I thought it was O.K. it was O.K.") How was the magic fraction of one-thirty-second reached? Simple, Baxter says. He knew he might have to compromise, so he originally proposed one-sixteenth as the cutoff—leaving plenty of room between the opening offer and his client. There was some support for one-sixty-fourth. Baxter settled for one-thirty-second.

THE most significant ancestor of Susie Guillory Phipps to be turned up by the state's genealogical investigation was her great-great-great-great-grandmother, a slave named Margarita. As it turned out, Margarita was a historical figure of some prominence. In the early 1780s, at a time when the Spanish controlled Louisiana, she was involved in a noted legal battle heard in the Court of Alcalde Panis. The issue was her freedom. A French planter named Gregoire Guillory and his wife had raised a family of eight children in Mobile. Around the time Guillory's wife died, he acquired some land in an untamed part of Louisiana called the Opelousas Post, in what is now Acadia Parish, and there he had four children by Margarita, who had been his wife's slave. The legal dispute, shortly after Guillory's death, pitted his legitimate children, who claimed Margarita and her offspring as part of their mother's estate, against Margarita, who claimed that Guillory had freed her and his second family a dozen years before. The decision gave Margarita and her children their freedom in exchange for her compensating the Guillory heirs for the part of the estate they had been done out of by their father. One of Margarita's sons married a free person of color named Elo-

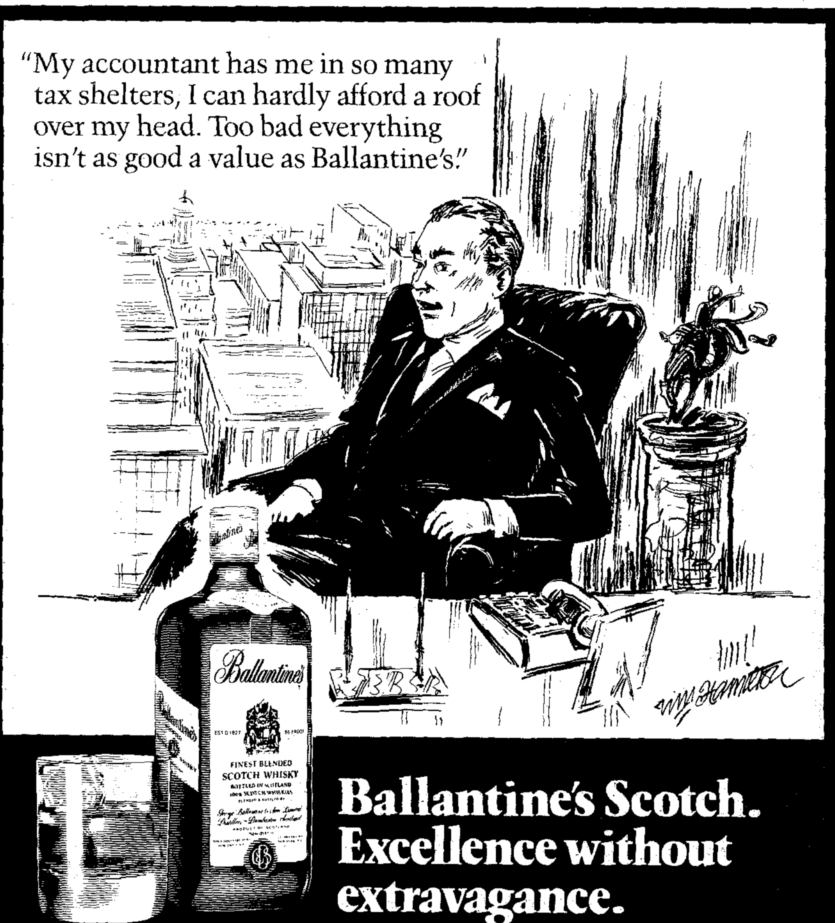
The well-briefed executive.

It's Hartmann's famous zippered leather portfolio that slips neatly under your arm. Inside is a roomy compartment for your papers. Outside, a pocket for even more papers. It's the one Hartmann that gives you a handle on things without giving you a handle.

hartmann®
We don't cut corners.™



Du Pont TEFLON® water & stain repeller
Send for a list of your nearest Hartmann dealers, Dept.4N20 © 1986 Hartmann Luggage, Hartmann Drive, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087



"My accountant has me in so many tax shelters, I can hardly afford a roof over my head. Too bad everything isn't as good a value as Ballantine's."

Ballantine's Scotch.
Excellence without extravagance.

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., New York, NY © 1986.

Cool cotton for Spring weekends

Easy outdoor weekends call for comfortable casuals. Here, our breezy short sleeve cotton camp shirts in blue or red bold stripes on white. Sizes 4 to 16. $32

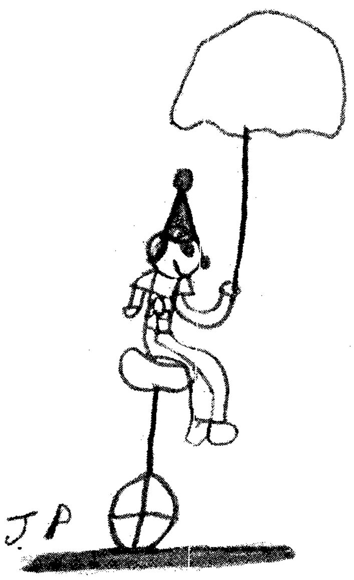
Our pre-washed cotton denim skirt with all-around pleats, side closure and on-seam pockets. In blue. Sizes 4 to 16. $42

Use your Brooks Brothers card, American Express or Diners Club

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Furnishings for Men, Women & Boys
346 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

isa Meuillen, and thus began one of many Guillory family trees in Louisiana. This one was studded with people described in various documents with words like "quadroon" and "*marabout*," and it led straight to the birth, in 1934, of Susie Guillory.

In looking for further evidence that the state's records were correct, Jack Westholz himself spent a lot of time in the countryside where Gregoire Guillory had settled over a hundred and fifty years before. It's in the flat farm-and-cattle country sometimes known as the Cajun prairies, to distinguish it from the Cajun bayous, the swampy trapping-and-fishing territory that French Acadians also settled in the middle of the eighteenth century, after they were forced out of Nova Scotia by the English. Where Susie Guillory grew up, in a little settlement called Frey Community, there were Germans as well as Cajuns—part of a large German migration to rural southern Louisiana in the nineteenth century. (Westholz, who happens to be interested in genealogy himself, has found some of his own ancestors listed in the records of nearby courthouses and churches.) During Susie Guillory's childhood, the fields around Frey Community were planted in cotton and rice. The cotton has given way to soybeans now, and some farmers have squeezed in an extra cash crop by flooding their rice fields after harvest and feeding crawfish on the stubble. Frey Community, which once had several stores and regular train service, hasn't survived. It now seems less a town than simply a few farmhouses that might be a bit closer to one another than is customary. The church burned down years ago. So did the one-room school where Susie Guillory, in the company of a couple of dozen cousins, got her formal education, which ended after the third grade. Susie Guillory's parents died some years ago; her surviving brothers and sisters live elsewhere. Still, it isn't difficult to find people who knew the Guillory family. Jack Westholz found them. He talked to elderly white people like Buck Daigle and Nettie Klein, who still live in the Frey Community farmhouses they grew up in. In Iota, a nearby town, he spoke to people who were related in one way or another to Susie Guillory. He found school records and census field reports. The documents and the interviews were consistent. The Guillorys were among the families in the area known as mulattoes. They got along well with their neighbors, but at the church in Frey Community, where whites sat on the left side of the aisle and blacks on the right, there was no doubt that the Guillorys were on the right. When the school that the Guillory kids and their cousins went to was closed, the school they were bused to in Iota was the Negro school.



The people Westholz interviewed and deposed talked about a lot of relatives who were called names like Doo-Doo and Tee-Tee and Poupon, and also about relatives who had been christened names like Théodule and Alcide and Angelas and Vivaldi. In answer to Westholz's questions about their race, they said they were "raised for colored" or "went for colored" or "followed the colored" or, in the case of an older woman who had to be questioned through an interpreter, "*J'ai été élevé couleur.*" They were certain that being raised for colored was not the same as being raised for black. One of them, an eighty-nine-year-old woman named Eve Denise Orebo, recalled recently that when a dark man showed up at a *bal* being held by her family her father said in French the equivalent of "Get that nigger out of my house!" But when they moved from the countryside into town they found themselves on the black side of a black-and-white society. Mrs. Orebo lives in what amounts to Iota's black neighborhood. One of her sons, a retired Army sergeant major, is considered Iota's first black councilman. The people who have traditionally been known as mulattoes in Acadia Parish have followed the usual pattern: those who live as whites tend to be those who live somewhere else. There are light-complexioned people in Acadia Parish who would be recognized by an outsider as Creoles of Color rather than white only if the outsider happened to have an ear for the difference between Creole French and Cajun French, but for those who have always lived in the parish there is no mystery about who is who.

"What does 'colored' mean?" Brian Bégué asked Alcina Jordan, a cousin of Susie Guillory Phipps, during cross-examination in one of Westholz's deposition sessions.

"I don't know any more than that," she said. "It's just 'colored.' "

"Is it black?"

"In a way, it means black. There are several different kinds of people . . ."

"In a way, it means white?" Bégué asked.

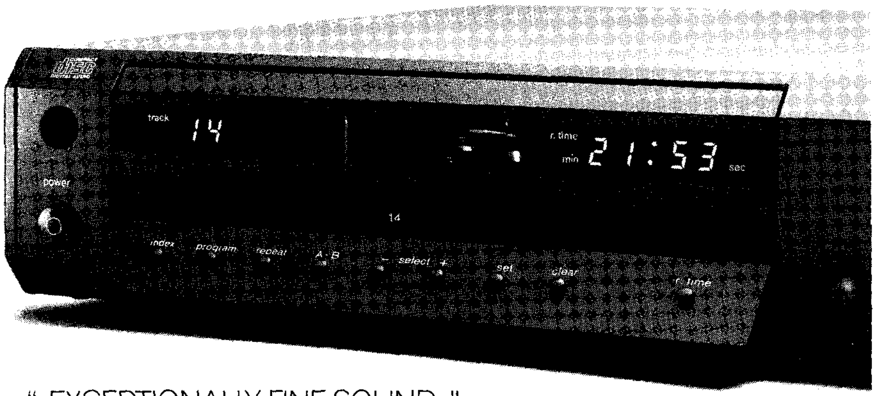
"It never means white."

WESTHOLZ says that when he showed Brian Bégué the evidence he had amassed, at a time when not even Andy Phipps knew about the efforts to change the Guillory birth certificates, he expected Bégué to drop the suit. By that time, the Department of Health and Human Resources had promulgated some new regulations, which would have made it simple for Susie Phipps to acquire a copy of her birth certificate in a short form that included nothing about race. The alternative was a major court challenge of state law. Bégué recently explained his strategy as a variation on the old lawyers' saw about what to do if the facts are against you and the law is against you (attack your opponent). According to Bégué, "the law was against me and the facts were against me, so I had to attack the Louisiana racial-classification system."

Along the way, some of the relatives who had joined Susie Guillory Phipps as plaintiffs did drop out. Their children had white birth certificates, and they decided to leave well enough alone. But Susie Guillory Phipps continued. In a way, the information collected by Jack Westholz never seemed to have had much effect on her belief that the racial information on her birth certificate was a mistake. The testimony Westholz gathered concerning which side of the church the Guillorys sat on or how her cousins were raised did not seem to alter her insistence that she was raised white. She did not stop saying "I married white twice" simply because Westholz's research indicated that her first husband, who was also named Guillory, was also a Creole of Color.

Is it possible that Susie Guillory Phipps, who left Acadia Parish when she was fifteen, could have reached

[illegible]



"...EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SOUND..." Hans Fantel, New York Times

"I have often been asked what differentiates a really superior CD player from an 'adequate' one. The ADS CD3 may help to answer the question, for it is definitely in the superior class." Len Feldman, Audio

"...300 individual measurements taken on CD3 leave zero doubt: The newcomer gets a thoroughly excellent report card." Wolfgang Tunze, German Audio

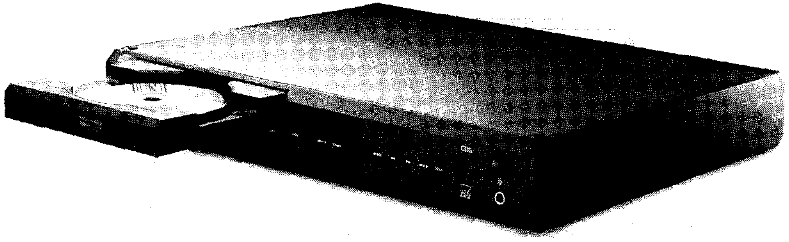
"I would have no qualms about choosing it as the one to take to a desert island for a few years (provided there's AC power.)" Ken Pohlmann, Digital Audio

"THE CONTROLS ON THE CD3 ARE, ABOVE ALL, DESIGNED TO PERFORM COMPLEX FUNCTIONS WHILE REMAINING EXTREMELY EASY TO USE." Len Feldman, Audio

"The CD3's frequency response was frighteningly close to perfect." Ken Polhmann, Digital Audio

For more information call 800-824-7888 (in CA 800-852-7777) Operator 483. Or write to ADS, 121 Progress Way, Wilmington, MA 01887.

The new ADS CD3.



that age under the impression that there was no difference between her family and Frey Community families like the Daigles and the Kleins and the Zaunbrechers and the Burtons? There is no question that Frey Community lacked the constant reminders of racial separation that would have existed in a less remote Louisiana environment in the forties. It had no established section for black people in buses, because there were no buses. Although the little country school that Susie Guillory went to was considered the Negro school by parish school authorities, local people referred to it simply as the Guillory school. Still, people in Acadia Parish of either color tend not to take seriously the proposition that someone growing up there in a Colored Creole family could have been under the impression that she was being raised white.

It's true, of course, that some families that were commonly identified as Creoles of Color in rural Louisiana had legends that explained the identification without exactly acknowledging black ancestry. Mrs. Phipps herself has said, "My mother and them used to tell us stories that if a white man didn't want to go into the service they would say that they were black." There were legends about some ancestor who might have had to identify himself as colored in order to marry an Indian. Nobody doubts that Mrs. Phipps was genuinely surprised to hear about Margarita. Her claim, though, has not been that she was incorrectly regarded as a Creole of Color but that she was regarded as white and that she is, in fact, white. (She eventually came to believe, she said in a 1983 interview with Dawn Ruth, of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, that Margarita had been dark rather than black.) Only rarely has she even acknowledged the existence of the sort of tri-racial society portrayed by Jack Westholz—most notably when, after many delays, her case finally came to trial in a New Orleans district court, five years after that disturbing day in the Division of Vital Records. Mrs. Phipps, the only plaintiff to testify, was asked in direct examination by Brian Bégué if she had always thought of herself as white.

"Sure have," Mrs. Phipps replied.

Then Bégué asked when she first found out that she might not be considered white—presumably expecting her to answer with the story about needing a passport in 1977. "When I made my First Communion," Mrs. Phipps said, "I wondered what was wrong, but I didn't know. I was six years old, and we were in the churchyard, and all of the little white children was in the front, and I was in the back, and then all of the little black people was in the back. Well, this black lady came and grabbed me by my arm and she pushed me. She shifted me. She put her little girl ahead of me . . . and my mother came and said, 'You cannot move my child.' So the catechism teacher said, 'What is wrong?' My mother said, 'My child was here and they moved her,' so the teacher put the child back behind me, and I wondered what was wrong, but when you are six you don't know."

"Did you go back into that church?" Bégué asked.

"Well, I made my Confirmation there," Mrs. Phipps said. "And it was the same way, always in the back of the white but ahead of the black."

BECAUSE of the trial, Susie Guillory Phipps became famous for a while. So did what reporters liked to call "Louisiana's black-blood law"—the only law in the country that attempted a mathematical definition of race. There were a lot of pictures on the wire of Brian Bégué leaving the courthouse with Mrs. Phipps. There were interviews with Andy Phipps, who flashed what were usually described as "walnut-size" diamond rings and said that his wife had gone through two Lincoln Continentals driving back and forth from Sulphur to New Orleans. (According to one reporter present, Julia Cass, of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Phipps underlined his support of his wife by saying, "Hell, she ain't a nigger." He later told another reporter that he never used that epithet, "although I might if I got mad.") Susie Guillory Phipps tended to answer reporters' questions about her race by asking a question in return: "Let me ask you this: Do I look colored?" Eventually, Susie Phipps had her picture in *People;* eventually, the Paris newspaper *Libération* ran a long article headlined "*En Louisiane, le Sang N'Est Jamais Rouge.*"

A lot of the trial coverage irritated Jack Westholz. He implied that Brian Bégué—a self-assured man with a breezy manner and an office in a French Quarter courtyard and a wife in advertising—was manipulating the press. Although Bégué might avoid the word "manipulating," he now says that he was indeed conscious of the

Afterwards.
The Kneipp Bath.

After a night on the town. After sports. After a hectic day. After anything, enjoy the sweet reward of a Kneipp herbal bath.

Choose from six herbal blends created to pamper your every mood. Waken to the tingle of ROSEMARY. Temper the effects of a stressful day with refreshing MEADOW BLOSSOM. Lift your spirits with SPRUCE AND PINE. Ease tired muscles with soothing JUNIPER. Soften and smooth your skin with CAMOMILE. Or calm yourself for sleep with gentle HOPS.

Comfort your mind and body with nature's herbal bath oils. Kneipp.

Available at fine drug and health stores and at cosmetic counters. To order directly, write: Kneipp Corp. of America, 80 Davids Drive, Hauppauge, NY 11788.

The Kneipp Bath Botanics.

FATHER SEBASTIAN KNEIPP (1821-1897)

value of publicity. "Going public was the only way," he said recently. "If it's secret, we lose. The law was against us and the facts were against us. We had to try it in the newspapers. Sixty-year-old conservative judges are hard to win over. We had to educate the judiciary with the voice of the people." For whatever reason, the newspaper articles tended to leave the impression that the state was trying to call an ostensibly white person black by means of a bizarre law that defined a black person as anyone with more than one-thirty-second "black blood." Westholz insisted that the state was merely preserving the information provided by its residents and that the one-thirty-second law, which his department had been hoping to get rid of for years, had just about nothing to do with the case except to provide a smoke screen that enabled Bégué to obscure the real issues from the press.

From the testimony, it appeared that once the race-clerk system was finally abandoned Louisiana had adopted the policy that other states follow in determining racial designations on birth certificates: the race of a newborn baby's parents is whatever they say it is. Scientists testified, from the witness stand and by deposition, that modern science didn't offer any better way than that of determining race. They stressed that the concept of race was legal or political or cultural, not scientific. They all seemed to agree that race could be spoken of in terms of entire populations—you could, Munro Edmonson testified, calculate "differing frequencies of certain genes in definable populations"—but not in terms of individuals. In other words, it is possible to predict the percentages of people in an African village who have, say, Type O blood and Type A blood, but that doesn't mean that you could identify someone as African by his blood type. Edmonson also testified that the notion of calculating someone's race by genealogical fractions contradicts basic genetics: since genes are randomly distributed, someone who has, say, an African great-grandfather might not have inherited any genes from him at all.

Westholz made no attempt to refute such testimony. "I know you can't scientifically ascertain race," he said recently. "I knew that before the trial." In his view, though, that was not the question at issue. What the judge had to decide, Westholz insisted, was whether Susie Guillory Phipps could prove, beyond any doubt at all,

HÔTEL
PLAZA ATHÉNÉE
NEW YORK

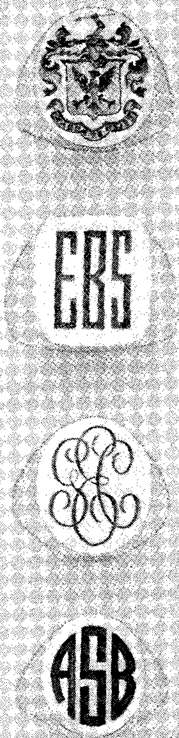
A class of one in New York.
A class of two in the world.

Hôtel Plaza Athénée
37 East 64th Street
New York, New York 10021
212-734-9100

Hôtel Plaza Athénée
25 Avenue Montaigne
75008 Paris
47.23.78.33

TRUSTHOUSE FORTE EXCLUSIVE HOTELS®
800-223-5672

A member of
The Leading Hotels of the World®
(800) 223-6800



A Venerable Tradition

Honoring your family name with a signet ring from Tiffany's merges two great traditions: yours and ours.

The highly specialized art of hand-engraving lives on in the deft hands of Tiffany craftsmen, who must apprentice for five full years. Tiffany artisans will interpret your family crest or monogram in fourteen or eighteen karat gold, cutting away the precious metal to produce faithful representations of even the most intricate and unusual designs.

Please allow 6-8 weeks for heraldic crests, two weeks for monograms.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK • FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET
BEVERLY HILLS • CHICAGO • DALLAS • HOUSTON • BOSTON • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO
TO ORDER CALL 800-526-0649 • ©T & CO. 1986

that the information on her birth certificate was incorrect. To that end, he brought in his boxes of documents and his charts and his genealogical experts. Bégué tried to demonstrate that, partly because of imprecise use of the terms inherited from Colonial days, genealogical records could not reflect racial ancestry with mathematical certainty. He also said that the one-thirty-second law gave the state the burden of proving that it could legally classify Susie Guillory Phipps as black. (Westholz had, in fact, come prepared to demonstrate that Mrs. Phipps was more than one-thirty-second black; the figure he had reached, through some complicated computations, was five-thirty-seconds.) But Bégué did not make a strenuous attempt to refute the state's mountain of genealogical evidence. Instead, he argued that if any racial classification had to be done it should be based on "the self-image of the classified." In a post-trial memorandum, he argued that the entire system of classifying people by race—not simply the one-thirty-second law but the law that called for any racial designation on birth certificates—was an unconstitutional hangover from Jim Crow for which the state had demonstrated no compelling need. It simply made no sense, Bégué maintained, for people who think of themselves as white and are thought of by their neighbors as white to have to prove in court that they are indeed white.

The judge did not agree. In May of 1983, finding that the state Vital Statistics Law "clearly places the burden of proving the propriety of an alteration on the person seeking to have it made," he ruled that the plaintiffs' contention that "because they appear to be 'white,' the State must prove otherwise," was "without legal foundation." In his decision, the judge said it was clear that the plaintiffs "have the appearance of 'white' people. They have fair skins and, in some cases, blue eyes and blond hair. It is also entirely clear that they are of mixed white and Negro blood." Jack Westholz called the decision a "bittersweet victory," since it did not alter the burden of proof and did not offer Vital Records any guidelines for the future. He told reporters that he hoped Mrs. Phipps would appeal, and she did.

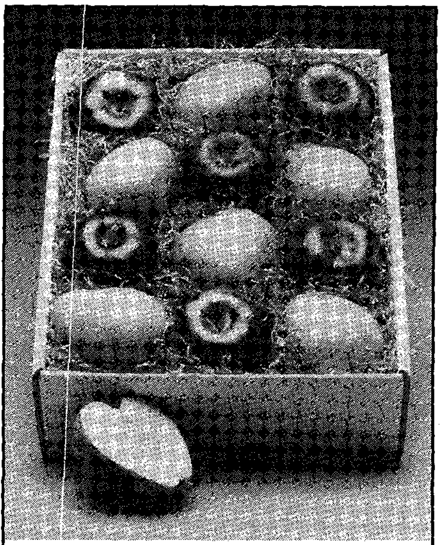
In his decision, the judge had mentioned the one-thirty-second law only to say that the state Supreme Court had already found it constitutional. The one-thirty-second law had not figured prominently in the testimony.

Character. Courtesy. Calm
Comfort and Cuisine
now available
the RELAIS &
CHATEAUX
1986 Guide
347 extraordinary hotels and
restaurants worldwide.
Send $10 to:
David B. Mitchell & Co.
200 Madison Ave., NYC, NY 10016
MAILED FIRST CLASS

Experience France in grand style
Les Routes du Bonheur
A tour program featuring exclusively
RELAIS & CHATEAUX
Four Enchanting one or two week Self-Drive or Chauffeur-Driven Tours of France designed for the discriminating traveler. From May to October. Featuring *confirmed* reservations in Relais & Châteaux historic castles and magnificent manor houses. Brochure Available. Contact your travel agent or David B. Mitchell & Co., 200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016. 212-685-9871, 800-221-2278.
offered in cooperation with
AIR FRANCE

A quiet place,
a cordial place,
Campton Place.
CAMPTON
PLACE
HOTEL
Where high expectations are quietly met.
San Francisco (415) 781-5555
David Thorn – General Manager

Are you in search of a part-time career?
Do you have four weeks a year you can set aside to work out of your home?
If you would enjoy the opportunity to work with classic, traditional women's clothing, then being a Sales Representative for THE APPLE BASKET is for you!
For further information, please contact
THE APPLE BASKET
1385 Old Freeport Road
Pittsburgh, PA 15238
(412) 828-1330

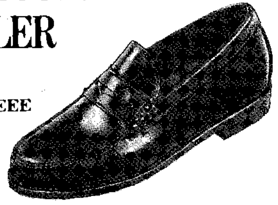


Mother's Day Favorite
Here's the perfect gift for Mom. (And for you, too.) A 6½ lb. box of sunripened fruit fresh from the farm...with juicy Anjou Pears and crisp Red Delicious Apples bursting with fresh, sweet flavor. We'll send them right to the door. Order by mail or **Toll Free 1-800-547-0227** with credit card.
Gift #811 $16.50 + $1.50 handling.
Free Catalog.
PINNACLE
ORCHARDS
441 S. Fir • Dept NU • Medford, OR 97501

Julie Wilson
BILLY ROY AT THE PIANO

Michael Feinstein continues through early April, followed by the inimitable Julie Wilson returning to her New York home: The Algonquin.
Shows 9:15 and 11:15 P.M. Tues. thru Sat.
Supper reservations from 8 P.M.
THE Algonquin
59 W. 44th St., New York • Reservations: 840-6800

MAKES YOU ALMOST
2" TALLER
SIZES: 5-11
WIDTHS: B-EEE
FINE MENS' SHOES



Looks just like ordinary shoes except hidden inside is a height increasing innermold. Choose from a wide selection of Elevators, including dress shoes, boots and casuals. Satisfaction guaranteed. Exceptionally comfortable. Call or write today for your FREE color catalog so you can look 2" taller in almost no time. TOLL FREE 1-800-343-3810
ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. NY64
P.O. Box 3566, Frederick, MD 21701

Still, most of the headlines reporting the decision said something like "Law Defining 'Black Blood' in La. Upheld." In Baton Rouge, it was taken for granted that the days of the one-thirty-second law were numbered the moment it made the national news wires. "Louisiana was made the laughingstock of the nation," said a New Orleans legislator who introduced a repeal measure. In June of 1983, only a month after the decision in the Susie Guillory Phipps case was announced, the legislature repealed the one-thirty-second law and, at the same time, established "a preponderance of the evidence" as the burden of proof borne by someone who wanted to argue that information on a vital record should be changed.

Susie Guillory Phipps calculated that by the time the case was argued before the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals she had spent more than forty thousand dollars attempting to change her birth certificate. There were more delays to come. All the state's exhibits were misplaced. There had to be a rehearing because of the resignation of one of the appeals judges. When the decision was finally handed down, last fall, it upheld the District Court decision. Pointing out that it was her parents' racial designations that Susie Phipps would have had to change, the court said, "We do not believe that an individual may change the racial designation of another person, whether his parent or anyone else. That appellants might today describe themselves as white does not prove error in a document which designates their parents as colored. This anomaly shows the subjective nature of racial perceptions but does not give appellants a cause of action to alter it." In holding for the state, the Appeals Court managed to agree with both sides: "Individual racial designations are purely social and cultural perceptions, and the evidence conclusively proves those subjective perceptions were correctly recorded at the time appellants' birth certificates were issued." Bégué applied for a hearing before the Louisiana Supreme Court, but last week, by a vote of five to two, the Supreme Court denied the application.

What Brian Bégué had been arguing is that when it comes to racial designation Susie Guillory Phipps should be bound not by the obviously racist notions of 1934 but by the same policy that is in effect for someone

Speak French like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who.

Now you can learn to speak French just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Basic French Course.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn French at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The Basic French Course consists of a series of cassettes and an accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in French!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "pattern drill" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Introductory Basic French Course comes in two parts, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Part A introduces the simpler forms of the language and a basic vocabulary. Part B presents more complex structures and additional vocabulary. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Basic French Part A.** 12 cassettes (15 hr.), and 194-p. text, $135.
☐ **Basic French Part B.** 18 cassettes (25 hr.), and 290-p. text, $159.

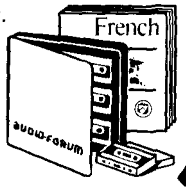
(CT residents add sales tax.)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234.**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order — or charge to your credit card (VISA, MasterCard, AmEx, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's French course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn French, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

120 courses in 41 other languages also available. Write for free catalog. Our 12th year.



audio-forum®

Audio-Forum
Room 152
On-The-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

THE PERFECT GUEST

A welcome and attractive addition to any party, the U-Line Combo 65A under-the-counter ice maker/refrigerator saves space, time and energy.

This party favorite NEEDS NO DRAIN. It keeps refreshments fresh, holds plenty of party supplies and delivers up to 1,025 cubes a day (bucket holds 600 cubes). And it uses less energy than a 60 watt bulb.

U-Line compact ice makers, refrigerators, freezers and beer tappers are the result of three generations of pioneering in refrigeration.

Next time, go with the hit of every party – the quality ice makers/refrigerators from U-Line.

U·LINE
CORPORATION
8900 North 55th Street • Milwaukee, WI 53223 • 414-354-0300
Making An Ice Idea Better.

filling out a birth-certificate application in a New Orleans hospital today: you're whatever race you think you are. What Jack Westholz had been arguing is that history is history; he doesn't quarrel with Mrs. Phipps' calling her children white, but he doesn't think there is anything she can do about her parents' being colored. Bégué has said that if the Louisiana Supreme Court will not reconsider its decision he will ask the Supreme Court of the United States to hear Susie Phipps' case. The central federal issue, he says, is denial of equal protection: "If you're a little bit black, you're black. If you're a little bit white, you're still black." Even Bégué would acknowledge that he is working against exceedingly long odds. Jack Westholz tends to believe that, for all intents and purposes, the legal battle over changing Susie Phipps' birth certificate is at an end. If so, he has his victory. He doesn't have his guidelines, but the case has at least provoked the legislature into making two of the reforms he wanted. If Jack Westholz has won, Brian Bégué has not exactly lost. Even assuming that the Supreme Court refuses to hear his appeal, he has already enjoyed the benefits that come to a lawyer with a juicy, highly public case. It's difficult, though, to imagine what Susie Guillory Phipps could come away with that would satisfy her. Even if the Supreme Court were to take the case and strike down the racial classification system, that wouldn't obliterate the documents that identify Margarita as a "free Negress." Margarita, as Jack Westholz might say, is history. In a way, no court can make Susie Guillory Phipps white—or whiter than she has already made herself. Still, she has said that she will keep on trying. In her interview with Dawn Ruth after the original court decision, she said that if she lost in Louisiana she would go to the Supreme Court of the United States. If she lost there, she said, she would go to the President. She would ask him if he thought she looked colored.

—Calvin Trillin

•

A "blooper" in Geneseo College's current course catalog has attracted the attention of The New Yorker magazine. The course description mistakenly credits William Shakespeare with the poem "How do I Love Thee," authorized by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. "Shakespeare is getting the credit for everything lately," complains The New Yorker.—*Geneseo* (*N.Y.*) *Livingston County Leader.*

We've got another complaint.

Now our Weekend Plan includes the three of you.

YOU TWO AND YOUR CAR.

$99.50 per day, single or double occupancy.

Taxes and tips included. Friday and Saturday nights.

Includes de luxe room with king size bed.* Continental breakfast, complimentary New York Times, box of Godiva chocolates, 2 "Big Apples," bottle of champagne and FREE PARKING.

Enjoy our fashionable location, close to shops, theatre and entertainment and the warm hospitality and friendly welcome for which Doral has a nationwide name.

*Subject to availability.

DORAL PARK AVENUE HOTEL
Park Avenue at 38th Street • New York 10016
Tel.: (212) 687-7050 • Telex: 968872
For reservations, call your travel agent or toll-free 800-847-4135.

BERMUDA LANDFALL

Like the elegant Longtail, our guests return again and again to their perfect spot on Bermuda's South Shore. Perhaps it's because at the Stonington Beach Hotel we offer impeccable service at a remarkably affordable price...and that all 64 rooms have ocean views from private terraces...our popular gourmet restaurant...or the nearness of golf and shopping. Just one perfect reason after the other.

STONINGTON BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda
See your travel agent or call:
RSI (1-800) 223-1588 in NY State (212) 661-4540
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College

What resort was voted one of the best in the U.S. by its guests?

The Tides Lodge.

For more answers call
800/446-5660
Irvington, Va. 22480
Virginia 800/248-4337

Waikiki in a small way.

There exists, away from the center of Waikiki, a small, quiet hotel that takes pleasure in providing genuine, personal service. The only hotel on the best swimming beach in Honolulu. Surrounded by the green open spaces of Kapiolani Park, it's the perfect hideaway for the experienced traveler. Rates from $56 to $290. For reservations, see your travel agent or call Toll Free:
U.S. & Canada: 1-800-421-8795
California: 1-800-252-0197

The New Otani
KAIMANA BEACH HOTEL

2863 Kalakaua Ave.
Honolulu, HI 96815
Telephone: 808-923-1555
Telex: KAIMA 7430470

Bagel Cutter Patent Pending

Our bagel cutter makes it easy to obtain perfect bagel halves. Hand crafted from domestic Red Oak.

$14.99
$19.99 with knife

Delivery: Immediate

Oak & Iron

☎ ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-356-5432, Ext. 238. (In Wisconsin call ☎ 1-800-362-6060, Ext. 238). M.C., VISA, Am. Exp. or Diners Club. ORDER BY MAIL: credit card or check. Send to: Oak & Iron, Dept. 238, 2700 Commerce St., La Crosse, WI 54601. Ship. & Hdlg., $3.00 each. *Money back guarantee. Call for Free Catalog.*

EXCLUSIVE REPLICAS OF CLASSICAL SCULPTURE FROM MAJOR EUROPEAN MUSEUMS

BACCHIC DANCE • Found in 1776 on the site of ancient Gabii. From the National Museum, Naples. 26″ × 27″ $295.00 P.P. in terra cotta or green bronze finish.

GIUST GALLERY
1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118
PLEASE SEND $2.00 FOR CATALOGUE

MUSICAL EVENTS

Responding

PIERRE BOULEZ'S "Répons," for chamber orchestra, six soloists, and an array of electro-acoustic equipment, had its first performance at the 1981 Donaueschingen festival. In an essay entitled "Making Musical History," the *Observer* music critic Peter Heyworth told of a work that struck like lightning. The *Sunday Times* critic David Cairns described the sense of joyful expectancy which fills the opening section, until, at the entry of the soloists,

> their arpeggios, taken up and transmuted electronically, echo and re-echo round the hall, encompassing the listener in an enchanted jangle of overlapping and intermingling timbres—piano, harp, vibraphone, xylophone, cimbalon—impossible to describe. It is as though we were suddenly standing on the threshold of some fabulous underground cavern where row upon row of stalactites threw back myriad patterns of light; but the effect is also of slow-motion waterfalls of sound.

There follow, in Mr. Cairns' words, a "dance of delight," "a moment of intense stillness," and, finally, "a solemnly jubilant ritual of celebration which rises to a massive, richly coloured climax, then sinks down again into a magical stillness, full of trills."

A tape of the Donaueschingen performance reached me, and even though it could not capture the important element of space, it was more than enough to confirm the exuberance, the freshness, and the beauty of Boulez's inventions. A New York performance of "Répons," I knew, was being planned, else I would have been off to Paris, London, or Turin to hear one of the later performances. The New York "Répons" happened last month, played by the Ensemble InterContemporain, conducted by the composer, in the Columbia University Gymnasium, as part of a festival, Boulez Is Back!, presented by the New York Philharmonic. This brought Boulez's first appearances here since he left the Philharmonic, in 1978. Other events were two Fisher Hall concerts by the Ensemble, conducted by Boulez, one of them including his "Dérive" (1984); a Philharmonic program, played four times, including his "Rituel," conducted by Zubin Mehta; a Philharmonic program, played four times, including his three "Improvisations sur Mallarmé," conducted by the composer; a "Soldier's Tale" suite conducted by Boulez at a New York Philharmonic Ensembles concert; and "A Conversation with Pierre Boulez" up at Symphony Space. The festival formed the climax of the Ensemble InterContemporain's American tour, during which it played "Répons" also in Los Angeles (twice), San Francisco, Chicago, and Boston (twice).

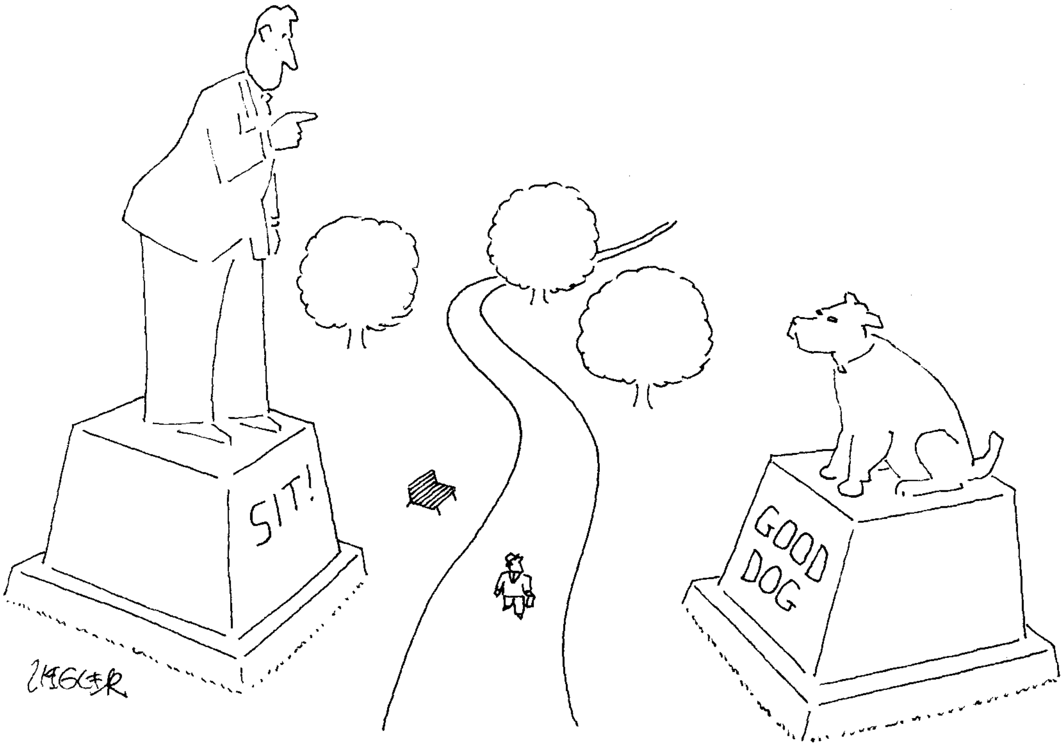
Was Boulez pleased to be back in the city whose musical life he once hoped to transform? He can have found little altered: perhaps only a hardening of the general public's complacent rejection of any challenging new music, and a deeper incuriosity about what goes on in the rest of the world. Although the Columbia gym was packed for "Répons," there were rows of empty seats at the first of the Ensemble's Fisher Hall concerts. Some of the Philharmonic audience, the *Times* music critic Donal Henahan reported, booed "Rituel," while he found it to be "Pierre Boulez's homage to catatonia" and undeserving of so vigorous a response. As for "Répons," it was, he said, "completely predictable and monotonous" and "simply went on and on to no purpose that I could discover." Mr. Henahan returned to the subject in a Sunday essay:

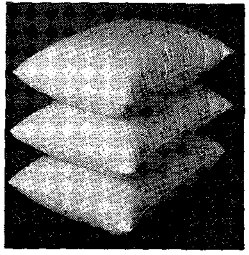
> For all its heady promise, what did "Répons" turn out to offer, beyond a demonstration of how far Mr. Boulez has progressed in learning to program and manipulate Ircam's electronic Cuisinart? A tired set of ideas in a shiny new box. . . . The results differed little, except in electronic sophistication, from what Edgard Varèse achieved with his "Déserts" in 1954 and "Poème Electronique" for Brussels World Fair in 1958.

Others since that Donaueschingen première have been less than overcome by "Répons." Nicholas Kenyon, writing in these pages after a 1981 Paris performance, said:

> The music itself . . . made little impact. The cleverness of the means only served to emphasize the thinness of the result. Instead of overwhelming us with its originality and power, as Boulez's greatest pieces do, "Répons" remained a static, unmoving display of skillful technique.

Dominic Gill, after a 1984 Paris performance, questioned the contributions of the elaborate electronic apparatus: "I doubt, even granted some of the very interesting transformations it had wrought earlier on the soloists' material, whether its role was ever *musically* fundamental: ever more than expensive icing on a masterly traditional recipe." It is easy to be put off by hype, by accounts of expensive technological marvels brought to bear on the creation of a work of art ("Répons" uses Giuseppe di Giugno's 4X computer,





Down Pillows

For complete bedtime comfort, select the finest down pillows money can buy at factory direct prices. Down filled pillows conform to the shape of the head, providing luxurious support and correct sleeping posture for the neck and shoulders. Covered with a fine poly/cotton fabric and filled with genuine white European down. Money back guarantee. Delivery: We ship within 24 to 48 hours (in stock items).

☎ TO ORDER CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-356-9367 Ext. F490,
or use the coupon. Or, call or write for your free catalog of down comforters, down pillows, wool mattress pads and many other natural products.

The Company Store®

SOFT GENUINE DOWN PILLOWS Style #701

Colors: ☐Light Blue ☐Beige ☐White	Down Fill	OUR PRICE	TWO FOR
Standard (20″ x 26″)	16 oz.	☐$35	☐$68
Queen (20″ x 30″)	21 oz.	☐$45	☐$88
King (20″ x 36″)	26 oz.	☐$55	☐$108

☎ ORDER BY PHONE TOLL-FREE
1-800-356-9367, Ext. F490.
Use your credit card. OR ORDER BY MAIL:
☐M.C. ☐VISA ☐Am.Exp. ☐Diners Club ☐Check
Acct.# ____________ Exp.Dt. ______
COLOR QTY PRICE
______ ______ x $______ = $______
Ship., Hdlg., & Ins.-$2.50 ea. = $______
☐Send Free Catalog *UPS 2nd Day Air = $______
TOTAL = $______
*☐We ship UPS ground service unless you request otherwise here. UPS 2nd day air add $8.50.
Name ______________
Address ______________
City,State,Zip ______________
SEND TO: The Company Store, Dept. F491, 500 Company Store Road, La Crosse, WI 54601.

A TAX-FREE ALTERNATIVE TO CAR RENTAL IN EUROPE

RENAULT'S
PURCHASE-REPURCHASE PLANS

For 3 weeks or over. You must check it now. It may save you hundreds of dollars. More than 25,000 Americans have used it.

Call Collect in N.Y.S.: 212-532-1221
Outside NY call toll-free: 800-221-1052

or write: Renault Inc., European Delivery Services
650 First Avenue, NY, NY 10016
Please send details of Renault's exciting Tax-Free Vacation Plans to:
Name ______________ State ______
Address ______________ Zip ______
City ______________ YR-1
Phone ______________

Just out of Santa Fe there's a place that's out of this world.

Mobil 4****

. . . a warm, elegant, casual, intimate ranch-resort in a magnificent setting 15 minutes north of Santa Fe. Superb food and accommodations, including new Pueblo Encantado 1-story condos adjacent to the 'enchanted ranch'.

Rancho Encantado
Route 4, Box 57C ny
Santa Fe, N.M. 87501
(505) 982-3537

developed at IRCAM, which can manage "two hundred million operations a second" and instantaneously produce or transform sounds as a composer wishes, and also uses Hans Peter Haller's Halaphone, to mix and move sounds; at least six sound technicians are kept busy during the performance), and by such claims as that in Paul Griffiths' program note on "Répons": "It is Boulez's response to the task he had implicitly set himself as soon as he accepted the directorship of the future IRCAM. Sooner or later he would have to compose an electronic masterpiece: *this is it.*"

"Répons" in New York was not easy or comfortable listening. The gym was hot, crowded, and smelly—not conducive to the keenly focussed attention the piece requires, and airless in a way that seemed to oppress the music as well as its listeners. Moreover, "Répons" was played only once. At earlier presentations, between two performances Boulez had talked about his composition and demonstrated aspects of its workings. "The examples he provided were extremely useful," a London colleague reported after a 1982 performance there. "On a repeat hearing elements of the work's syntax could be grasped, some of the building blocks of its construction glimpsed." (On the American tour, "Répons" was preceded by Boulez's latest composition, "Dialogue de l'Ombre Double," for solo clarinet *in converse* with his prerecorded shadow.) By way of introduction to the New York performance, there were two good essays, by Mr. Griffiths, in the substantial program book: one about the aims and achievements of the Institut de Recherche et de Coordination Acoustique/Musique (IRCAM); the other a summary of ways that composers in this century—John Cage, Otto Luening, Varèse, Milton Babbitt, Stockhausen, Berio—have used electronics to make music. Back in Monteverdi's day, Francis Bacon, in "The New Atlantis," described the resources now available in our computer-equipped music studios:

> We have also sound-houses, where we practise and demonstrate all sounds and their generation. We have harmonies which you have not, of quarter-sounds and lesser slides of sounds. . . . We represent small sounds as great and deep; likewise great sounds, extenuate and sharp; we make divers tremblings and warblings of sounds, which in their original are entire. We represent and imitate all articulate sounds and letters. . . . We have also divers strange and artificial echoes, reflecting the voice many times . . . and some that give back the voice louder than it came, some shriller and some deeper. . . . We have also means to convey sounds . . . in strange lines and distances.

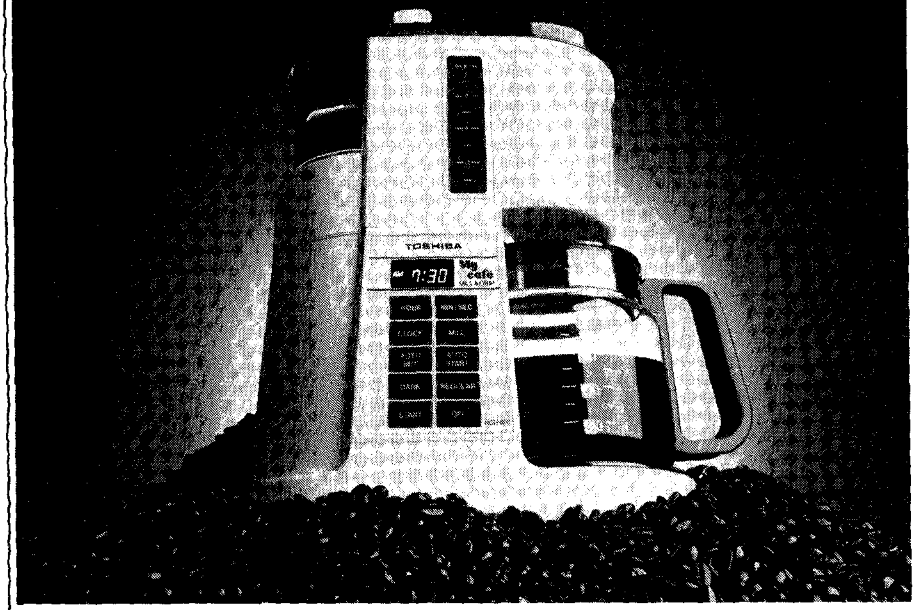
A fair amount of music made at IRCAM using some or all of these devices—works by York Höller, Roger Reynolds, Tod Machover, Jean-Claude Risset, Morton Subotnick, Barbara Kolb, Conrad Cummings—has been heard here. Many of the pieces combined electronics with live performers. Peter Manning, the Senior Experimental Officer in Music at Durham University, notes at the end of his useful "Electronic and Computer Music" (Oxford) that while some composers remain committed to working solely with synthetic sounds "the majority have come to place a higher priority on the refinement of links between the synthetic and natural sound-worlds, seeking a language which is common to both." And Mr. Griffiths, in the program book, said that "the most productive aspect of electronic music is not what Varèse and the young Stockhausen first supposed—its freedom from past limitations—but rather its capacity to contrast and interact with the known world of musical sounds." "Répons" is Boulez's response—the response of a great composer and one of the keenest musical minds of our day—to the new possibilities. His concern with electronics goes back to 1948, when he worked for a while in Pierre Schaeffer's *musique concrète* studio. His Études of 1952—one of them has been recorded—stripped *musique concrète* of evocative and picturesque connotations and essayed "pure" composition. But his "Poésie pour Pouvoir," for tape and orchestra, first heard at Donaueschingen in 1958, was withdrawn after that single performance: the tape element did not satisfy him. He shunned electronics for years, and returned to them only with " . . . explosante-fixe . . . ," for chamber ensemble and a wondrous machine, which New York heard in 1973; the piece is due to be recast more precisely, with the more wondrous machines now developed at IRCAM. "Répons" is not an experimental work but an achieved masterwork, sprung from, standing on, and dominating the latest expanse of "fruitful land" (a favorite Boulez image, Klee-derived) into which music and technology have now marched hand in hand. Like the Second Piano Sonata, "Structures," "Le Marteau sans Maître," "Pli Selon

Pli," and "Rituel," "Répons" is a monument of its time. Like them, I believe, it will stand firm, to be excitedly reëxplored in each succeeding decade.

ON a platform in the center of the gym there was a chamber orchestra of eight strings, nine woodwinds, and seven brasses. The audience surrounded the players on three sides; behind them the electronic machines and their manipulators were stationed. In each corner of the room and at the center of each long side there sat, aloft on an eminence, a soloist: playing piano, piano, harp, cimbalon, xylophone, and vibraphone. The six soloists also had both adjunct instruments (celesta; electric organ; another harp, differently tuned; further percussion) and tape machines charged with what Boulez calls "musical wallpaper," generated in advance by the 4X computer, which they could unroll as required to form a background. Batteries of loudspeakers hung overhead.

"Répons" begins with a sudden, jagged arpeggio—as if the work were set in motion, Boulez has suggested, by the figure of a lightning flash. There are further flashes, and then the basic motif is revealed as a deep rising arpeggio topped by a trill or a sustained call. A maze of trills creates a feeling of tense expectancy. (It's a Beethoven device writ large.) A trumpet fanfare and a tattoo of *col legno* strings herald the entry of the soloists. Suddenly, wave upon wave of twinkling, glittering sound pours in from every side. At the same time, the hall, lit until now only on the platform, is flooded with light. The shimmer glows to an intoxicating jangle and then fades into silence. (The "movements" of "Répons" are clearly articulated.) There follows a scherzo with a chunky theme of neoclassical cut. As soloists and orchestra answer one another, the texture thickens into a long, dense section pierced from time to time by a low brass note that booms out, foghornlike, to provide a point of stability, a tonal anchor. One might be lost in a swirl of fog banks, which part often to reveal the bright, busy dance of the stars above. Gradually, the music subsides onto one sustained call.

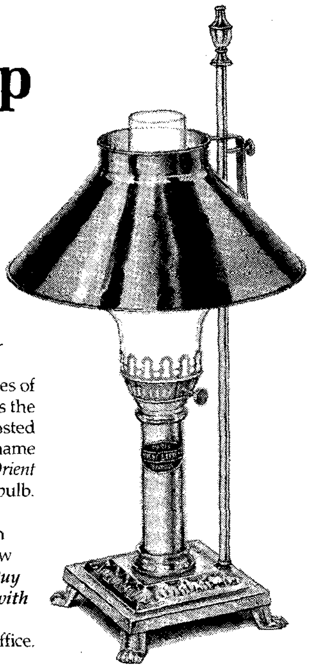
And there, in 1981, "Répons" ended, after twenty minutes. But more had already been planned, and further installments were added successively at performances in London in 1982, in Turin in 1984, and at these American



Toshiba gives you fresh ground coffee in an instant.

Pour in fresh beans, pour in the water, select the grind and touch a button. Minutes later, Toshiba's amazing My Café has made fresh coffee from fresh ground coffee beans. Or, program it the night before to have the coffee ready when you wake up. My Café comes in an 8- or 12-cup size.
For coffee lovers, it's the freshest thing to come along in years.

In Touch with Tomorrow
TOSHIBA
Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470



Evoke the great era of rail travel, with . . .

Orient Express Lamp

Now only $59.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!

The Orient Express used to be called the "queen of trains", when it wended its way from Paris to Istanbul at the turn of the century. The finest dishes, the greatest vintages were served on these trains. Service was impeccable. All fixtures and appointments were of quality and taste, created especially for the demanding and select few who could afford to travel in this style.

We have re-created one of the enchanting and very practical fixtures of that era, the *Orient Express Brass Lamp.* It is the same in every detail as the fabled original—down to the clawed feet, the scrolled base, the frosted glass cylinder, the height-adjustable brass shade, and the gold/green name plate. We've made only one concession to the 20th century: the *Orient Express Brass Lamp* no longer runs on gas—it now takes a 60-watt bulb. This stunning art-deco Lamp is 21" high and weighs a hefty 5 lbs.

When we first imported these Lamps, we sold thousands of them for over $100. Most catalogs still sell them for $79 or $89. We can now offer you this Lamp for just $59.95. But here is an even better deal: ***Buy two for $119.90, and we'll send you a third one absolutely FREE, with our compliments!***

You should get these evocative Lamps for your home and for your office. Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 431-9003
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1003B239**, If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders We cannot ship without this information. UPS/insurance: $5.95 for one *Orient Express Lamp,* $11.90 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

haverhills
since 1967
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

EDDIE JACOBS
LTD.
22 LIGHT STREET
BALTIMORE, MD 21202-1052
1-800-752-2624

HAMPTON SAIL-SUCKER
SWIM SHORT

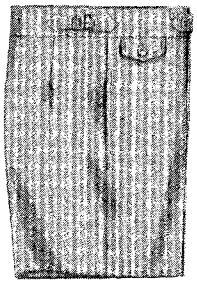
Fabricated in 100% cotton seersucker, tailored with a gentlemanly fit longer leg, this fully cut short features a nylon support system, zippered fly, front snaffle buckle, flapped key pocket, and on-seam front pockets (the suggestion of a boating client who does not like to be bothered when a whim takes him "over the side").

Two colours: Blue and White; Green and White

Sized: 34–42 waist

$45.00 plus $1.25 shipping
(Within continental U.S.)

Mail orders accepted: **AE, CHOICE, MC, VISA**
Please include expiration date.



North Carolina.
Friendly Living.

FEARRINGTON
A COUNTRY VILLAGE
One of life's finest places to live.
Chapel Hill 800 334-5475
P.O. Box 111-N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

The
Aschaffenburgs' Home Has
75 Bedrooms And
A Great Kitchen

The Pontchartrain
The Pontchartrain Hotel
2031 St. Charles Avenue
New Orleans, LA 70140 504/524-0581 800/952-8092
Owned and managed by three generations of the Aschaffenburg family
MEMBER Preferred Hotels

performances. "Répons" has now more than doubled its length, to forty-five minutes, and it has become a more demanding work. At a first hearing of this fuller version, my own responsiveness grew a shade less keen during the next two sections, for they have a static, time-suspended quality—many incidents but little apparent progress. Subsequent hearings, however, even though only in the spatially restricted medium of tape, revealed their variety and proportion. The first of them seems like a new view of the previous section, but rendered in lighter textures, with riffs on the tuned percussions and more exotic transmutations of the soloists' timbres. Woodwind lines through a gamelanlike patter lead into the next section, which is punctuated with the pipping of Morse-code signals and shot through with long, swooping shafts of melody. Then there is a change of gait, into an episode built from big surges of sound, each followed by ripples or stillnesses. Another change introduces a passage of airy textures, trills, and playful solos, invaded by an insistent march-like rhythm; Boulez seems to be smiling here, even joking. Woodwind runs lead it to a close. The coda is a series of sweeping rhetorical arpeggios, each differently colored, voiced, and spaced. Each is differently answered: by reverberations into silence, echoes of various strange kinds, sudden flurries as of startled birds, or showers of small, bright flakes. The distance between the arpeggios grows greater. One of them remains unanswered except by a long silence, and "Répons" is over.

Mr. Henahan began his essay on "Répons" with the reflection that for Beethoven when giving voice to his last, most adventurous musical thoughts a medium of four conventional string instruments sufficed. Busoni, after hearing of Thaddeus Cahill's two-hundred-ton Dynamiphone, or Telharmonium, which by electrical means could generate sounds of any timbre and pitch, wrote—in his "Sketch for a New Aesthetic of Music," of 1907—"In what direction does the next step lead? To abstract sound, to unhampered technique, to unlimited tonal material." But in 1922 he asked, "Should not music . . . try to express only what is most important with a few notes, set down in a masterly fashion? Does my 'Brautwahl' with its full score of seven hundred pages achieve more than 'Figaro' with

IN APRIL,
ONE OF
NEW YORK'S
GREAT RESTAURANTS
MOVES TO
BRETAGNE.

AND
WE'LL TAKE YOU
ALONG.

During the month of April, without leaving New York, enjoy the cuisine de la Bretagne as interpreted by La Récolte's master chef, Christian Lévêque.
A pre-theatre, prix fixe dinner is served from 5:30 to 7:00 p.m.

LA RÉCOLTE
110 E. 49th St., East of Park Ave., N.Y. 212-421-4389

BABY BOUNCINETTE®
Let your baby enjoy hours of happy, bouncing fun! The Bouncinette's safe, sturdy steel frame allows baby to bounce gently while playing, sitting or sleeping. Baby's slightest movement generates a soothing, bouncing motion that brings gurgles of delight. Washable, 100% cotton cover is available in six bright colors (red, navy, light blue, orange, beige or chocolate—state your choice in order of preference). Stands 14" high, folds flat for travelling. Birth to 12 mos. **$34.99 (including UPS delivery). Send check or money order. NY residents add sales tax.**
THE ENCHANTED CHILD™
Department 525, County Route 5
Canaan, New York 12029

Be Pampered . . .
in the Colorado wilderness.
Walk with llamas from our
luxurious mountain base camp.
Call or write for brochure.
HOME RANCH LLAMA TREKS
Box 822Y • Clark, CO 80428 • (303) 879-1780

its six accompanying wind instruments?" The sheer cost of "Répons"—created with the resources of the lavishly subsidized IRCAM, executed by a crack orchestra maintained by the French government solely for the presentation of modern music—and the elaboration of apparatus and the amount of rehearsal needed for its performance inevitably raise questions about means and end. I cannot answer such questions except as a listener. Both economy and copiousness can be artistic virtues: there is room in the world for Mozart and Mahler, for Webern and Wagner, for Schubert and the Stockhausen of "Licht." It is not a matter of exclusive alternatives. Boulez's "Dialogue de l'Ombre Double" is written, as I said, for just one player and tape, and his "Dérive" is a brief sextet. The Ensemble also performed Elliott Carter's new "Penthode," which is for twenty instruments played traditionally, without electronics.

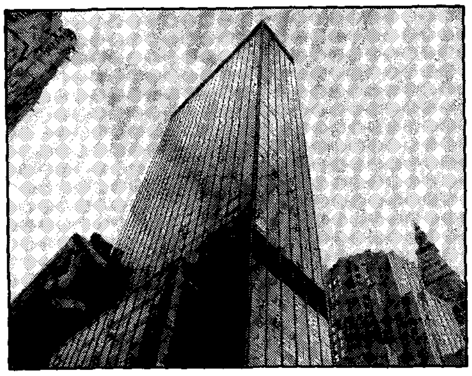
Busoni once likened music to a garden in which each composer, however mighty, can "survey, handle, and display only a fraction of the complete flora of the earth, a tiny fragment of that paradise-garden which covers the planets." "Répons" fills a larger plot of that garden than most works do, but it did not strike me as an extravaganza—excessive or unwarranted in its demands. On the contrary, it is precise, disciplined, and logical. I can understand people's disliking or resenting Boulez, for tracts of music's garden which many hold dear he dismisses as rank or withered weeds and tramples underfoot with disdain. But throughout my life since my first, dazzled encounter with "Le Marteau sans Maître," at the 1958 Aix-en-Provence festival, he has in work after work shaken any easy, comfortable assumptions and compelled listeners to think afresh; has seized on whatever he finds significant in each wave of new discoveries or inventions and distilled from it something pure and keen; and then, with creative passion, has composed a series of—the word is inescapable—masterpieces. "Répons" is the latest of them.—ANDREW PORTER

•

After he officially retired in January 1978, Karesh was assigned to the Alameda Superior Court to hear the trial of Huey Newton, the Black Panther leader charged with pistol-whipping his tailor—and eventually convicted of possessing a fireman.
—*Los Angeles Daily Journal.*

A landmark decision.

Royal Worcester Spode Opens Showroom at Forty One Madison.



Royal Worcester Spode announces the opening of its new showroom on the 6th floor of Forty One Madison, the New York Merchandise Mart, in time for the New York Tabletop & Accessories Show, May 3rd-May 8th. It will be the world's largest permanent presentation of Royal Worcester and Spode products and the first time American retailers will be able to see every item and pattern carried.

Open to the trade only.

Forty One Madison
THE SETTING FOR EXCELLENCE

The New York Merchandise Mart
41 Madison Avenue at 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010
Carole Dixon, Director 212-686-1203
A Rudin Building

Have a pleasant stay.

At home.

When home health care is the sensible alternative, Tender Loving Care is there to make it as comfortable as possible. Our trained professionals are available for long and short term assignments, whatever the need. For more information and a free brochure call:

Tender Loving Care® Health Care Services, Inc.

TOLL FREE: 1-800-852-2273
One Hollow Lane, Lake Success, NY 11042
24 hours/7 days a week.
A trained health care professional will answer.
21 Offices in 11 States: New York: Long Island, Westchester, Connecticut: New Haven, Stamford; New Jersey; Florida; Illinois; Indiana; Iowa; Massachusetts; Ohio; Pennsylvania; Rhode Island.

THE THEATRE

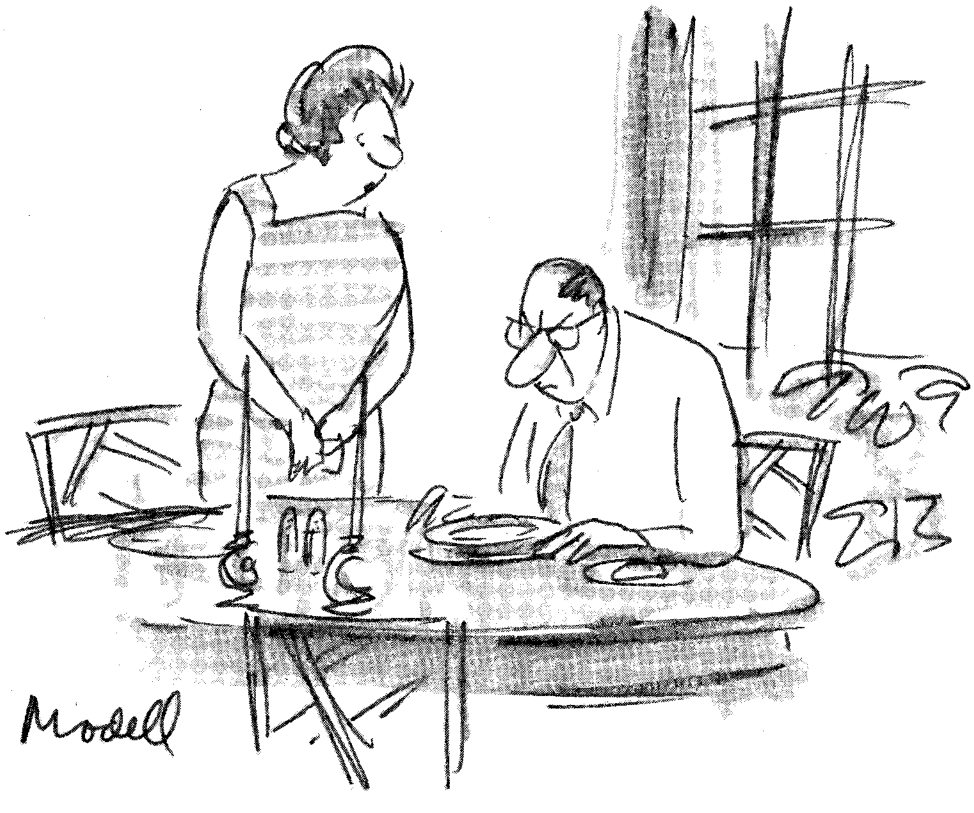
Airborne and Earthbound

WHAT can one say? There is "Oedipus at Colonus" and "King Lear," and then there is the mighty oeuvre of the Flying Karamazov Brothers, who share with Sophocles and Shakespeare the distinction of not being able to fly, not being named Karamazov, and not being brothers. My scholarship is so rusty in certain areas that I am unable to say whether Sophocles and Shakespeare were jugglers, but the five amiable young nonsiblings who call themselves Karamazovs certainly are; indeed, it is difficult to imagine an object that they're not prepared to juggle, unless it be a three-hundred-pound canary. Their show, which combines juggling, comic sketches, and offhand wisecracks, is to be seen these days at the Vivian Beaumont, newly returned to light and merriment after several years of darkling hibernation. As if to confirm the nimbleness of the Karamazovs on levels physical as well as quasi-metaphysical, on April 23rd the entire company will drop down into the pleasant little Mitzi Newhouse Theatre, which is to be found in the subterranean labyrinth below the Beaumont and currently houses the very popular revival of John Guare's "The House of Blue Leaves." On April 29th, "House" will vault skyward into the Beaumont, which, being roughly three times as big as the Newhouse, is fitter for hits.

In no matter what venue, the Karamazovs are well worth watching. It is quite impossible to keep flinging through the air, in horripilating proximity to the audience, as many Indian clubs, battle-axes, sickles, and cigar boxes, to say nothing of meat cleavers and other potentially dangerous kitchen utensils, as the Karamazovs suavely undertake to do, and then do. The high point of the show is when Ivan Karamazov (Howard Jay Patterson) volunteers to juggle any three objects brought up onto the stage from the audience. If he fails in the attempt three times, he must submit to the humiliation of having a cream pie hurled in his face. At the performance I attended, the audience contributed twenty or thirty possible candidates for juggling, which it then voted for according to the degree of difficulty they appeared to present. The winners that three fiends in the audience had provided were a large, freshly cut, and obviously slippery fish head, an aluminum dish filled with cottage cheese, and a Slinky. Poor Ivan gallantly took up the challenge and gallantly failed; when the dreadful moment of punishment by pastry arrived, I shut my eyes.

Mr. Patterson's colleagues are Timothy Daniel Furst (Fyodor), Paul David Magid (Dmitri), Randy Nelson (Alyosha), and Sam Williams (Smerdyakov). With the exception of their unlucky mangling of the negative future conditional tense, I found their Russian immaculate.

BROADWAY has gone so woefully awry this season that one is tempted to snatch at any straw, but "So Long on Lonely Street" (at the Jack Lawrence) is nothing like as strong as a straw, and I found it easy to resist snatching at it. Characteristically, the fatuous title bears almost no relation to the play; it comes from a song that the two leading figures sing at the opening of the second act. They are twins—a sister and brother who experienced their first sexual attraction to each other when as infants they were given a daily bath together. They have been fighting this attraction for decades, she as a poet in the small Southern town that their family has long dominated and she has long despised, and he as an exile in New York City, working out his existential despair as an actor in a TV soap opera. Having failed to consummate their fatal passion, they seek surcease in idle sexual promiscuity. Now their ancient maiden aunt has died, and the twins meet in the ancestral home for her funeral and the reading of her will. To complicate matters, a black woman who has been the lifelong companion of the aunt is present to claim her due, which she believes will turn out to be the house and grounds; also present is the twins' first cousin, a boisterous businessman with a pregnant wife and a nasty plan to take over the property, throw down the house, and build a shopping center on the grounds. This précis of the plot so far might itself be a précis of a TV soap, and is surely sufficient to indicate that "So Long on Lonely Street" is trash, and trash of a particularly old-fashioned and repellent sort, grossly caricaturing a hundred or more Southern plays and novels. The author, Sandra Deer, reveals not a spark of literary talent; it is her idea of effective drama to have a coffin onstage throughout the play, to have the coffin lid raised



"Now, how do you know you don't like cream-cheese soup if you won't even taste it?"

from time to time in order that humorously inappropriate remarks may be made to the corpse ("Lie still!"), and to have the corpse itself—a crudely fashioned mannequin with a white wig—finally put in an appearance, in order to frighten the pregnant wife. It has been reported that the play was well received in Atlanta, where Miss Deer lives and works; I am at a loss to know why.

An excellent actress, Lizan Mitchell, finds more of value in the role of the elderly black woman than the role contains, and Stephen Root, in the tiresome role of the businessman, makes comedy out of huffing and puffing. As the twins, who attain happiness at last in the incest they have spent their lives avoiding (and attain it for no better reason than that the play must come to an end; their feelings are exactly the same as they were in the family tub), Pat Nesbit and Ray Dooley lack charm, even as their lines lack plausibility. Jane Murray and Fritz Sperberg are adequate in minor parts. The marvellous set, a realistic reproduction of Southern middle-class domestic squalor, is by Mark Morton, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, the lighting is by Allen Lee Hughes, and the direction is by Kent Stephens.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Imperfect

AT the opening of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s "The Perfect Party," at Playwrights Horizons, a man called Tony is in his study talking to a woman called Lois. He is a professor of American literature, I guess, at a nearby college; she is a reporter and critic for "the arts-and-leisure section of a major New York newspaper," and she has been invited to review "the perfect party," of which Tony is the host, and which is about to start. They examine Tony's books, which range chronologically from Hawthorne to Cheever and Updike, and include, off to one side (and most significantly), the works of Oscar Wilde. They go over the guest list, which appears to represent all elements of society ("No quotas," Tony says), and he makes it clear that he expects a perfect review. His speech is deliberately mannered and Wildean, and so is hers, but Tony's wife, Sally, uses a very different tone when she enters, wearing a dress she hates and full of misgivings about the forthcoming bash, which she'd like to call off at once. The only

Picture it.
Your boss has just ordered Chivas.
Two colleagues have just ordered Dewar's.
And you say, "Famous Grouse, please."

"Famous *what?*" say all three. "Grouse," say you. "The Famous Grouse."

And with a wee dram of luck, the boss may ask for a taste.

You can prod him, of course, by explaining that Scotland knows no finer Scotch...that, indeed, it ranks first in that land of experts.

Admit casually that it costs a bit more than Dewar's, "*but a tad less than yours, sir.*"

As always, the taste will be the clincher. "Aha," he will say, "I like *our* Scotch." Whereupon, you have hopscotched your competition.

THE FAMOUS GROUSE®
Scotland sends its best.

Remember special occasions by sending a gift of The Famous Grouse anywhere in the continental U.S. where allowed by state law. Call toll-free **1-800-238-4373.** The Famous Grouse,® Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof, © 1986, Imported by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT.

A simple wager for everyone who hankers for the quintessential preserve...

Tiptree Preserves are cherished worldwide for their exceptional quality.

Ever since 1885, the Wilkin family has been making these exquisite delicacies from the finest fruit – nearly all of it freshly hand-picked at the Wilkin's own orchards and growing fields in the tiny village of Tiptree, England.

Now, we'd like to encourage you to share in this special tradition . . . to experience for yourself the quality and distinctive flavors that are unique to Tiptree Preserves.

Hence, our wager.

1. Send us $3.50 (nothing extra for shipping) for the Tiptree Sampler shown below. These "miniatures" are thoroughly representative of the time-honored "fresh fruit" quality inherent in Tiptree's classic 12-ounce jars available in fine food stores.

2. Try each preserve. On toast. With a scone. On ice cream or, even, a melon. Your choice.

3. If this Sampler doesn't fully satisfy *your* hankering for some of the world's most scrumptious preserves, just let us know. And why.

We'll refund your money, including the extra postage stamp.

With your Sampler, we'll send you a copy of *The Tiptree Cachet.* It's a nice little pamphlet with lots of delicious insights into the many ways to enjoy the more than 50 Tiptree jams, jellies, marmalades and chutneys now available in the States.

Your satisfaction is guaranteed. (It's our bet!) So send your request and check for $3.50 to the address below.

Tiptree
Wilkin & Sons Ltd
Strawberry Preserve
Orange Marmalade
Black Currant Preserve

The Tiptree Sampler: One 1½-ounce jar each of Orange Marmalade, Strawberry and Black Currant Preserves.

Tiptree-By-Post
201 SMITH STREET
POST OFFICE BOX 1748 / BIDDEFORD, MAINE 04005

guests on view are Tony and Sally's Jewish neighbors, Wes and Wilma, who enter first in bathrobes and, once the festivities start, offstage, reappear in evening clothes. The reporter abruptly decides to leave, claiming that since the party lacks what she calls the essential element of danger there is no story in it. Tony invents an element of danger (a very silly one), and she remains. Episode follows episode; the party seems to be a failure, but at the very end of the evening another party begins—a loose, unstructured party—given by Sally, and the offstage voices become happy.

Mr. Gurney has been trying throughout his playwriting career to make a statement, to draw some conclusions, about America, and this is his most direct attempt yet: Lois, reading the guest list, realizes at once that what she has been handed is "a spectrum of America in the closing years of the twentieth century." I think he did far better through indirection, in "Scenes from American Life" and "The Dining Room" and, above all, "The Middle Ages." This play is a fable whose themes and seriousness have become overt. Tony's obsession with perfection—he has resigned his job and would like to become an expert on perfection, preferably on a TV talk show—is compared with this country's insistence on inflicting its ideas about perfection on the world. Mr. Gurney's own ideas are certainly sound, but somehow his seriousness does not work—dramatically, that is. There is, on the other hand, plenty to enjoy in "The Perfect Party." Mr. Gurney is one of our wittiest writers, his ear sharply attuned to fatuities, and he is almost always very funny when he tries to be. For all my reservations—during the first act I feared his tongue might become permanently embedded in his cheek—I seldom stopped laughing. The acting is fine. John Cunningham is Tony; Charlotte Moore is Lois, the icy reporter; Debra Mooney is Sally; and David Margulies and Kate McGregor-Stewart are Wes and Wilma. The impeccable setting, costumes, and lighting are by Steven Rubin, Jane Greenwood, and Dan Kotlowitz, respectively. John Tillinger directed.

"DAUGHTERS," by John Morgan Evans, is about four generations of women in the DiAngelo kitchen, in Brooklyn. The first generation is silent, unable to speak any English at all; she is ninety-three, and she appears twice, to eat and pray silently, and then retires to her bedroom. The bossiest, most responsible, and most volatile of them is Tessie, older daughter of Mom and mother of Cetta, aged seventeen. Pop is in his bedroom, on his doctor's orders, waiting to have his cancerous larynx removed. Tessie's sister, Patty Ann, feels that the family should seek another opinion, and Tessie is furious; the matter, she feels, is settled. Tessie has had a couple of nervous breakdowns in the past; she has another during the action, when she discovers that her husband is having an affair with a young waitress, whom she goes after, gun in hand (no harm done). At one point, Tessie retires to a hospital, but mostly she is onstage, laying down the law, bursting into tears as one crisis follows another, and being the mainstay of mother, daughter, and sister, all of whom apparently adore her, between battles. Tessie and Patty Ann sibble a good deal, but everybody loves everybody.

A play of this sort is probably much harder on the men in the audience than it is on the women, and particularly a woman like me, who rarely watches television. "Sitcom" may be the current word, but old-fashioned domestic comedy is what it looks like to me. Some of the lines are funny, and even more of them are not, especially when we can feel the playwright straining for laughs. On the other hand, the minute-by-minute emotional abrasions and the underlying affection amid all the fireworks sound convincing enough. There doesn't seem to be any shape to the play or any strong narrative drive, yet at the end quite a lot has taken place, quite a lot has changed. The performances, under the capable direction of John Henry Davis, are always credible, and perhaps the actresses give the show more class than it deserves. Marcia Rodd is Tessie, Bette Henritze is her mother, Mary Testa is Patty Ann, Miriam Phillips is the silent grandma, and Marisa Tomei makes a glowing début as the seventeen-year-old Cetta. Scenery by Kevin Rupnik, lighting by F. Mitchell Dana, and costumes by Donna Zakowska. —EDITH OLIVER

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Selectman Bud Junkins quoted in the Lewiston (Maine) Daily Sun*]

"The police may not be there when you want, but that's because they may be somewhere else."

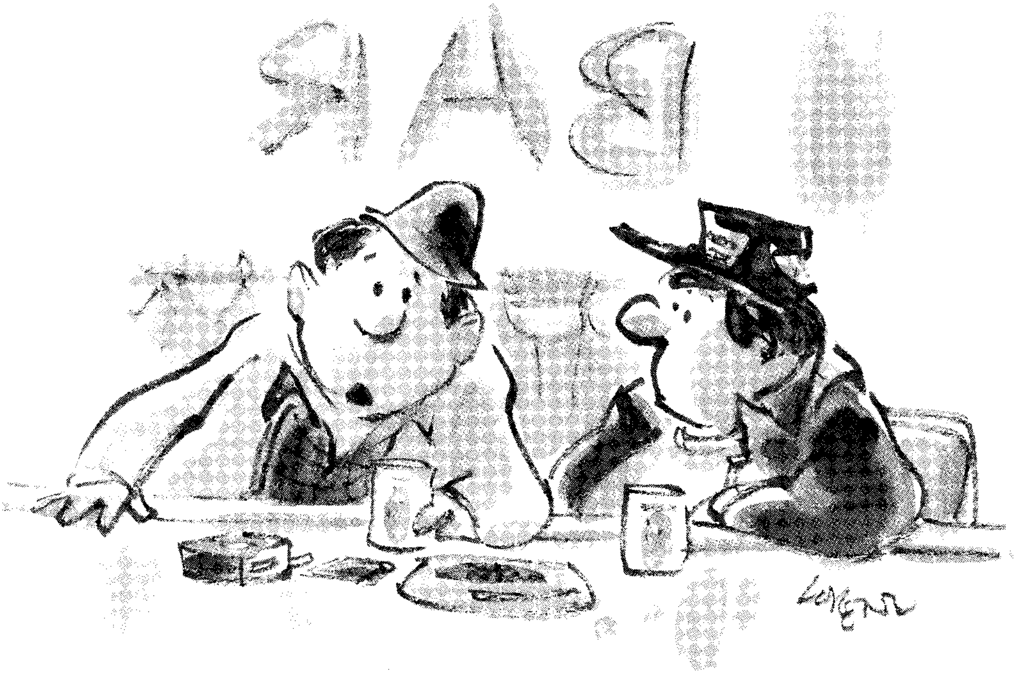
THE ART WORLD

Medicis, Inc.

THE Equitable Life Assurance Society, a firm with little previous involvement in the fine arts, has just spent seven and a half million dollars on works of art for its new headquarters building, in midtown Manhattan. Mayor Koch and a host of other notables came to the opening-night gala in February in Equitable's street-floor lobby, where they saw the unveiling of Scott Burton's "Atrium Furnishment," a semicircular sculptured marble settee enclosing a circular marble basin full of aquatic plants, and of Roy Lichtenstein's exuberant sixty-eight-foot-high "Mural with Blue Brushstroke." Elsewhere on the street level of what is billed as Equitable Center, "the largest corporate art complex ever developed," one could admire major works by Sol LeWitt, Sandro Chia, and Barry Flanagan, all of which were commissioned by Equitable; a 1939 bronze sculpture, "Day," by the late Paul Manship, whose "Prometheus" figure adorns Rockefeller Center (Equitable's directors have said that Rockefeller Center was in many ways the model for Equitable Center); Thomas Hart Benton's ninety-foot series of murals called "America Today," painted in the nineteen-thirties for the New School for Social Research, and bought by Equitable two years ago for three million four hundred thousand dollars; and a pair of three-thousand-square-foot art galleries, situated on either side of the building's main entrance, on Seventh Avenue between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets, which constitute the latest and largest branch of the Whitney Museum of American Art. It was Edward Larrabee Barnes, the building's architect, who urged his clients to undertake an art program and to get the Whitney to advise them. Barnes recently called the relationship between Equitable and art a symbiotic one—"The company gets a lot from the art program, and the art program gets a lot from the company," he said—and it would be churlish to disagree. I am amazed, nevertheless, by the speed with which we have come to take this symbiosis for granted.

The modern courtship between art and business really took wing in 1959, the year the Chase Manhattan Bank set up its art-buying program. Several American firms had collected or commissioned works of art before that, but it was Chase's commitment—largely inspired by David Rockefeller, who was then the president of the bank, and overseen by a committee of museum professionals which included Alfred Barr, Dorothy Miller, James Johnson Sweeney, Robert B. Hale, and Perry Rathbone—that made a lot of other corporate leaders sit up and take notice. More than eight hundred business organizations in this country now collect art, according to a conservative estimate by the Business Committee for the Arts, a national nonprofit organization. Their holdings cover a wide range, from the Campbell Soup Company's collection of soup tureens to the First National Bank of Chicago's eclectic array of more than four thousand art objects dating from the sixth century B.C. to the present. Most of the collections, however, are in the field of contemporary American art, and this is what boggles my mind. Contemporary art is plentiful and relatively affordable, of course—a big plus, since no corporation, however successful, is going to channel a disproportionate amount of the shareholders' money into art. But the idea that contemporary art can serve the corporate image of so many businesses suggests that there have been some major changes in American art or in American business, or both, during the last two decades.

Benjamin D. Holloway, the man in charge of Equitable's multimillion-dollar real-estate division, has been quite frank about why the company is spending so much on art. According to Holloway, who is also the man mainly responsible for the art program, "we are doing these things because we think that it will attract and hold tenants, and that they will pay us the rents we're looking for." Putting up a high-rent office building on the West Side of midtown was a risk, and Equitable, which financed the construction, plans to occupy only seventeen of the building's fifty-four floors. Lichtenstein, Chia, and Burton can help to sell real estate, it appears, as effectively as Cimabue and Giotto helped to sell Christianity. A number of subtler explanations have been advanced to justify corporate art-buying, of course. Art on the walls of the workplace is said to foster innovative thinking and "creativity" among employees. It is also said to boost morale, impress clients, and attract top-quality personnel. The well-publicized Philip Morris slogan "It takes art to make a company great" might suggest the kind of innovative thinking required by a company that has problems advertising its own major product, but some firms apparently take the idea quite literally. When PepsiCo moved its main office from Manhattan to Westchester, in 1970, it set about acquiring a collection of large-scale outdoor



"I finally got a grip on myself, and now I can't let go."

We serve the tables of the World
Cristallerie Zwiesel Germany
From the celebrated Selection Series and executed with the consistent clear sculptured look that identifies the flawless 12-stem crystal group. Here, America's three most wanted wine stems, Champagne, Red and White. Write for the complete collection folio and the name of your nearest retailer. Cristallerie Zwiesel, Three Odell Plaza, Yonkers, NY 10701.

Free Catalog
Teak & Mahogany Outdoor Furniture
• Precision-cut Kits • Fully Assembled
Let us show you our all-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Choose from classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables and more for patio, poolside and garden. Our pre-drilled, precision-cut kits are easy and fun to assemble.
WOOD CLASSICS
R#1, Box 455E-Y46, High Falls, NY 12440
(914) 687-7288

SUMMER IN V·E·R·M·O·N·T
Spectacular scenery and cool mountain air make Vermont special in summer. Ideal vacation retreat for couples and families. Enjoy modern accommodations, golf, tennis, swimming, hiking, riding, live theater, and total fitness program. 2 to 7 day golf and tennis packages available.
Fully equipped 1 to 4 bedroom apts. with TV, DW, frpl, kitchens & linen. Monthly rentals from $565 to $1350 incl. utilities. Call TOLL FREE for VACATION PLANNING KIT **800-343-0762**.
KILLINGTON V·I·L·L·A·G·E
Killington, Vermont 05751 (802)422-3101

sculpture. Speaking about the collection to a *Times* reporter not long ago, Donald M. Kendall, the firm's chairman, said, "This makes us a first-class company."

Company presidents like to talk in general terms about supporting the work of the living artist and thereby contributing to the culture of democracy. This fits in with the modern corporation's wish to be (or to appear to be) socially responsible, and it provides welcome opportunities for self-congratulation. "We business people who support the arts today are like the Medicis and the other collectors and supporters of art in history—only better," Winton M. Blount, the chairman of Blount, Inc., said at the 1984 annual awards dinner of the Business Committee for the Arts. "We all know that making our society fit for the human spirit demands that we contribute to making mankind's burdens lighter and that we lift man's spirits and aspirations." To the best of my knowledge, Mr. Blount's company, which is based in Alabama and deals in construction, engineering, specialty steel, and agri-industrial operations, has not yet become the subject of an art work by Hans Haacke, the German artist who often juxtaposes a firm's cultural pronouncements with his own researched statement concerning the firm's hiring practices, safety conditions, or other, less publicized activities. An exhibition of Haacke's work that was scheduled to open at the Guggenheim Museum in 1971 was cancelled when it turned out that some of the pictures made unflattering references to New York real-estate interests, and he has remained the sort of artist whose work is not in great demand for corporate collections. The way things are going, though, in five years or so he might become perfectly acceptable, as a kind of corporate "in" joke demonstrating a firm's commitment to maturity, tolerance, and artistic freedom.

Corporate collecting has given work to a whole new professional class of art advisers and curators, some of whom are as knowledgeable as their counterparts in museums. The best collections, however, usually reflect the personal interest and participation of the firm's head man, acting individually rather than in committee. Donald B. Marron, the chairman of PaineWebber, is responsible for that company's strikingly avant-garde collection of paintings and sculptures by contemporary American and European artists. (The firm recently moved into Equitable's former office space, in a Sixth Avenue building that connects with Equitable Center to form what Equitable calls "one square block of art.") In 1984, PaineWebber hired Monique Beudert away from the Museum of Modern Art's department of painting and sculpture to be its in-house curator. But Marron, who recently became the president of MOMA's board of directors, and whose private collection stops just short, chronologically, of the up-to-the-minute work that PaineWebber buys (Frank Stella, Jasper Johns, and the first-generation Abstract Expressionists are too expensive now for corporate art budgets), continues to keep a sharp eye on new acquisitions. How do PaineWebber's employees react to Marron's taste in new art? There are occasional complaints, according to Monique Beudert, but there are also employees who bring the wife and kids on weekends to see the art. (It hangs in the corridors and other public areas, not in anyone's private office unless it is specifically requested.) Marron feels that corporate collections are helping to broaden the audience for contemporary art, and are doing so in a way that museums and galleries can't duplicate. "We're not competing with museums, but we have something no museum has, which is unlimited linear space—bare walls," he told me. "Where else can you see such a wide spectrum of recent work?" He would like this aspect of corporate collecting to be developed somehow—the collections to be made available to a larger public—although that would involve difficult questions of security and maintenance. In the meantime, PaineWebber has turned the downstairs lobby into an exhibition space for temporary exhibits by some of the city's smaller museums; the incumbent is the International Center of Photography's show of photographs by Philippe Halsman.

Not many large corporations are as freewheeling as PaineWebber in their art program. Exxon, which has been active for some years as a sponsor of museum exhibitions and other cultural activities, began buying contemporary art in 1982 and now owns two hundred and seventy-five examples, most of them done since 1980. The firm's highly professional fine-arts consultant, Lois Dickson (who put together the Prudential Insurance Company's collection before she moved to Exxon), works with an acquisitions committee of six Exxon executives, and her selections are also reviewed by the art historians John I. H. Baur and Irving Sandler. As a result of employee complaints about abstract art, realism now has an equal place in the collection. At Equitable, American realist paintings were chosen almost exclusively to decorate the executive dining rooms, on the forty-ninth floor. Nobody wants an art program that makes employees unhappy—especially not a corporation such as Exxon, where of late there have been some reductions in staff. What seems surprising, though, in view of the no-nonsense values that American business stood for only yesterday, is that post-1980 art of any kind now looks right at home in banks, insurance companies, and brokerage firms.

What we are dealing with is a form of patronage that is not altogether certain of its objectives but potentially unlimited in scope. Already, there are a number of galleries here and in other cities that cater mainly or exclusively to corporate clients. Jack Boulton, the art adviser to Chase Manhattan, bought thirteen hundred and five works of art for the Chase collection in 1984. This averages out to more than three a day, and makes it easy to understand why Boulton is a figure of some importance in international art circles. (The Chase collection now numbers almost eleven thousand works, housed in three hundred and forty-six branches throughout the world.) Boulton, a droll, likable Midwesterner who served from 1972 to 1977 as the director of the Contemporary Art Center in Cincinnati and has also worked in Washington, D.C., for the International Exhibitions Committee, tends to see himself as the art teacher for a town of thirty thousand—approximately the number of people that Chase employs internationally. "I'm multilingual," he says. "I can speak State Department, I can speak corporate, and I can speak *Artforum*. Sometimes corporate and *Artforum* sound a lot alike, come to think of it. At the bank, we never say things like 'art education;' we talk about 'knowledge-base development.' " Boulton and Merrie Good, the administrative director of the Chase art program, are often called on to advise and educate companies interested in setting up programs of their own. The level of professional competence in the field is much higher than it was a few years ago, and the demand keeps increasing. All this has obviously been a factor in

Buy tax-free bonds a less taxing way.

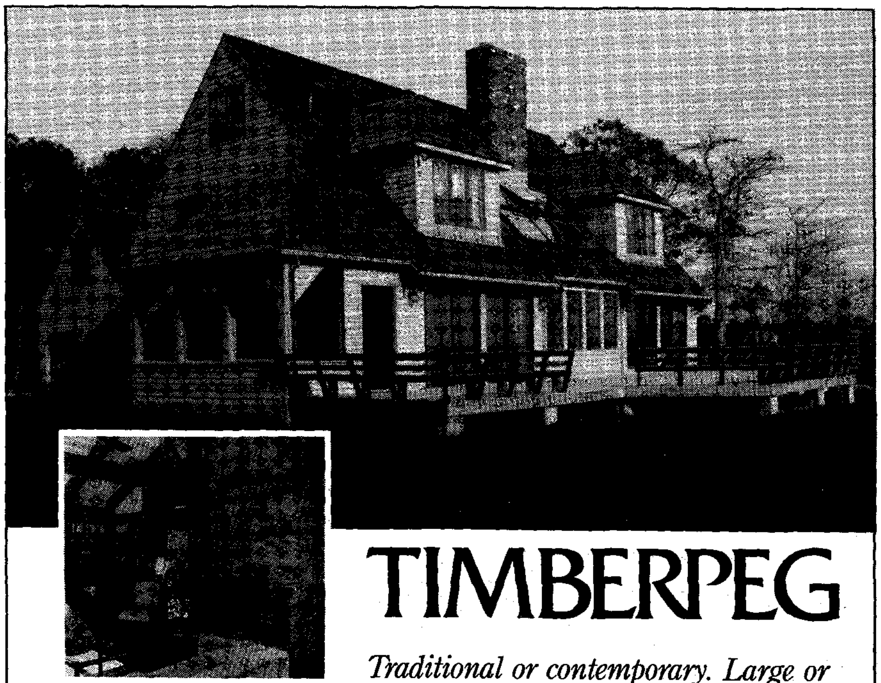
We offer a wide range of high-yield municipal bonds, and our prices reflect the benefits of being one of the largest dealers in the market.

A minimum investment of $25,000 automatically opens a discount brokerage Wall Street Account and includes monthly account statements, free custody, and money market interest rates on cash balances of $1,000 or more.

For more information, write or phone:
Karen M. Roth, Municipal Securities Department,
Bankers Trust Company, 1 Bankers Trust Plaza,
33rd Floor, New York, NY 10015. Tel. 212/775-4619.

© 1985 Bankers Trust Company
Member FDIC

Bankers Trust Company
Private Clients Group
We Make Money For People Who Make Money



TIMBERPEG

Traditional or contemporary. Large or small. Single or various levels. Select and modify from an existing plan or, with our architects, create an ideal home for you and your land.

Our colorful 65 page Design Portfolio will introduce you to the fine quality, energy efficiency and ease of creating your new home. Mail $10 to the nearest office, or telephone VISA® or MasterCard™ orders.

© T-Peg, Inc., 1986

Dept. K, Box 1500, Claremont, NH 03743 (603) 542-7762
Dept. K, Box 880, Fletcher, NC 28732 (704) 684-1722
Dept. K, Box 8988, Fort Collins, CO 80525 (303) 221-3355

the recent expansion of the art market, although just how large a factor nobody knows; art-world statistics are still fairly neolithic. Has it also affected the kind of art being made today? Boulton and most of his colleagues say it hasn't. "Art is still anti-bourgeois," Boulton says. "That's the irony. Artists as a whole are not interested in corporate taste. They realize that unless you can go beyond selling to corporations you're nowhere. Artists just go ahead with what they do, as Dorothy Miller points out in the catalogue to our collection, and our job is to try and keep up with them."

I would like to believe him, and maybe I do. Art that will never appeal to corporate buyers continues to be made all the time: art with a high degree of political or erotic content, environmental art, video art, performance art. The fact that such tendencies continue to flourish suggests that the corporate influence is by no means a controlling one. But I wonder sometimes whether there may not be a relationship, symbiotic or otherwise, between the huge increase in corporate buying and the return to favor of representational painting during the last ten years. We are all aware by now of the effect that corporate sponsorship has had and continues to have on the exhibition schedules of our major museums—more and more "Treasures of" blockbusters, fewer and fewer small, focussed shows whose public-relations potential does not quite make the grade. It seems possible to me, considering the staggering number of would-be professional artists now on the loose, that the expanding corporate market is similarly helping to foster certain kinds of art. Realism of all kinds, decorative abstraction, photographic and craft work. Art that is bright in color, upbeat, humorous. Just the sort of art, in fact, that we see so much of these days in the East Village and SoHo and at the Whitney Biennials.

Art has not really been anti-bourgeois for a long time, I suspect, and the artists who maintain an anti-bourgeois attitude today may well be in the rear guard of history. Richard Serra's powerhouse retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art probably has less to tell us about the future than the Metropolitan's delectable exhibition of François Boucher, an artist who perfectly encapsulated the image that his patrons wished to project.

—Calvin Tomkins

Unique in the World of Luxury Resorts

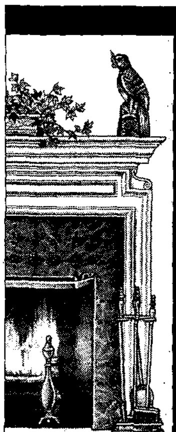
Feel at home in one of the world's finest resort hotels. Fresh flowers and over-stuffed wing chairs. Lavish bedrooms, suites and condominiums with private libraries in each. Flawless service to pamper you.

An award winning dining room overlooking our sculpture garden, a mountain view terrace and a casual Bistro, all with the touch of a Master Chef — one of only 25 in America.

Swimming in our heated pool, riding at our Equestrian Center. Tennis on our 10 outdoor, 4 indoor courts and golf next door. All in the heart of Vermont's unforgettable Green Mountains. Close enough for an impulsive getaway ... still a world apart.

TOPNOTCH AT STOWE

World Class Resort and Conference Center
Stowe, Vermont 05672
Eastern US 800-451-8686
Canada 800-228-8686 or 802-253-8585
AAA◇◇◇◇ Mobil★★★★



Warm European Elegance Between Madison and Park Avenue

Luxurious suites with woodburning fireplaces... A haven of privacy and perfection

THE LOWELL

28 East 63rd Street
New York, NY 10021
(212) 838-1400
Or call your travel agent

100% Cotton-YOUR Logo!

The biggest difference between a Queensboro Shirt and a Lacoste or Ralph Lauren polo shirt is that a Queensboro Shirt comes with YOUR logo or design. Minimum order just 6 shirts. Every shirt Guaranteed Unconditionally for at least an entire year. For a price list, brochure and FREE CLOTH SAMPLES call TOLL FREE 1-800-84-SHIRT (in NY 718-782-0200).

The Queensboro Shirt Company
Dept. N-9 119 N.11th St. Greenpoint, NY 11211

Aboard the Explorer...
CANADIAN FJORDS & VANCOUVER EXPO

In August 3 exciting 8-day cruises to seldom visited Canadian waters. From $1,690. See your Travel Agent or call 800-243-5657 for information.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
1 Sylvan Road, N. Westport, CT 06880

NAME ____
ADDRESS ____
CITY ____ STATE ____ ZIP ____

Charles H. Greenthal & Co.

We Specialize in
Co-ops • Condominiums
Townhouses

Charles H. Greenthal Residential Sales
18 East 48th Street, New York, NY 10017
(212) 754-9300

LETTER FROM EUROPE

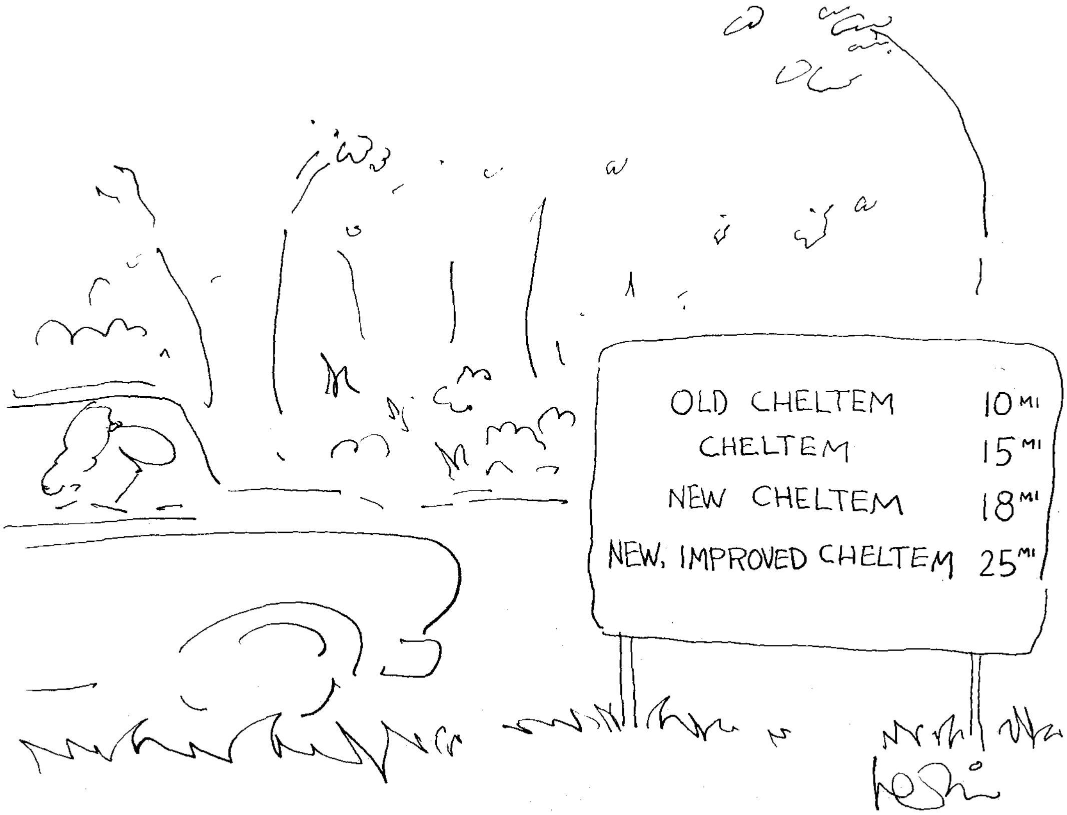
PARIS, APRIL 4

A SOCIOLOGIST here, Jean Baudrillard, has written a book called "Amérique." It is a sort of sociological prose poem—a genre inspired by the Marxist critic John Berger and so spontaneous and frothy in its scholarship that it seems to enable French professors to come out with new books every two or three months. "Amérique" is all about the void that M. Baudrillard discovered on a quick trip through the United States. It is M. Baudrillard's thesis that America is the one truly primitive society of the modern world, but, looking through his book last month, around the time of the elections, I began to admire the innocence with which, inventing *his* America, he was describing France. The French voted out the Socialist government most of them had spent years waiting for, and they did it like a tribe practicing an old ritual that nobody but the witch doctors really understood. People were indifferent. It was only the performers, performing for one another, who were enthusiastic. When it was over, a President of France had lost control of his country's policies for the first time in the twenty-eight years of the Fifth Republic, and had to choose a Prime Minister from his opposition. François Mitterrand's Socialists were still the largest single party here, but a coalition of conservative parties had become the new parliamentary majority, and no one—not even the politicians—knew who was supposed to run the country. It turned out, as people suspected, that there were no real instructions in the constitution about what to do.

The Fifth Republic constitution was written for Charles de Gaulle, by Charles de Gaulle, and the General never imagined a France that would vote against his wishes. De Gaulle created a peculiar system. You could call it a Presidential state within a parliamentary system or a parliamentary system within a Presidential state, but the point is that no one in 1958 thought much about what would happen if the country chose a Socialist President for seven years in 1981 and then, five years later, a conservative parliament. No one thought about how much power the President of France really had. It was simply assumed that there would always be a pliant Prime Minister with a friendly parliament to run France while the President ruled France. If there were problems between them—the way there were problems between Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and Jacques Chirac when Giscard was the President and Chirac was *his* Prime Minister—the Prime Minister quit. It was taken for granted that he would have to quit, but in fact there is nothing in France's constitution that gives the President that sort of extraordinary authority over any Prime Minister. The power of the President of France may be mainly the power of his personality—the power he has to dazzle. The constitution is precise when it comes to technicalities (the President has fifteen days to sign a new law, say, and the parliament has to ratify a state of siege), but it is almost impossible to tell whether the President has any power to force a Prime Minister he doesn't like to quit, or whether the Prime Minister can squat in the Matignon until the President throws up his hands and quits himself. A couple of days after the elections, some foreign columnists, like Flora Lewis from the New York *Times*, decided that François Mitterrand could fire Jacques Chirac, who is *his* Prime Minister now, as well as the Mayor of Paris, anytime he chose. The local papers said no, that the President was stuck with Chirac—that the only written power Mitterrand really had was the power to dissolve the National Assembly once every twelve months and call a new election.

Right now, the fastest-selling book in the country is "Bréviaire de la Cohabitation," by the constitutional scholar Maurice Duverger—a kind of how-to book for governing France with a Socialist President like Mitterrand and a conservative Prime Minister like Chirac, who has already moved back into the Matignon (though not out of his office at the Mairie). It includes a copy of the constitution, which few Frenchmen have read before, but the truly interesting thing about "Bréviaire de la Cohabitation" is that—in this country of the Encyclopédie and the Code Napoléon, this country obsessed with logic and categories and definitions—Duverger's commentary reads like a common-law brief. It turns out that there was not much of a text to go by, and now there is a lot of groping for precedents.

The Gaullist gesture, of course, would have been for Mitterrand to walk out of the Élysée talking about being betrayed by "the people"—and leave the people guilty and repentant



NordicTrack

Cross Country Skiing Exerciser

Builds Cardiovascular Fitness More Effectively Than Other Exercisers

"NordicTrack provides the same superior fitness building benefits as real X-C skiing."

Bill Koch

8 time Nat'l X-C Ski Champion
Olympic Silver Medalist
World Cup Winner

©PSI 1985

NordicTrack duplicates the smooth, rhythmic motion of cross country skiing, recognized by health authorities as the most effective fitness building exercise available.

Jarless Action is Better Than Running

Does not cause joint or back problems. More complete. Resistance on arm motion provides a superior upper body exercise.

More Complete Than Exercise Bikes

Adds important upper body exercise and provides more uniform leg muscle usage. Higher pulse rates, necessary for building fitness, seem easier because more muscles share the exercise.

More Effective and Safer Than Rowing Machines

Safer because no dangerous back strain loads imposed. Scientific tests prove NordicTrack's skiing motion is superior to rowing for building fitness.

Burns off 200 - 600 Calories per 20 Minute Workout

For effective weight control.

Exclusive Flywheel Action

Provides unmatched smoothness and continuity from stride to stride. Motion and resistances are same as real skiing.

Folds Compactly

Requires only 15" x 17" floor space.

Free Brochure. Call

800-328-5888

Minnesota 612-448-6987

141NY Jonathan Boulevard North
Chaska, Minnesota 55318

Aboard the Explorer...

ALASKA

2 glorious July cruises for wildlife, fishing enthusiasts. 15 or 17 days from $3,750. See your Travel Agent or call 800-243-5657 for information.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.

1 Sylvan Road, N. Westport, CT 06880

NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ________ STATE ____ ZIP ______

INCOMPARABLE

Lantana COLONY CLUB

Lantana Colony Club is Bermuda at its best: Tennis, beach, sailing and Robert Trent Jones golf nearby — all wrapped in a mid-Atlantic garden setting. Cuisine and service at a World Class level complete the picture.

See your trusted travel agent or call Lantana direct at 1-800-468-3733. Brochure available. P.O. Box SB90, Sandys 9-20 Bermuda

A member of the Bermuda Collection

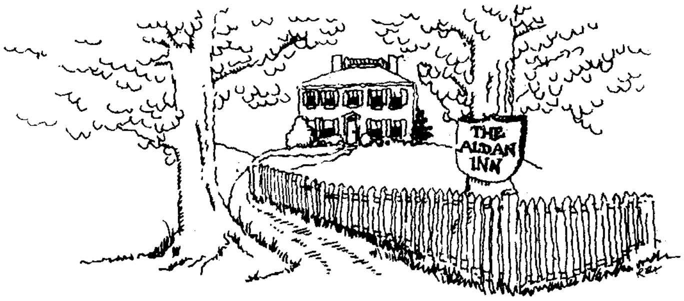
and consequently in an accommodating mood. De Gaulle himself had called a referendum and retreated to Ireland when he felt that the French were not behaving properly (which is to say appreciatively), and the French were so contrite that they promptly voted for his protégé and Prime Minister, Georges Pompidou. The difference is that de Gaulle was utterly sincere in his reproachful and austere paternalism. Mitterrand is obsessed with de Gaulle and with all the heroic symbols of a Gaullist Presidency. He sits at the General's Boulle desk and practices de Gaulle's posture and affects the serenity of a ruler beyond politics. But Mitterrand is a notably cynical character. He plotted and planned and maneuvered for twenty years to get to the Élysée—and once he even helped to orchestrate his own "assassination" in order to look like someone important enough to murder. He has two more years in the palace on the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré and he has no intention of leaving now just because a few million Frenchmen don't like him anymore.

It may be that when Mitterrand picked Chirac for his Prime Minister he picked the one politician in France who could be counted on to understand that sort of enduring passion for position. Chirac considers himself a Gaullist and leads a party, the Rassemblement pour la République, or R.P.R., that he calls a Gaullist party, but Gaullism is at heart a romantic idea of France, and there is nothing romantic about Jacques Chirac or his attachment to the Fifth Republic. He and Mitterrand are already fighting, but they are immensely subtle fighters and they have no problem with "cohabitating"—which is what the French call their new politics of the right and the left governing together—while they try to disgrace each other. The fact that Mitterrand has been a fine President over the past few years has very little to do with socialism. It has to do with what the French call a good nose—with an instinct for the right moment at which to leave one's ideological baggage behind. By 1986, there was not much left in Mitterrand's program that could have been considered "socialist." There were no more cost-of-living adjustments on workers' salaries. The stock market was booming (and nobody seemed to mind if it was because of a lot of forced buying on the part of state investment banks and holding companies). The unions were cowed. The

Communists had lost half their constituency. And the big nationalized merchant banks like Paribas were making money like pirates while the old private companies, which were often in partnership with the state and almost always in debt to it, slogged along. In the same way, there is not much of Charles de Gaulle left in Jacques Chirac's politics. Chirac talks about supply-side economics and doing business with the Americans. Chirac spent the Assembly campaign trying to look as gemütlich as his friend Ed Koch, with his jacket over his shoulder and his tie flapping, while Mitterrand chose a lugubrious look, and confronted the French with such *hauteur* that it was hard not to imagine him in Bonaparte's ermine cloak, and with a crown of gilded laurel on his head. In the end, the elections seemed less like a contest than a collusion. Every night on television, the French were urged to choose between the party Mitterrand led and the coalition Chirac and his old president, Giscard d'Estaing, represented. A young woman in a filmy white nightgown floated into a bedroom and stroked some ballots into a ballot box, to a background of saxophone mood music and a throaty disembodied voice discussing the "sweet responsibilities" of citizenship.

It was expected that the right was going to win the elections last month. The most anybody can expect now is that France will be governed for the next two years with a minimum of damage. Raymond Barre, the economics professor who was Giscard's Prime Minister after Chirac left the job, in 1976—and who wants to be President himself—said early on that "cohabitation" was a fraud, and he was probably right. Not even the politicians talk much anymore about their plans for France. They talk about the *rapports de force* between the Élysée and the Matignon and about why Mitterrand invited Chirac to the summit in Tokyo and whether Mitterrand or Chirac is shrewder in his calculations. Mitterrand could have chosen an old Gaullist figurehead Prime Minister, like Jacques Chaban-Delmas, or someone like Simone Veil—someone who was not already running for President herself and seemed genuinely interested in reconciliation. When he chose Chirac, who not only wants his job but has already tried to get it, he was probably calculating that a few years of cohabitation would drive the Prime Minister into a state of either hysteria or humiliation or incompetence, and,

Know Charm.



Maine is bigger than the rest of New England put together. So historically, we had to build a lot of inns just to get around. And because we know how to hold on to a good thing, there are still charming, authentic country inns all over the state. In fact, you never know where one will turn up. But you can find out, in our free Great Summer Escape Kit. Know Maine. No charge.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____

DATE OF INTENDED VISIT ____________________

Maine. The Great Summer Escape.

Maine Tourist Information, Dept. 060426, Hallowell, Maine 04347-2300; (207) 289-2423

TURN YOUR OWN COMFORTER DESIGN INTO REALITY.

Ask our Custom Shop to help you transform your own imaginative design into a beautiful and functional down comforter, comforter cover, down pillow, pillow sham, curtain, bed ruffle or specially sized accent pillow. Each of our Custom Shop professionals is skilled and highly qualified to provide you with the finest custom services available, anywhere.

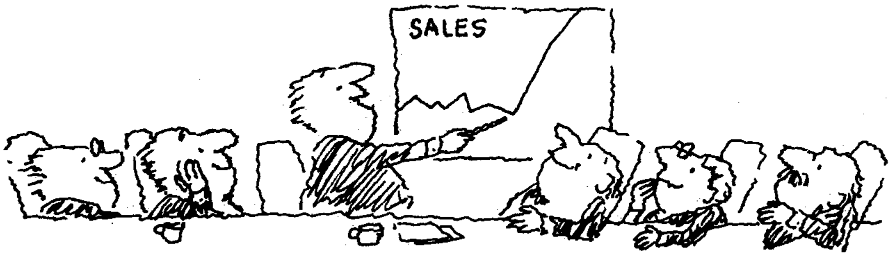
The Widest Range of Custom Services in the World

When you call, ask for The Company Store's Custom Shop. Tell them what you need — special down comforter sizes, Goose or European down fills, special shapes or fill amounts, color combinations, accessory accents, detailed monogramming or trim — and when it comes to material, you can choose from any of the fine fabrics in our catalog. You can even send your own. You might select favorite sheets, for example, that you would like us to make into a comforter cover or pillow shams. Whatever it is, our Custom Shop is at your service.

Your creative design opportunities are virtually unlimited. With over 74 years of professional design and sewing experience, The Company Store Custom Shop has decorated many of the finest homes in America.

The Company Store Custom Shop

☎ Call The Company Store Custom Shop 1-800-356-9367 Ext. F331 or write The Company Store, Dept. F331, 500 Company Store Road, La Crosse, WI 54601.



"...and, Gentlemen, here's where we started our company magazine."

You can have your own company-sponsored magazine quickly, inexpensively and without adding anyone to your staff.

We've produced more company magazines than anyone else. It's been our business for over 20 years.

And Webb does it all: Everything from concept origination to magazine publication... as well as the promotional and marketing services to make it a complete and successful program.

A phone call or letter will bring you in direct contact with Karel Laing, our Consumer Publishing Supervisor. She'll be glad to send you the report, "An Inside Look at Producing Company-Sponsored Magazines".
Phone: 1 (612) 690-7227

Custom Publishing Division

Webb
The Webb Company
1999 Shepard Road
St. Paul, MN 55116

Belgian Shoes

HABANERA
$175.00

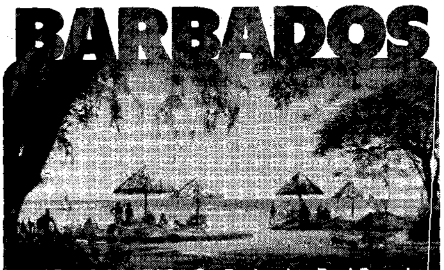
MEN'S & WOMEN'S
FULL COLOR BROCHURE $2.00
Belgian Shoes,
60 East 56th Street, New York 10022
(212) 755-7372
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

CANADA BY RAFT

Down virgin rivers in mountains of British Columbia. Untouched wilderness. Sparkling Chilcotin and mighty Fraser. *Cruise up coastal fjord, fly over glaciers of Coast Range plus 240 thrilling yet safe miles by raft through cleanest, most magnificent scenery on this Continent.* Price $1450; 11 days ALL incl. from Vancouver. **J.H. MIKES CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS, 845 CHILCO ST., VANCOUVER, B.C. (604) 738-4449**

THE ALEXIS HOTEL

A collection of 74 rooms
in an environment of personal service.
1510 SW Harbor Way, Portland, OR
1(800)227-1333 Member, Small Luxury Hotels



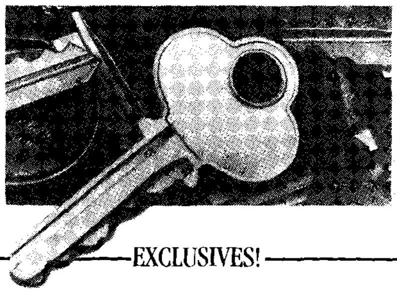
BARBADOS BEST – On Barbados Best Beach
CORAL REEF CLUB & SANDPIPER INN
Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Phone 212-535-2445 • 800-223-1108
315 E. 72nd St., NYC 10021

in any event, would rid the Socialists of one important enemy. When Chirac accepted, *he* was probably calculating that two years of cohabitation would thoroughly undo the Socialists, and leave Jacques Chirac the hero of the right, the scourge of the left, and the next President of the French Republic.

The American writer Mary Blume, who lives in Paris, remarked the other day that Chirac and Mitterrand looked "radiant," like brides. It was true. Usually, Mitterrand is a study in gravity, and Chirac, who is an aggressive and fairly angry person, usually wears a mask of control so smooth that it makes him look as if he were made of some orange plasticy material, like a bionic man. But since the elections both of them are almost merry. They keep smiling, like schoolboys with a secret. Their secret is neither their contempt for the public nor their contempt for each other—those have never been a secret. It is their awful intentions toward each other. What Mitterrand has offered Chirac is a chance to fight over France in an old-fashioned sort of battle—two knights on a field, with their armies looking on and their ladies waving handkerchiefs. What Chirac has offered Mitterrand is his assurance that as long as their joust is on he will not reinforce his majority—it is a fairly slim majority of only three seats in the Assembly—or his own control over that majority by making a deal with Jean-Marie Le Pen and his fanatically xenophobic right-wing party, the Front National, which thanks to Mitterrand's new proportional-representation laws now has thirty-five Assembly seats. They seem so caught up in the sly courtesies of the battle between them, and so uninterested in anything else, that the French are finding it difficult to stay interested in them. It is hard to survive François Mitterrand's attentions. The Communists lasted two years after he invited them into the government, and by the time he threw them out they had lost half their voters. (Now the Communists refer to Mitterrand's solicitations as "the kiss of death.") No one really expects this government to last very long, either. The difference now is that nobody can say for sure who will win. Right now, Chirac and Mitterrand have managed a kind of manic symbiosis. They are absorbed in each other. (My Portuguese concierge says they remind her of a scorpion on a string, chasing its own tail.) Mitterrand doesn't seem to mind changing his laws to suit Chirac. And Chirac doesn't even seem to notice that *his* promises about the Front National are being ignored by his own people in the provinces. The Front National got nearly ten per cent of the votes last month—as many votes as the Communists—and in southern cities like Marseilles it is now the largest party. There are four million immigrants working in France, and what the Front National wants is to send them home to their "slums" in North Africa and make France "pure" again for the French. Local conservatives from the R.P.R. and Giscard's party took over eight of the country's twenty-two regional assemblies last week by forming coalitions with the Front National. They did it while Chirac and Mitterrand were fighting in their first Cabinet meeting and exchanging exquisite compliments on television about responsibility and reconciliation. It was less than a week after Chirac and his friends on what is considered the respectable right had assured the country that this would never happen.

THERE are now eight French hostages in Lebanon—seven in the event that the Middle East scholar Michel Seurat, who was reported killed last month by the Islamic Jihad, is really dead. Four of the hostages—they were a documentary crew from the state television network Antenne 2—were captured a week before the elections. This gave Ayatollah Khomeini a chance to announce that Islam had brought down a French government that had been too friendly to the Israelis. A lot of Frenchmen assumed that the kidnappings were indeed calculated to humiliate the Mitterrand government on its way out (or force it into lavish concessions involving the release of Arab terrorists in prison here), but the fact is they could just as well have been the result of fanatic obliviousness or a chance, as the kidnappers saw it, for some exceptional publicity. It is obvious that when terrorists kidnap journalists other journalists will be involved in talking or writing about it, and that those journalists will be moved. There has been an enormous amount of news here about the kidnappings. It has kept the public angry, and it has kept the victims in everybody's mind, but some of the people who do the serious secret work of coaxing and threatening and bribing and infiltrating and raiding to get those journalists back have been complaining about a kind of manipula-

IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO BUY AN APARTMENT...



EXCLUSIVES!

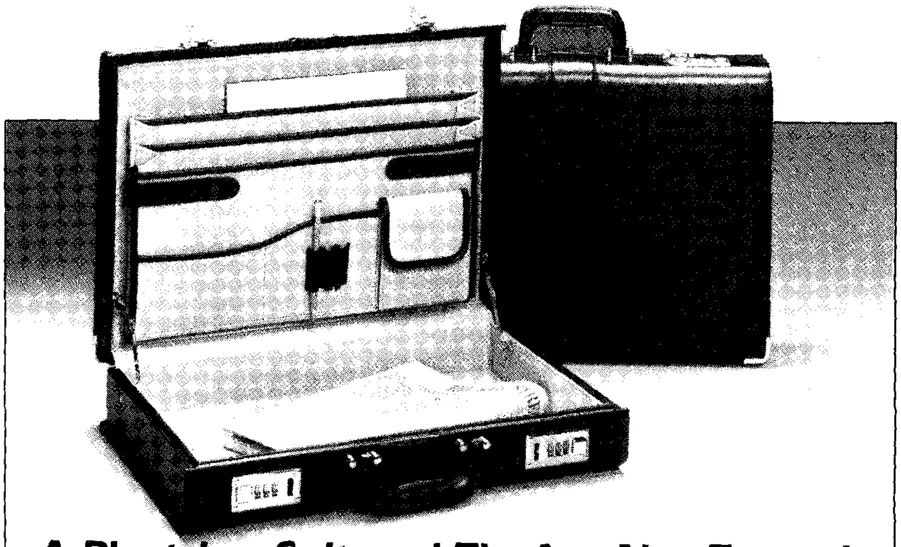
60's EAST **IT'S ONLY MONEY**
Drop everything. Come and see this sensational beauty. Huge living room with wood-burning fireplace, dining room, big master bedroom, 2nd bedroom/den. 2.5 baths. High ceilings, sundrenched, panoramic vus. One step from Central Park. Asking $535,000.
Lilo De La Passardiere (212) 303-5800 Residence (212) 758-1684

50's WEST **PENTHOUSE DUPLEX**
Owner relocated, must sell this week. Breathtaking N.E.S.W. vus. 2 bedrooms/2.5 baths, health club. Full luxury condo. Priced below $500,000, CC $400's. Call for appointment.
Joseph Guccione (212) 303-5800 Residence (718) 544-5915

RIVERSIDE DRIVE/80's **RARE GEM**
This large 2 bedroom, formal dining room, 15x23 living room in prewar doorman building has partial river views. Owner has to relocate. Very reasonably priced.
Asking low $400,000's.
Robbie Gould (212) 303-5800 Residence (212) 873-5152

PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE

M.J. Raynes Incorporated
488 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022 (212) 303-5800
250 Mercer Street, New York, New York 10012 (212) 505-9880



A Pinstripe Suit and Tie Are Not Enough

Altman Luggage offers a 50% saving on this saddle leather attache by Benchcraft.
Regularly $180. **Now $90.**

This deluxe 4" deep case is leather lined and features a padded interior, double combination locks, calculator and card pockets plus reinforced edges for years of use. Specify Brown or Burgundy.

Altman Luggage features a full line of first quality, name brand luggage and business cases—always at guaranteed best prices.
Ask for our free color catalog.

ALTMAN LUGGAGE CO.
Fine Luggage since 1920.
135 Orchard Street • New York, NY 10002 • (212) 254-7275
Phone and mail orders promptly filled. Major credit cards accepted. **CALL TOLL FREE 800-372-3377**
We ship anywhere in the U.S.

PURE
NOB HILL,
PURE
SAN FRANCISCO

HUNTINGTON
HOTEL

NOB HILL, SAN FRANCISCO 94108
(415) 474-5400

MEN'S WIDE SHOES

EE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13

Extra width for men who need it, in excellent variety, styling and quality. Available only through our FREE CATALOG. Send for it!

THE WIDEST SELECTION
OF THE WIDEST SHOES ANYWHERE!

NAME ______________________
ADDRESS ______________________
CITY ____________ STATE ______ ZIP ______

HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 69D, Hingham, MA 02043

The LAZY 'AC' RANCH

A cattle and dude ranch owned and operated by a truly western couple, at the foot of the beautiful Grassy Mountains near Townsend, Montana. Horseback riding, chuck wagon feeds, square dancing, fishing, all day rides, cookouts, heated pool, weekly rodeos. Log cabins with private baths and fireplaces. Wholesome ranch food. Come relax, have fun on a truly western vacation.

For Brochure and information, write Arlie & Millie Craig, Box 460-N, Townsend, Montana 59644

tion of the media by the terrorists—saying that the terrorists are encouraged by the attention the French give them.

A reporter for the weekly *L'Événement du Jeudi* was kidnapped in Lebanon last spring as well as Seurat, and so were two French diplomats, Marcel Carton and Marcel Fontaine. The reporter—his name is Jean-Paul Kauffmann—was not the first French journalist to be kidnapped, but he was the first to be kidnapped by Shiite fanatics from the Islamic Jihad, and he was part of a new "package" of terrorist demands which involved not Palestinians but Iranians in prison here and France's long involvement with Iraq in the Persian Gulf war. It may be that the terrorists have decided they are better served in France by kidnapping reporters and photographers and cameramen than by kidnapping diplomats. Diplomats do not go on television and weep for their colleagues from the Quai d'Orsay. They are taught never to talk in public about other diplomats who disappear. The four men from Antenne 2 who were seized last month were actually in Beirut to report on terrorism. They had just arrived and were beginning to follow up the rumors about Seurat's death when they were kidnapped themselves. A couple of years ago, another Antenne 2 journalist, Jacques Abouchar, was arrested by the Russians in Afghanistan and was tried in an Afghan "people's court" before Mitterrand was able to get him out—and one of the most unnerving moments for journalists here last month was watching Abouchar on television reporting from Washington on the American response to his friends' kidnappings.

It was an unnerving month in Paris altogether. People were mixing up the elections and the terrorism when they read the polls or went out to vote, and Paris itself was under what seemed like constant attack and threats of attack by terrorists. Two people died (and twenty-eight people were badly hurt) when a bomb went off three weeks ago in a shopping arcade on the Champs-Élysées. The men who died were young Lebanese. One of them had stopped for lunch in the arcade at a fast-food counter called Beyrouth Snack. He turned out to have been arrested himself once on suspicion-of-terrorism charges. He was a friend of Georges Ibrahim, a terrorist from the Lebanese Revolutionary Army Faction who is in prison here, and no one knows whether he was planting the bomb for Ibrahim's group when he died or was the target of whoever did plant it or was simply passing through the arcade with some friends when the bomb went off. It was not the only bomb in Paris that day. Terrorists had left another bomb under a seat in a Métro car running between Auber and the Opéra. That bomb was discovered by one of the passengers, who laid it on the tracks, and nothing moved on the line for an hour, until the police dismantled it. As it is, ninety-three people have been hurt—in many cases, mutilated—in bombings over the last four months. There have been bombings in the Galeries Lafayette and in Printemps, the two biggest department stores in the city, and bombings in a student book-and-record store on Saint-Michel, near the Sorbonne, and in a FNAC-Sports store at the shopping center in Les Halles where the wholesale food markets used to be, and in another shopping arcade on the Champs-Élysées. One bomb went off in a TGV (Train à Grande Vitesse) express train between Paris and Marseilles, and bombs have been discovered and defused all over Paris—from the Eiffel Tower to Notre Dame. The city is in shock from the bombings. People are beginning to feel the way Londoners felt during the worst of the Irish Republican Army bombings. Parents are alarmed because so many of the attacks have been at places where their children go—places like the Métro or FNAC or the book-and-record store, Gibert Jeune. Parents are keeping their children off the Métro now. Tourists look at the Eiffel Tower or sit at cafés like the Deux Magots and argue about whether they shouldn't really be at home. Some tourists have stopped coming to Paris. So many Parisians have been maimed because of terrorist bombs (with little or no compensation from either the government or the stores or restaurants or theatres where the bombs went off) that they have

600 ES TURBO CONVERTIBLE
5/50 PROTECTION. STANDARD.

THE SUN, THE MOON AND ZERO TO 50 IN 5.8 SECONDS.

Dodge 600 ES Turbo. It's what a convertible is supposed to be all about—opening your life in motion to the elements and your mind to imaginative flight.

It's been subtly redesigned. A smartly sloping front end promotes better vision, encourages better aerodynamics at speed and also emphasizes the European styling of the 600 series.

And, because it's a Dodge, you may be assured that this is one convertible that's as youthful in vigor as it is in emotional appeal.

Its sophisticated OHC 2.2 liter, fuel-injected and turbocharged engine produces a zero-to-50 mph time of 5.8 seconds, a most competitive number, indeed.

The 600 ES Turbo offers other equally impressive standard features, including a sports handling package. Fifteen-inch cast aluminum wheels with Goodyear Eagle GT radials. A leather interior. AM stereo/FM stereo with cassette. And more.

Naturally, the Dodge 600 ES Turbo convertible is backed by our famed 5/50 Protection Plan.* Interestingly, no other manufacturer's turbo convertible is guaranteed by a plan that even comes close. No other turbo convertible has *ever* had this kind of protection.

Finally, look at the kind of standard features and the level of performance you get for the price. You'll be amazed.

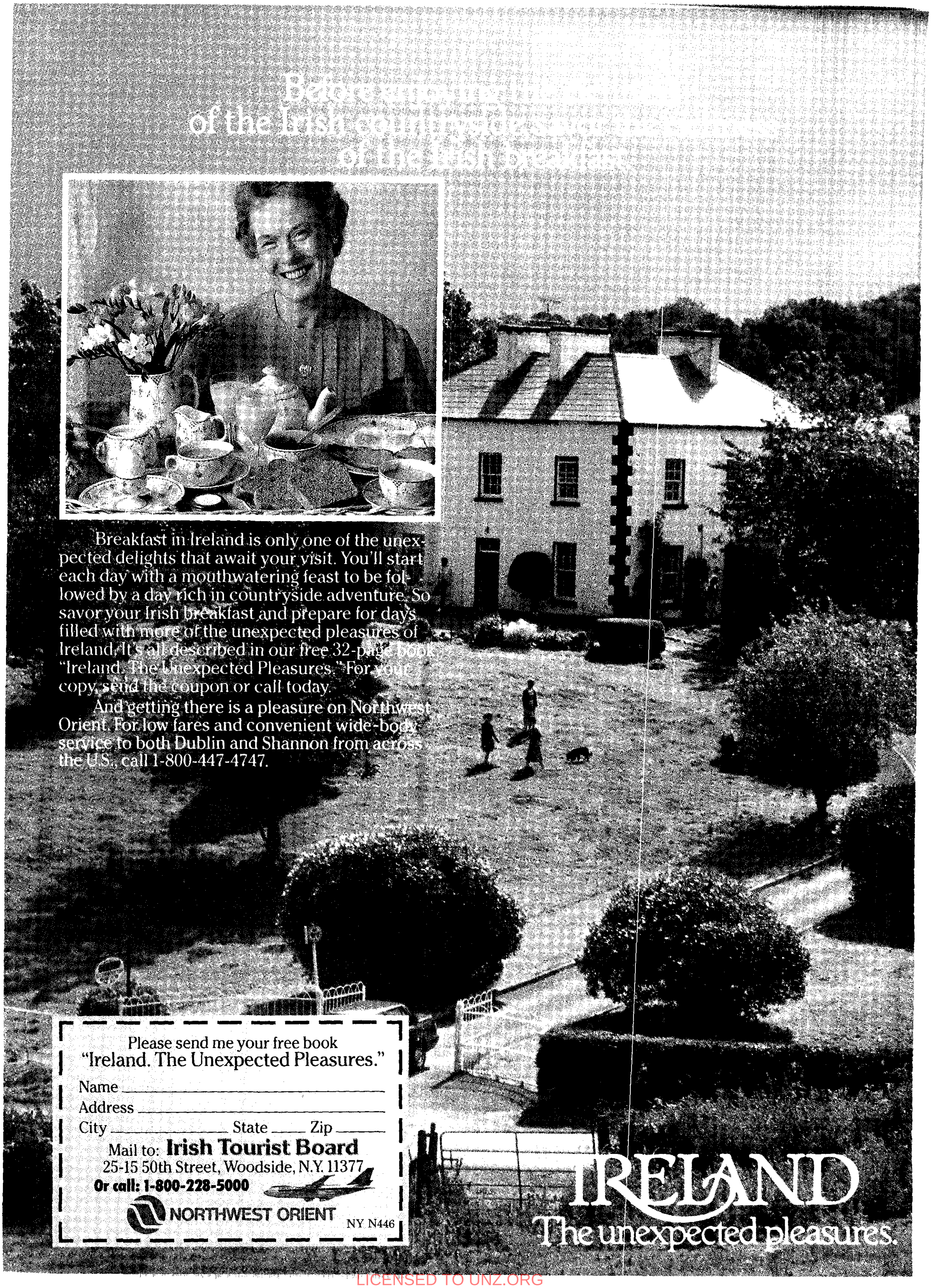
So see your nearest Dodge dealer about buying or leasing* a new 600 ES Turbo convertible. Because you shouldn't let a thing come between you and the sky but your hair.

DIVISION OF
CHRYSLER CORPORATION

AN AMERICAN REVOLUTION

*5 [illegible] Excludes leases. See copy at dealer.

BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.



Before [illegible]
of the Irish countryside [illegible]
of the Irish breakfast.

Breakfast in Ireland is only one of the unexpected delights that await your visit. You'll start each day with a mouthwatering feast to be followed by a day rich in countryside adventure. So savor your Irish breakfast and prepare for days filled with more of the unexpected pleasures of Ireland. It's all described in our free 32-page book "Ireland. The Unexpected Pleasures." For your copy, send the coupon or call today.

And getting there is a pleasure on Northwest Orient. For low fares and convenient wide-body service to both Dublin and Shannon from across the U.S., call 1-800-447-4747.

Please send me your free book
"Ireland. The Unexpected Pleasures."

Name __________

Address __________

City __________ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: **Irish Tourist Board**
25-15 50th Street, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
Or call: 1-800-228-5000

NORTHWEST ORIENT

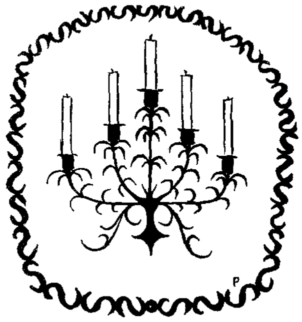
NY N446

IRELAND
The unexpected pleasures.

got together as a kind of terrorist survivors' group. They called the group SOS Attentat.

The people who "claim" most of the Paris bombings have signed their messages as a "*comité de solidarité avec les prisonniers politiques arabes et du Proche-Orient*." They do not seem to have anything to do with the Shiites or with the war between Iran and Iraq or with Lebanon and the Islamic Jihad (even though they always include the commandos who tried to murder Shahpur Bakhtiar when they make their lists of "political prisoners" they want the French to release). But when the police were rounding up suspects on February 12th, after three Paris bombings in as many days, they happened to arrest two "students" from Iraq, and those students were Shiites. They were not only Shiites—they were involved with a clandestine group of Iraqi Shiites based in Teheran and sympathetic to Iran in the war between the two countries. The French expelled them to Iraq, and it was then that the Islamic Jihad announced that it had "executed" Michel Seurat by way of retaliation, and Antenne 2 sent its camera crew to investigate, and Mitterrand (to the distress of his own diplomats) dispatched no fewer than seven official and "unofficial" negotiators to the Middle East. All of them talked too much and too freely about what they were doing. They blamed each other for whatever problems they were having, and they ruined the chances of getting any of the hostages home quickly.

France's ministers and emissaries and secret services get along no better in a crisis than anybody else's. There are four ministries making decisions about the terrorism here—the Justice Ministry, the Foreign Ministry, the Defense Ministry, and the Ministry of the Interior—and at least as many "services" in each of those ministries competing for solutions, but the Interior Ministry pretty much runs the anti-terrorist operations, because its security police, the Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire, or D.S.T., is generally conceded to be more competent than anybody else's. The decision to expel the two Iraqi suspects was presumably made with Mitterrand's knowledge, and with the knowledge of Laurent Fabius and Pierre Joxe, who were the Prime Minister and the Interior Minister at the time. But the decision to expel them to *Iraq*, where they were certain to be arrested, was evidently made by someone from the security police who couldn't think of anywhere else to send them fast. Someone phoned the Iraqi Embassy and was assured that the two Khomeini enthusiasts would be perfectly comfortable at home in a country that had been at war with Khomeini for the past six years. The diplomats at the Quai d'Orsay were furious. They were furious because of the stupidity, and furious because they considered contact with foreign embassies in Paris *their* job and no one else's prerogative. Four Iraqis in all had been arrested in the D.S.T. roundup. One of them had political-refugee status under the terms of the Geneva Convention on refugees, which France signed in 1952, and so he was not deported. (He is under house arrest in the Touraine instead.) One had applied for refugee status, and his appeal was pending. *He* was sent to Syria. As for the two "students," they applied for refugee status, too, but only after they were arrested and were in detention—along with the eleven other foreigners and fifty-one Frenchmen whom the police had picked up along the way—so it was legal, if impolitic, to send them home. The problem was that by sending them home the French let the fact of terrorism here—which calls for relatively blunt diplomatic pressures—complicate and publicize what were already immensely delicate negotiations for the release of the hostages in Lebanon.



Michel Seurat was married to a Syrian Christian, and they had lived in Lebanon for ten years when he was kidnapped. It seems now that, if he is dead, he was dead long before the expulsions or the bombings. This much is known about Seurat: he was kidnapped in May, hidden somewhere for the next six months, and in October brought out of hiding by two of his jailers to a terrorist safe house, where his family got a brief look at him. That act of kindness may have cost his life. It evidently enraged the ideologues of the Islamic Jihad, because after that, from what the French can piece together, the situation for all the hostages was grim. Their conditions were harsher, their

Classic Fashion Espadrilles $11.99
Women's and men's

Big savings on **hand-sewn** European casuals in colorful, sturdy canvas for town and country. Double-thick rope soles for comfort. **Available in** beige, black, burgundy, grey, khaki, navy, red, brown, denim, white. Plus women's only: linen, lilac, pink, raspberry, turquoise, yellow. Whole sizes only. **Women's** 5-10; **Men's** 7-13.

Money back guarantee.

Please send ______ pair @ ______ plus $2.50 ea. postage/handling and insurance for a total of $______.
☐ Check enclosed. Charge my ☐ MasterCard
☐ VISA ☐ AMEX ☐ Exp. Date ______
Card # ______
Signature ______
☐ $1.00 enclosed for catalog only. Rebated on order.

Qty.	Men/ Women	Size	1st choice	COLOR	2nd choice

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______
Please allow three weeks for delivery. NY486

SPECTRA USA
34 Troy Street
P.O. Box 590
Auburn, ME 04210
(207) 783-3106

At last...an honest-to-goodness, old-fashioned work shirt!

The Baggy Work Shirt™

Generously cut, with the same stitching detail as our dress shirts, this prewashed, preshrunk all cotton chambray shirt has two flap pockets, pencil holder and white chalk buttons. Thanks to its exceptional construction, you'll have a long time to enjoy the wonderful feel that indigo blue cotton achieves with age. P.S. It works well as a play shirt, too. Generous sizes: S, M, L, XL. **$27.50 ppd. Two for $50 ppd.** 100% satisfaction guaranteed. Made in U.S.A.

Quantity ______ Size ______ Color ______
☐ Chk ☐ MC/VISA ☐ AMEX
Card# ______ Exp. ______
Name ______
Address ______
______ Zip ______

HWW LTD. 239 Causeway Street, # A602
Boston, MA 02114 • (617) 523-0312

Calvin Curtis Braces

All 13 reproductions of Mr. Curtis' original suspenders! Plus 30 other fine, stylish hard-to-find designs. Free brochure. **BERNARDO,**
2400 Westheimer, Suite 108W(N),
Houston, Texas 77098.
(713) 526-2686.

Guess what the CEO who loved fresh squeezed juice found in his room at the Tuscany?

The New York hotel for personal service. We phone our 5-Star guests before arrival to stock their rooms to taste. One of New York's 10 best small hotels, according to *Town & Country*. Now offering the superb exercise facilities of the nearby Doral Sports Training Institute.

DORAL TUSCANY HOTEL
39th St., east of Park Ave., N.Y., NY 10016
See your travel agent or call toll-free:
800-847-4078. (In N.Y., call 212-686-1600.)

PEABODY COURT
in Baltimore...

Peabody Court surrounds you with amenities that are the mark of a world class hotel. Special weekend and honeymoon packages available.

612 Cathedral St., Baltimore, MD 21201
(301) 727-7101 · (800) 732-5301

one of The Leading Hotels of the World®

Red Lion Spring

Outside the Berkshire Hills are greening, inside there's a world of Cobridge China, antique furniture, hearty meals and drink. You owe yourself a Red Lion Inn spring! Room reservations, **413-298-5545.**

THE RED LION INN
Since 1773. Box NY41 Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

treatment was much more brutal. It is thought that Seurat himself was beaten so badly that he could have died in December or early in January, either from his wounds or from pain or terror. In December, at any rate, there were reports from Lebanon that one of the hostages was sick. People here assumed that it was the diplomat Marcel Carton, because Carton had health troubles to begin with. In January, when negotiations for the hostages' release broke down, the French concluded that Carton was either dead or "not presentable." They figured the Jihad had decided that it would make them look "uncivilized" to have kidnapped four men and be able to return only three of them in good condition. What was clear was that if one of the hostages was dead the Jihad needed a pretext for saying so. This is what the French provided when they sent the two Iraqi Shiites home. The Jihad promptly came up with a picture of what it claimed was Seurat's corpse, saying that he had been executed in retaliation for the expulsion, and then with videotapes of the three other hostages, who were weak and desperate—and who were clearly being used to spread the Jihad's demands. The tapes were shown on the news here without the sound.

FRANCE is the third-largest arms dealer in the world. It sells arms to anyone who wants them. It sold arms to Libya while it was at war with Libya in Chad. (The explanation was that the guns the Libyans were using against French soldiers in Chad were not the same guns the French had sold them.) Now, apparently, it has been selling howitzer shells to Iran while supplying Iraq with its own wartime arsenal and making friendship with Iraq the keystone of a French Middle East "presence." (The Defense Ministry knew nothing about the sale, but the Foreign Ministry did, because the Foreign Ministry is supposed to be interested in "balance" in the Middle East. The Defense Ministry is only supposed to be helping Saddam Hussein, the Iraqi President, to win his war with Khomeini.) No one here really questions France's presence in the Middle East. "Presence" is mainly what is left of France's rich Middle Eastern empire, and it has become a matter of identity and pride. In France, there was never the sort of talk about getting out of Lebanon that there was in America in 1983 when terrorists blew up French and Ameri-

The TASIS Schools in Europe

Founded in 1955. Coed. American College Prep with int'l dimension. Excellent faculty-student ratio and college acceptance record. Extensive travel, sports, activities.

The American School in Switzerland Gr. 7-12. Campus overlooking Lake Lugano. St. Moritz ski term.

PG Year in Europe – Lugano-based. College-level study, related travel.

TASIS England – Day K-12, boarding 7-12. Country campus near London.

TASIS Cyprus – Gr. 8-13. Mediterranean campus, serving Near/Middle East.

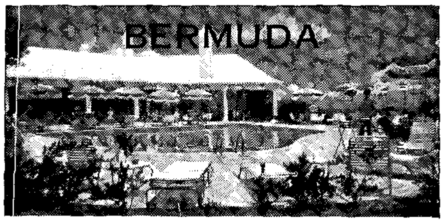
TASIS HELLENIC – Day K-12. Int'l. Campus in residential Athens.

TASIS FRANCE YEAR ABROAD

Announcing the opening of an intensive year of study in France for students in Grades 11, 12, and 13. American College-Prep curriculum emphasizing French language, history, and culture. Extensive course-related travel, sports, activities. *Based in beautiful Château Beauchamps* on 75 acre campus near Paris.

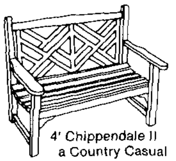
SUMMER PROGRAMS

On the TASIS campuses in Switzerland, England, and France. Language study, academic and enrichment courses for credit, travel, sports, activities. Ages 6-18.
TASIS N.Y. Office, 326 East 69th Street, New York, NY 10021 (212) 570-1066.



One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on 18 acres of gardens in glorious settings. Privacy, seclusion and fun of life are combined with comfort, luxury and sophistication. 1800' ocean front contains two private beaches with natural pink sand. Tennis. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our Club House with its superb seascape: luncheon at the Pool Terrace.
A Celebrated Country Hotel.
See your travel agent or David B. Mitchell & Co. NYC (212) 696-1323; (800) 372-1323

PINK BEACH
CLUB AND COTTAGES
TUCKER'S TOWN
BERMUDA



Country Casual
DESIGNER and DIRECT IMPORTER
of fine English garden furniture.
16 page catalogue $1.00
SOLID TEAKWOOD.
BENCHES • SWINGS • PLANTERS

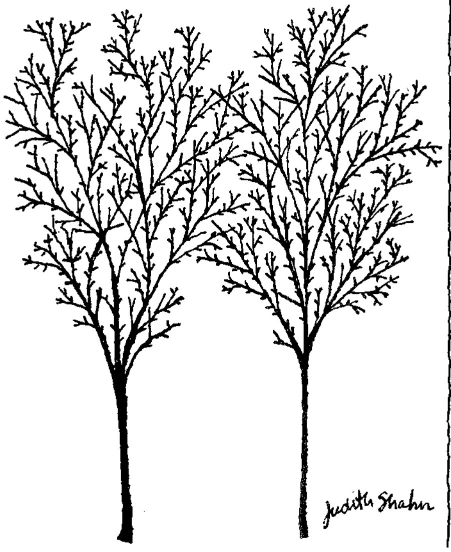
4' Chippendale II
a Country Casual
original design
in solid teakwood

Country Casual - NY
17317 Germantown Rd.
Germantown, Md. 20874-2999
(301) 540-0040

DISCOVER BARBADOS AT DISCOVERY BAY
Beautiful grand plantation house resort directly on the beach. Call your travel agent, or **212-832-2277;** toll free **800-223-6510.**

can barracks in Beirut, and fifty-six French soldiers and two hundred and forty-one Americans died. People here were stunned that the Americans could speak so quickly and so easily about withdrawing troops; it was only this week, after the seventh soldier from the French observer force was killed, that France withdrew its forty-five *casques blancs* from Beirut and brought them home. In the same way, no one is really questioning the French presence in Iraq now, although there are diplomats who say that Mitterrand could supply Iraq with guns and still manage to keep from insulting Khomeini whenever he makes a speech about the Middle East.

Actually, France owes its Iraq strategy to Jacques Chirac, who thought it up when he was Giscard's Prime Minister and Giscard (it was during the worst of the oil-shortage days) was desperate for a piece of the Middle East that "belonged" to him. It is a policy that Mitterrand inherited and has continued with some commitment. (A passion for the Middle East is one of the few passions that the President and his new Prime Minister have in common.) Mitterrand himself was never liked much by the foreign-policy people at the Quai, and not only because he favors the Israelis, while the Quai traditionally favors Arabs. Diplomats here consider the Élysée a nuisance at the best of times. They are a kind of club, at the Quai d'Orsay, and they do not think much of any outsiders. They assume that politicians are maladroit when it comes to foreigners, and too "political" at home. It is taken for granted at the Quai that long before the Jihad made its announcement Mitterrand and his Interior Minister had information that one of the hostages was either sick or dead,



Get Street Smart every week with Louis Rukeyser.

Louis Rukeyser translates the complexities of money, the economy and Wall Street into straight talk. With warmth, wit and wisdom. On "Wall Street Week with Louis Rukeyser". Public television's highest rated public affairs program. Now celebrating its 15th anniversary. Watch every Friday evening and get street smart.

Wall Street Smart.

Check your local Public Television listing for time and channel.

Underwritten nationally by:
HILTON HOTELS CORPORATION
PRUDENTIAL-BACHE SECURITIES
SPERRY CORPORATION

WALL STREET WEEK WITH LOUIS RUKEYSER

A national program service of Maryland Public Television. MPT

Live in an imaginative post & beam passive solar masterpiece you've created.

We've developed sound ideas for basic designs of our homes. And now thanks to flexible floor plans, let your imagination run wild. Customize your own living environment with strong Douglas fir beams, warm exposed cedar interiors, lots of sunspace, low maintenance exteriors.

$10 brings you color planning brochures. Send coupon or call toll free and charge to MasterCard or VISA. Nationwide 1-800-992-0121. In Massachusetts 1-800-423-0020.

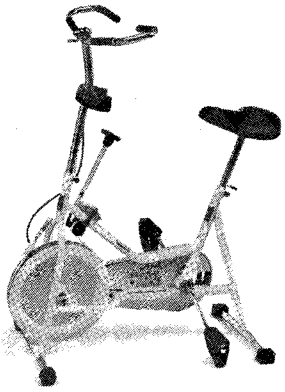
habitat
American Barn
TIMBER KIT

So. Deerfield, MA (413) 665-4006
Blairstown, NJ (210) 362-9055

habitat Dept. NY2, 123 Elm St., So. Deerfield, MA 01373
Please send me a copy of your latest Habitat and American Barn planning brochures.

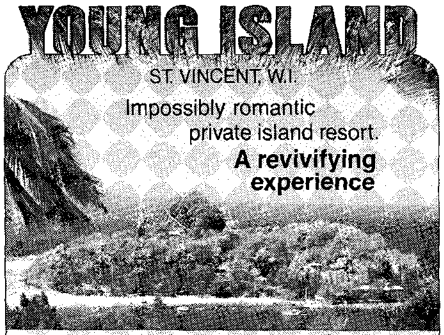
Name__________
Address__________
State__________ ZIP__________
Lot Location__________
Telephone__________

Guess what the executive who insisted on fitness found in his room at the Tuscany?



The New York hotel for personal service. We phone our 5-Star guests before arrival to stock their rooms to taste. One of New York's 10 best small hotels, according to *Town & Country*. Now offering the superb exercise facilities of the nearby Doral Sports Training Institute.

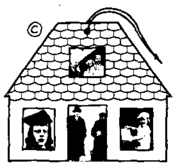
DORAL TUSCANY HOTEL
39th St., east of Park Ave., N.Y., NY 10016
See your travel agent or call toll-free:
800-847-4078. (In N.Y., call 212-686-1600.)



YOUNG ISLAND
ST. VINCENT, W.I.
Impossibly romantic private island resort.
A revivifying experience

Brochure: **Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.**
Call: 800/223-1108 • 212/628-8149
315 E. 72nd St., NYC 10021

FOR MOTHER'S AND FATHER'S DAY



Meaningful keepsake to display. Adjust your new and old family snapshots on back of folded architectural embossed 5x6¼" house frame to appear in openings. Includes easel tab, mailing board and green-gloss paper wraparound. Set of 3 $7.75ppd. 1st. Class. One each: hi-gloss White, gloss Red, metallic Gold. 12-16 pt. cardboard.

Mail order exclusively. Ohio res. add 6% tax. Made in USA

HOLIDAY FRAMES © *Box 68098 Toledo, Ohio 43606.*

Be Pampered...
at Colorado's Most Elegant Dude Ranch
Call or write for brochure.
THE HOME RANCH
Box 822N • Clark, CO 80428 • (303) 879-1780

and that they kept it quiet because of the elections—the feeling being that this was not the time to remind French voters of any Socialist failures. But actually Mitterrand's problem has been less secrecy than an uncommon spontaneity in his Middle East dealings. France's "interventions" (the official word) were improvisations—a plate of spaghetti, one ambassador called them. Messengers from the Élysée have been hurrying back and forth over the Mediterranean at cross-purposes. There have been messengers with Palestinian connections saying one thing and messengers with Israeli connections promising something else. There have been messengers for the Shiites and messengers for the Maronites and no one at the Quai with a long view of policy after Roland Dumas took over from Claude Cheysson as Foreign Minister, in 1984.

Dumas was Mitterrand's friend and he was considered Mitterrand's man—which is to say not a Quai d'Orsay man. He reflected Mitterrand's plate-of-spaghetti temperament. It was a slier, shrewder temperament than most people at the Quai acknowledged, but it was not their style of diplomacy at all. Dumas listened to Mitterrand and rarely to the testy professionals of the French foreign service. It was a sign of the confusion here last month—with the kidnappings and the bombings and the ugly pressures of the campaign—that even he balked at the kind of negotiators being dispatched on Presidential jets to save the hostages by Election Day. They included, in the end, a French Shiite doctor named Razah Raad, who was running for the Assembly on Jacques Chirac's party list and claimed to be the only man in France the Jihad would talk to, and a French-Syrian businessman named Omrane Adham, whom no one in Paris had ever heard of. The Iraqis want sixty-nine new Mirage 2000 warplanes from the French, so it was not very difficult to persuade them to free the two Shiite students they had finally managed to put in prison. But the students are still in Baghdad, broadcasting fervent mea culpas on the state radio (and not in Paris, as Hussein had promised). And the French hostages are still somewhere in Lebanon, in terrible danger. "*Je ne veux pas participer à ce tohu-bohu*" is what Dumas had to say when Dr. Raad and M. Adham were flying around the Middle East, pursued by *Paris-Match* photographers and complaining loudly about each other. It was one of the last things he did say before the government changed.

The new Foreign Minister is a career diplomat named Jean-Bernard Raimond. He was the Ambassador to Moscow, and apparently liked being the Ambassador, but he came home and took over at the Quai d'Orsay after Mitterrand vetoed all the politicians Chirac suggested for the job. Chirac had got his choice of every minister except the Foreign Minister and the Defense Minister. It was acknowledged early on that most ministries "belong" to Chirac now, but the Quai and the Defense Ministry are still, in a way, contested ground. People at the Quai have taken to calling the place Afghanistan, because the Quai is a *grand pays*, strategically located, and both sides want it. It is more likely to become a *pays neutre* for as long as this odd experiment called cohabitation lasts. Policy in the Middle East will be negotiated between the Prime Minister's people, at the Matignon, and the President's people, at the Élysée. The Matignon will try to keep the reports it gets from the Foreign Ministry every morning out of Mitterrand's hands, and Mitterrand will get them anyway, from loyal Socialist *fonctionnaires*. If the hostages came home right now, a lot of the credit would go to Chirac—the way the credit for getting the American Embassy hostages out of Teheran in 1980 went to Ronald Reagan, who simply walked into the end of a crisis that Jimmy Carter had spent a year resolving. Mitterrand does not want to finish his term like Jimmy Carter. He wants some of the glory for himself. The real test of cohabitation starts here.

—JANE KRAMER

• •

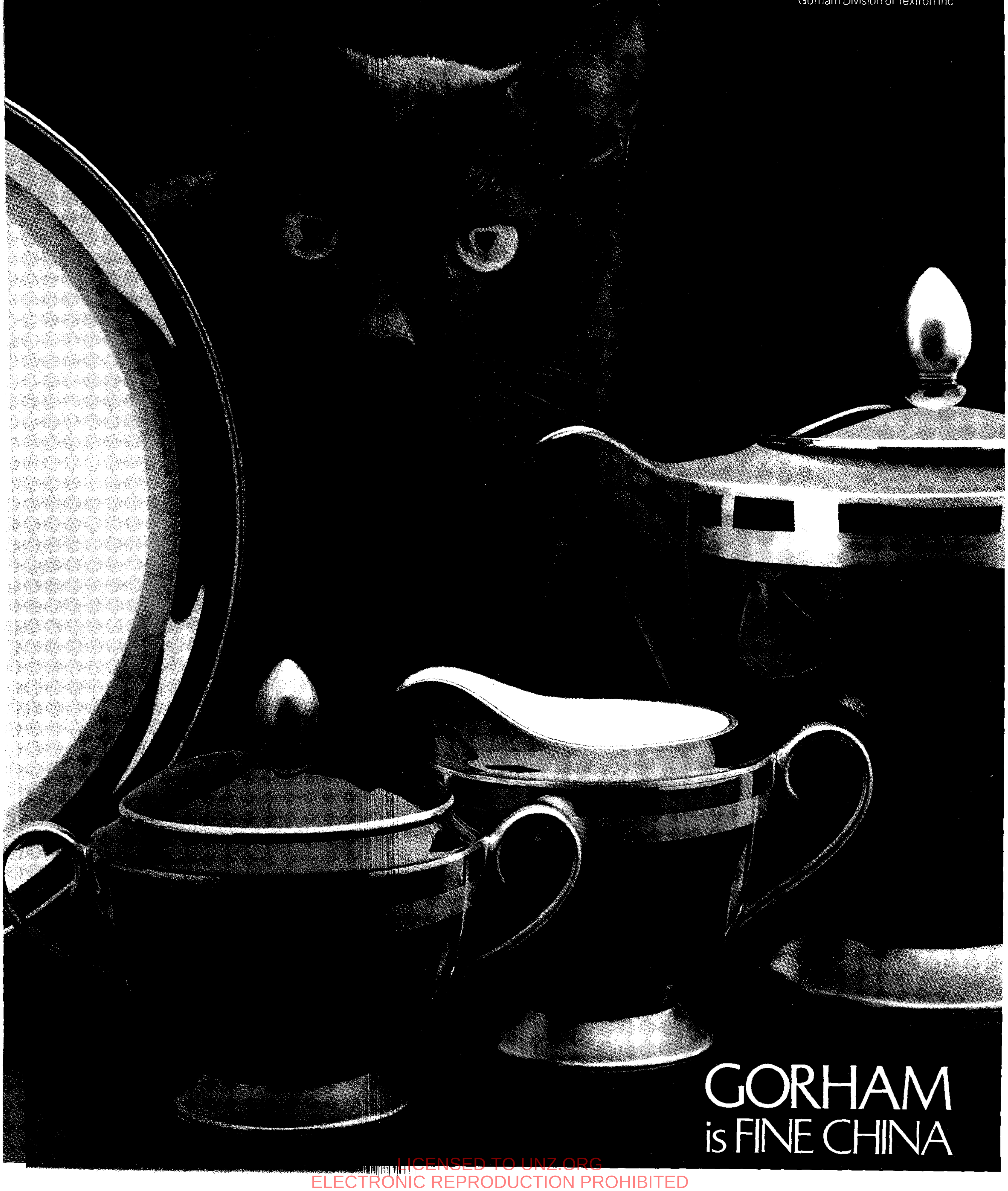
Anderson further cautions spring boaters to stay away from alcoholic beverages while boating. "Alcohol is a factor in over 60 percent of water fatalities," he notes.
(including business donations, door-to-door solicitations, and money raising events such as bake sales, dances, and the student faculty game at Wiscasset High School).—*Bath* (*Maine*) *Coastal Journal.*

Well!

Gorham is midnight.

The sleek sophistication of black, sinuously sculpted and banded in platinum and gold. *Midnight Contessa* Fine China. Also stunning in three other colors. From the Gorham Collections of Fine China, Silver and Crystal. Gorham, P.O. Box 6150-E, Providence, Rhode Island 02940-6150. Gorham is midnight. Gorham is you.

GORHAM **TEXTRON**
Gorham Division of Textron Inc



GORHAM
is FINE CHINA

A sports coupe in the grand tradition, the Jaguar XJ-S provokes powerful emotions. From its smooth yet potent V-12 to its sensually luxurious interior and fluid silhouette, the S-type is a stirring example of mechanical artistry.

Equipped with overhead cam cylinder heads that produce an 11.5:1 compression ratio—far in excess of other contemporary engines—the 262 horsepower Jaguar V-12 produces abundant power at every speed, in every gear. Yet, because the firing pulses of a V-12 are more closely spaced than those of a V-8 or V-6, the engine displays a silky, turbine-like smoothness. The power lag and noisy vibration common to most high performance engines are notably absent. Silently swift, the S-type has claws.

The S-type's serenely quiet cabin is reminiscent of a fine English club. Fragrant leather covers the seats, door panels and console. Walnut burl graces the dashboard and door panel trim. Automatic climate control ensures that cabin temperature will remain at the most comfortable level. A wealth of accessories enhances vehicle operation.

On a winding road the S-type is in its glory. With Jaguar's acclaimed four-wheel independent suspension system and power rack and pinion steering, it tracks straight and true at speed and sweeps gracefully through the most demanding curves.

Proven through years of production, the XJ-S for 1986 comes with the security of a new three year, 36,000 mile limited warranty. For complete information see our warranty at your Jaguar dealer.

Experience the manner in which a true successor to the grand touring tradition moves, and moves you. For the name of the Jaguar dealer nearest you, call this toll-free number: (800) 447-4700. Jaguar Cars Inc., Leonia, NJ 07605.

PERHAPS THE MOST ASTONISHING QUALITY OF JAGUAR'S POWERFUL V-12 IS THE UTTER SMOOTHNESS AND SILENCE WITH WHICH IT MOVES. AND MOVES YOU.

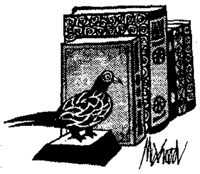
JAGUAR XJ-S

ENJOY TOMORROW.
BUCKLE UP TODAY.

JAGUAR XJ-S

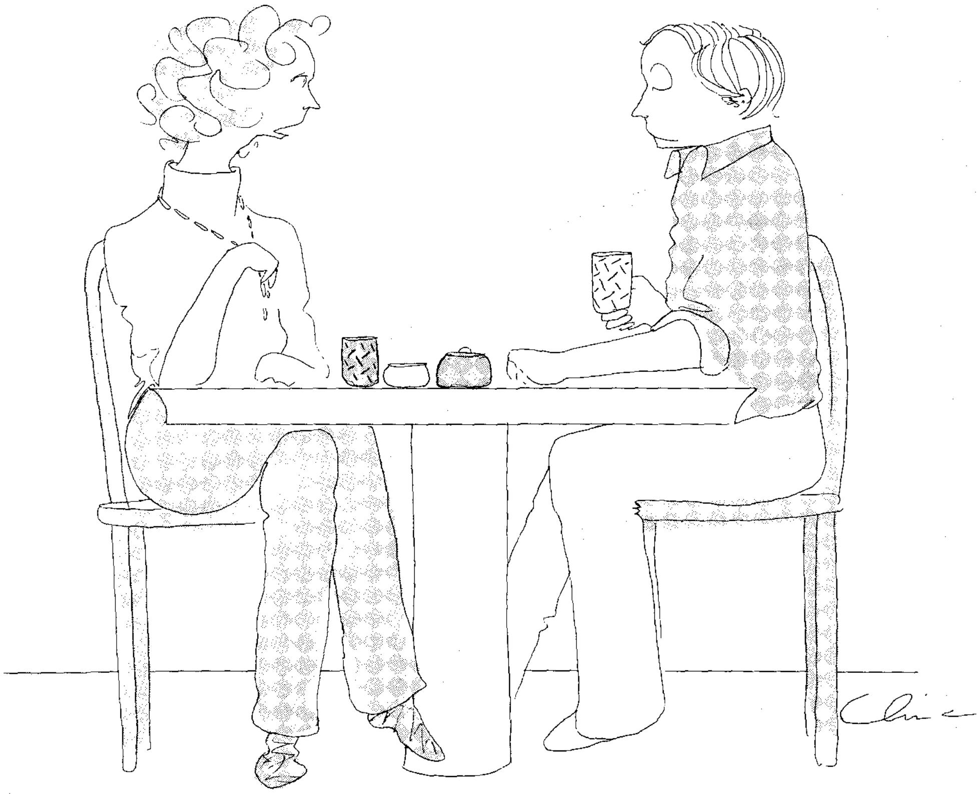
BOOKS

Paradox



TWO recent books, "Pearl Harbor: The Verdict of History," by Gordon W. Prange, with Donald M. Goldstein and Katherine V. Dillon (McGraw-Hill; $19.95), and "'And I Was There': Pearl Harbor and Midway—Breaking the Secrets," by Rear Admiral Edwin T. Layton, with Captain Roger Pineau, U.S.N.R., retired, and John Costello (Morrow; $19.95), apportion blame among Americans for the Japanese success in surprising our fleet at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Both volumes are posthumous collaborations. Professor Prange, a historian at the University of Maryland, died in 1980, and this book, like its predecessors "At Dawn We Slept," "Miracle at Midway," and "Target Tokyo," has been completed by former students. Admiral Layton—who was chief of intelligence to Admiral James O. Richardson, the commander of the Pacific fleet until January, 1941; to his successor, Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, who was relieved on December 16, 1941; and to *his* successor, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, and who was at Pearl Harbor when the bombs fell—died in 1984. His collaborators have completed the book. Although the two volumes share many major conclusions, and all the Prange references to Layton are respectful, Layton's team assails the Prange books. Layton held that Admiral Kimmel had not received enough information from his superiors in Washington to do more than he did to prepare for attack, and that the men at headquarters subsequently made a scapegoat of the man in the field; but Prange finds Kimmel blameworthy, judging that the warnings and the incomplete information that Kimmel did receive should have made him more alert. Layton also argues that while Prange reports the dissensions and power struggles within the Navy Department he does not sufficiently stress the importance of their contribution to the debacle. Both books, however, reject the revisionist myth that President Franklin D. Roosevelt concealed foreknowledge of the Japanese attack in order to involve the United States in war. The Layton book is irreplaceable when it recalls the author's experience but less reliable on broader matters, where it sometimes presents a speculation on one page and treats it as a fact on the next. Prange's work has a finer historical sense and a keener political awareness of the circumstances that faced the United States in 1941, when we were militarily unprepared for dangers that came upon us with a speed we had not expected.

Professor Prange's collaborators explain that Prange had not planned to argue with the revisionists in this book but that they found revisionism so pervasive today that they felt impelled to depart from his intention and organize the material to rebut the revisionist legend point by point. (They also report that twenty-odd years ago Harry Elmer Barnes, a revisionist enthusiast, offered to help underwrite Prange's work if Prange promised to support Barnes' theory, and could not understand the historian's refusal to begin research with his conclusion predetermined.) I believe that the revisionist myth survives because it provides reassurance that dire events were "really" under American control. The reality, as Prange's work shows, is that in 1941 America's destiny and America's decision for war or peace were not in America's hands. The book provides a panorama of American difficulties which is engrossing, enlightening, and appalling. I found the discussion of Secretary of State Cordell Hull's day-to-day negotiations with the Japanese exceptionally telling, because this fruitless diplomacy offers a kind of graph line of American desperation and exasperation. Prange and his collaborators describe President Roosevelt as attempting to appease Japan. They think his effort was as vain as Stalin's efforts to appease Germany. Prange argues that both the Germans and the Japanese had long-standing aggressive plans, and reminds us that both governments deliberately promoted large families and then alleged that overpopulation necessitated national expansion. Prange thinks the Japanese were undeterrable except by force, and that our appeasement hurt us; for example, we did not close the Japanese consulates, and each was a nest of spies. Prange and his team believe that the President could have



"I never expected a life spent in imperial silence."

been firmer. They cite polls that showed the American public more willing to risk war with Japan and Germany than the President was. (The public did not know, as he did, how militarily weak we were.) They also observe that the isolationists were a minority in Congress, as in the nation. Prange's criticisms and those he adduces from (for one example) the combative Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, remind me of criticisms that date from the early days of the New Deal, when Roosevelt often rejected a choice between proposed alternatives. Instead of accepting other men's hard-edged dichotomies—what Prange correctly sees as the defeatism of the isolationists and the exaggerated confidence of the interventionists—he often sought looser or fuzzier solutions.

Prange's book outlines the disagreement between our military leaders, who wanted the President to be very cautious, and civilian officials such as the Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes, who pointed out that it would be difficult to ask Americans to limit their gasoline consumption while we continued to sell oil to the Japanese. (We imposed an embargo in August, 1941, after Japan occupied French Indo-China.) In effect, the Prange team suggests that our weakness insured that no diplomacy could succeed. The Prange book portrays our military thinking about Pearl Harbor as a disaster begging to happen. Convinced that the base and the ships were safe, we treated Hawaii and the Pacific fleet like a rich stepchild who could defray the cost of other children's parties. The Pacific fleet had given up some of its forces to the Atlantic to counter the German submarine menace in the spring of 1941; later in the year, when our government changed its mind about defending the Philippines, which our military planners had previously thought undefendable, those islands were reinforced at the expense of the Hawaiian base. Prange recognizes the political or diplomatic reasons for the change but also thinks that our planners were infatuated with the new B-17 bomber, which they assumed could preserve the Philippines and also attack Japan. Since nobody in Washington imagined Pearl Harbor to be a Japanese objective, nobody appreciated the bits of intelligence that should have made us reconsider. A horrible example that both Prange and Layton discuss is the "bomb plot" messages—Japanese requests to a spy

Anyone can send for The New Yorker.

You Can Do It For Yourself: Whether you wish to begin a subscription to The New Yorker, or renew the one you already enjoy, all you have to do is write your name and address below and check the term you prefer.

Your name (please print) ____________________
Address ____________________ *Apartment*
City __________ *State* __________ *Zip*

☐ *Start a subscription for me only.* ☐ *Start gifts only.*
☐ *Start my subscription plus gifts.* ☐ *One year: $32* ☐ *Two years: $52* 4156

You Can Send It To Someone Else: To give a gift subscription to The New Yorker, just write your name and address above and the recipient's name and address below.

☐ *One year: $32* ☐ *Two years: $52*

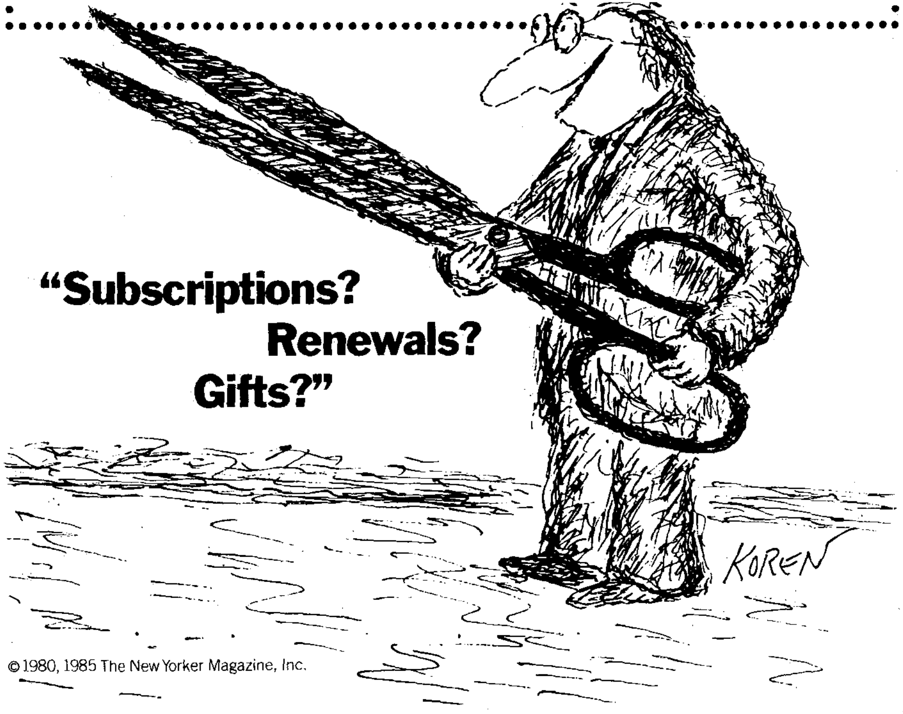
To ____________________
(please print)
Address ____________________ *Apartment*
City __________ *State* __________ *Zip*
Gift card to read "From ____________________"

Additional postage: Canada $12 per year; other foreign $20 per year. Please remit in U.S. funds.

☐ *My check for $* __________ *is enclosed.*
Or, please bill my: ☐ *Master Card* ☐ *American Express* ☐ *Visa*

Card Number __________ *Expiration date*
Signature ____________________

Please mail completed order to:
The New Yorker, Subscription Department, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.
For credit card orders, phone toll-free 1-800-554-7000


"Subscriptions?
Renewals?
Gifts?"
KOREN

©1980, 1985 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

at their Honolulu consulate to transmit, on a grid, the exact position of the ships in Pearl Harbor. These messages were in diplomatic code, which had been broken in Washington; Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner, the Chief of War Plans, had forbidden the Navy cryptographers in Hawaii to work on Japanese diplomatic codes. The first bomb-plot message was available in Washington in September, but nobody relayed the information to Pearl Harbor.

In the years since Pearl Harbor, American forces have been surprised by the German Ardennes offensive in December, 1944; by the North Korean invasion of South Korea in June, 1950; by the Chinese entry into that conflict later that year; and by the Tet offensive of 1968. This roster might suggest that Americans are not gifted at intelligence, but Prange claims that "Pearl Harbor was less a failure of Intelligence than a failure to use the excellent data available." That is also Layton's view. His recollections of his service at Pearl Harbor before the attack are an unforgettably vivid account of an intelligence staff groping, often with more success than Washington realized but without the help from Washington that could have made better sense of the clues. Layton counters the argument that the warnings from Washington were adequate not only with firsthand detail but with a reminder of the general rule that "warnings to a field commander are always read and acted upon within the local context." He argues that Washington lacked the imagination to visualize the context at Pearl Harbor. His dramatic and sometimes thrilling book can be read as a case history of a problem that afflicts us even more widely nowadays than it did in 1941—the problem of communication within large organizations. Layton's prize sinner is Admiral Turner, who browbeat the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Harold R. Stark, into assigning him control over naval intelligence. Turner's assessments were mistaken—he was certain that Japan was going to attack Russia—and in his zeal to amass power he bullied the Navy's little enclave of cryptographers, linguists, and intelligence specialists, who had worked together during peace, and whose talents he did not understand. Turner, Layton maintains, bore primary responsibility for failing to alert Admiral Kimmel, whose career was destroyed. Turner went on to glory commanding am-

Free Facts That Can Cut Your Exercise Time In Half

Find out how you can exercise your entire cardiorespiratory system with *The Complete 12 Minute Workout Guide* from Lifecycle® It's yours absolutely Free when you mail in the coupon below.

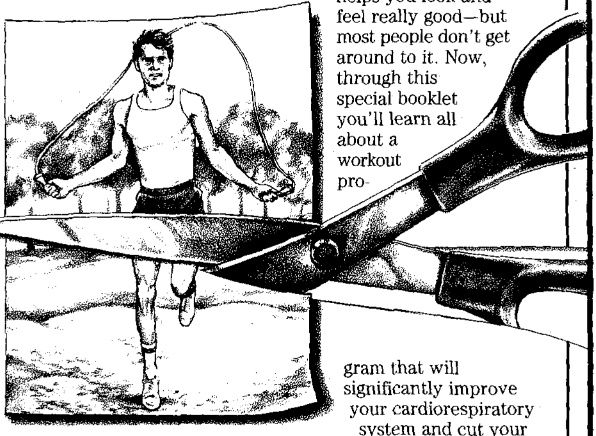
A Challenging Workout in Only 12 Minutes

You can get an extensive cardiorespiratory workout for a longer, healthier life just by doing a special 12 minute routine a few days a week. This 13 page, fully-illustrated booklet tells about an easy, proven method that can help you:

- Improve your cardiorespiratory system without causing severe stress or strain to your heart
- Burn off calories in a minimum amount of time
- Decrease your permanent body fat
- Develop a trim, fit body from the privacy and convenience of your own home and more.

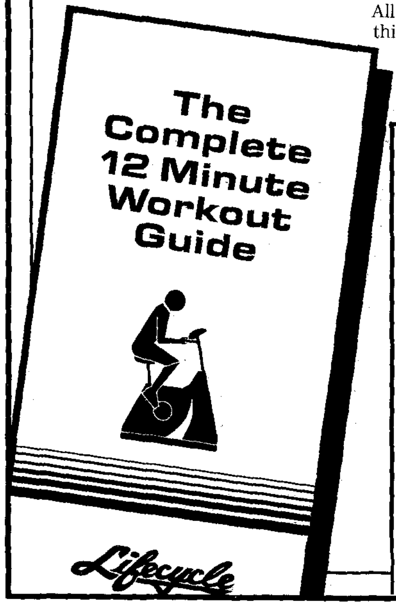
You'll Look and Feel Better

Studies show aerobic fitness helps alleviate everyday stress. It also helps you look and feel really good—but most people don't get around to it. Now, through this special booklet you'll learn all about a workout program that will significantly improve your cardiorespiratory system and cut your exercise time in half! And it's so easy, your whole family can do it.



Send for the Free Facts Today

All you have to do to get your Free Booklet is return this coupon below to **Lifecycle, 10 Thomas Road, Irvine, California 92718** or ***call toll-free* *1-800-544-3004, Dept. AP 27***



The Complete 12 Minute Workout Guide
Lifecycle

Lifecycle

Send For Your FREE Booklet Today!

YES, I want to cut my exercise time in half! Please send me my FREE copy of *The Complete 12 Minute Workout Guide* by Lifecycle® I understand I am under no obligation.

MAIL TO: **Lifecycle**
10 Thomas Road
Irvine, California 92718

(Please Print)

Name________________

Address________________

City________ State____ Zip____

Telephone________________

AP 27

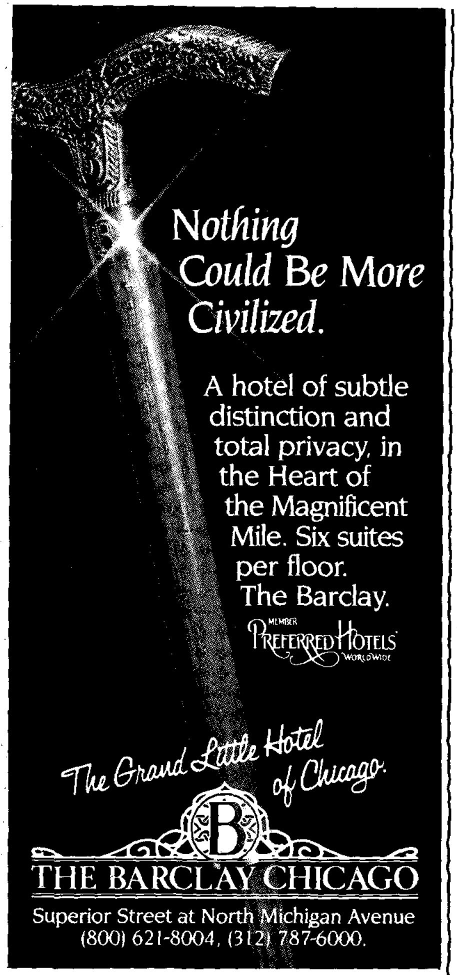
Christopher Lehmann-Haupt has just finished *Murder for Lunch* and is already looking forward to the next 'Reuben Frost' mystery.

"Whatever follows *Murder for Lunch*, I'll probably eat the whole thing."
—*N.Y. Times*

In-fighting and murder in a prestigious Wall Street law firm, and introducing 73-year old Reuben Frost, the most appealing amateur sleuth since Emma Lathen gave us John Putnam Thatcher.

Simon and Schuster

MURDER for LUNCH
A Novel by
HAUGHTON MURPHY



A hotel of subtle distinction and total privacy, in the Heart of the Magnificent Mile. Six suites per floor.
The Barclay.

MEMBER PREFERRED HOTELS WORLDWIDE

The Grand Little Hotel of Chicago.

THE BARCLAY CHICAGO
Superior Street at North Michigan Avenue
(800) 621-8004, (312) 787-6000.

Silent Movies

Sound Movies

Videocassettes
Large illustrated catalog. Send $1.00, get catalog plus coupon worth $3 off first order. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Blackhawk Films®
WORLD'S GREATEST SELECTION OF THINGS TO SHOW

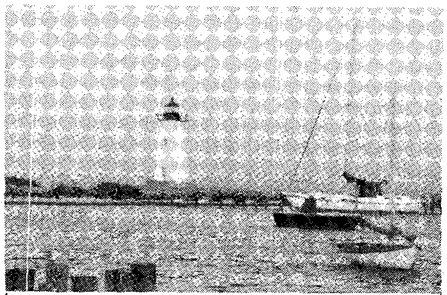
Dept. 60 / One Old Eagle Brewery / Davenport, Iowa 52802
Our 59th Year

NECKTIES NARROWED
SAVE MONEY • CONVENIENT
We tailor your ties to the fashionable 3" width or your preference.
$5.98/TIE-4 TIE MINIMUM. 6 FOR $35.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Send for FREE shipper & full list of tie services or mail direct. Include payment with ties. Check or Visa-M/C no. & expiration date.
TIEMASTER TAILORS
Dept. 4 • P.O.Box 45 • Excelsior, MN 55331
612-474-4263

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by schooner to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 16 Trip dates. M. Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-435-4622
1606yr Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920

phibious operations in the Pacific, where his aggressiveness was properly directed against the enemy instead of his colleagues. Layton recounts, further, that Washington carried on its persecution of Hawaii even after Pearl Harbor, when a new cast appeared at headquarters. He has marvellous word pictures of the hectic, messy office of the cryptanalytic team in Hawaii led by Commander Joseph Rochefort, the famous code breaker who made possible our victory at Midway, and who, Layton insists, was a later victim of empire builders in the Navy bureaucracy. My own suspicion is that Rochefort's troubles were similar to those that appear in corporate life after any disaster: the new team distrusts everything and anyone connected with the old regime. And in the nineteen-forties, I think, Americans were less aware than we are now of the importance of preserving or fostering nonconforming but creative little groups within large organizations, whether multinationals or multiversities.

Because Layton offers so much valuable information that he alone can provide, I regret that his book promulgates two revisionist myths. One is that the President ordered three small ships to scout Japanese naval movements in the secret hope that the Japanese would provide a *casus belli* by attacking them, and the other is that the President promised Winston Churchill at their meeting at Argentia Bay, in August, 1941, that the United States would enter the war if the Japanese attacked the British. Prange convincingly refutes both assertions. Then, too, in order to shift blame from Kimmel, the Layton collaborators hypothesize a secret conclave at the White House late on the night of December 6th, where they imagine that General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army, learned of a hostile Japanese diplomatic note, most of which had just been decoded. The last part—a short section effectively breaking off negotiations—was decoded Sunday morning. They want to blame Marshall for not warning General Walter C. Short in Hawaii, as they blame Admiral Kimmel's superiors for not warning him. However, in the second volume of Forrest Pogue's biography of Marshall, two officers recall that in his office on the morning of December 7th the General insisted on reading the entire message from the beginning despite their efforts to direct his attention to the new, final section. (He



Burn the candle at one end for a change.

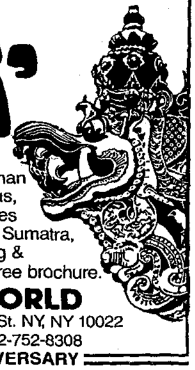
Take a breather. While you've still got some wick left. Hit the brakes. Slow down to a crawl. Or a sprawl—there's plenty of room on the beach. Eat well. Play tennis. Swim, ride, relax. Come haggard—leave whole. Call right away for information.

THE HARBOR VIEW HOTEL
on Martha's Vineyard Island

For reservations in the Northeast, call toll-free **(800) 225-6005**. For Mass. and all other states call **(617) 627-4333**.

PO BOX 37 EDGARTOWN, MA 02539
A REGENCY INN™

THE EXTRAORDINARY ISLANDS OF INDONESIA
JAVA, BALI
& MORE!



See Borobudur and Prambanan . . . two of the many wondrous, world-famous sites and scenes of Indonesia. Visit Java, Bali, Sumatra, Sulawesi . . . plus Hong Kong & Singapore. Monthly dep's. Free brochure.
JOURNEYWORLD
Dept. NY4. 155 E. 55th St. NY, NY 10022
800-635-3900 • 212-752-8308
OUR 10th ANNIVERSARY

Walking in Vermont

Experience the Northeast Kingdom while on our unique walking tours. Abundant wildflowers, birds galore and frequent wildlife sightings in quiet forests and scenic farmlands. Day hikes are designed for every level of fitness. Rustic lakeside accommodations, delicious meals and many additional recreational opportunites are included. Write or call for brochure.

The Craftsbury Sports Center
Box Y, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827 802-586-2514

N. Y. FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
NEEDS VOLUNTEERS
Development Department
Typing/Clerical
(212) 472-2233 Ext. 493

then sent a warning to Short, which arrived late.)

I incline to make allowance for the flaws of the Layton book and to feel that it makes a case for a ninth investigation into Pearl Harbor, using the intelligence archives that President Carter released. Although Admiral Kimmel is dead, it is worth some effort still to insure that his memory does not suffer injustice. Layton's book also suggests that many confusions in past investigations arose from efforts by men at headquarters to exculpate themselves. Such confusions fuel revisionism. Clearing them up would also do justice to President Roosevelt. Assessments that ascribe either deviousness or indecision (some ascribe both) to his policies before the Second World War do not give adequate weight to one of Roosevelt's most outstanding and puzzling characteristics—his optimism, which often looked like (or was) unrealism but was a source of strength as well as of error.

Among the lessons of Pearl Harbor remain problems that we have not solved: the problems of communication within large organizations and of understanding the usefulness of small organizations and respecting their independence. The Prange book emphasizes that technologically, as of 1941, this was one world—but one world populated by nations with purposes of their own. That particular difficulty remains, and may be most acute in our relations with countries that are not hostile. Our friends, quite as much as our enemies, are somebody else; and the variety of cultures and of minds, which testifies to the creativity of our species, has made the practice of internationalism more arduous and challenging than we expected. Another disturbing element in both books: experts are unreliable when they opine outside their specialties. Knowledge has become even more fragmented than it was in 1941, so that few of us can speak with authority except within very narrow limits. I think that the public's awareness of the depth rather than breadth of knowledge has contributed to the personalization of politics almost as much as the often cited weakening of political-party organizations and the powerful presence of television. Despairing of certitude in policy, judgment, or wisdom, we vote our impressions of charm or trustworthiness. Pearl Harbor remains disquieting as one of history's Halloween tricks—or, more respectably, a paradox. It teaches a lesson we cannot learn, for surprise, by definition, is the danger no one thought of.

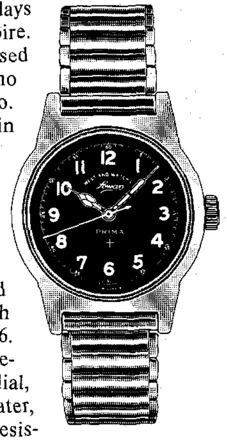
—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PROBITY CHORUS, by Richard Lemon (Norton; $15.95). An amiable, improbable romantic comedy set in a snooty New York suburb that finds itself in need of a Committee for Public Taste after a town father—a magazine writer and divorcé—falls in love, in mid-interview, with a blue-blooded Bostonian who stars in an X-rated movie coming soon to the town's shopping center. About a dozen narrators, including a "Rev." and an "Hon.," give their versions of events that span about a dozen weeks, during which that town father snags or is snagged by about half a dozen would-be or have-been town wives. He also finds time, during his increasingly frequent stints as narrator, to ride a horse from Brooklyn to Chincoteague, to philosophize about milk cartons, to trail his true love to Antigua, and to keep posted on the town's latest crisis: an infestation of cultists and guru, who deplete the town's stock of buttermilk and pink ribbon. Mr. Lemon's contrived nonsense is marred by more than a dozen glaring misprints, from "fungae" to "frivilous."

THE WHITE HOUSE MESS, by Christopher Buckley (Knopf; $16.95). As a former speechwriter for George Bush and as the son of President Reagan's friend and admirer William F. Buckley, Jr., Christopher Buckley has some familiarity with the White House, and he seems to understand the likelihood of messes' happening there. The mess or messes here are depicted by one Herbert Wadlough, Deputy Chief of Staff for President Thomas Nelson (TNT) Tucker, Democrat from Idaho and successor to Ronald Reagan, and occur during TNT's first, and only, term. The memoir opens with Reagan's refusal to leave the White House for the Inauguration, because he likes it there. (He is tricked into leaving for the ranch by a fake declaration of war.) Other messes involve a bomb shelter under the Oval Office installed during one of President Reagan's "three-month summer holidays;" the efforts of President Tucker to return to Mexico all territories acquired from it


Authentic British officer's watch

The original West End "Sowar"

Famous since the days of the British Empire. For the well-dressed officer in India, no other watch would do. Still a best-seller in many parts of the world, thanks to its legendary ruggedness, reliability and distinctive masculine styling. Made in Switzerland for West End Watch Co., founded in 1886. Steel case and bracelet, luminous dial, manual wind. Water, shock, and sand-resistant. One-year guarantee. Worldwide service.

Specially priced at $75.

WEST END WATCH CO
W
by Aubry of Switzerland

West End Watch Co., 4911 Pawnee, Shawnee Mission, KS 66205. Phone: 913 236-7563.

Please send me _____ West End Sowar watches at $75 each

Name

Address

City State Zip

I enclose check/m.o. for $_____. Or charge my

American Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐

Card No. Exp.

Signature

New Natural Way To Sleep

Pure Cotton Knit

Tee-PJ's resemble a T-shirt, but over a foot longer. Special knit gives when you move, eases up when you relax. No bind, no bunch, no chafe, no buttons, no ironing! Most comfortable sleeper you've ever worn or money back. (Great for Ladies, too). Choose snow white or soft blue. S-M-L-XL (to ensure best fit include height-weight when ordering.) Order NOW, while prices include postage/handling!

$12 ea. **3 for $28**

Long sleeve style (not shown)

$15 ea. **3 for $38**

WITTMANN TEXTILES

Dept. 452 Hobe Sound, Fla. 33455

HERE'S TO PEACE AND QUIET.

On the coast of Maine:
Open April 1 to January 5
Main Street, P.O. Box 4N
Castine, Maine 04421
207-326-8616

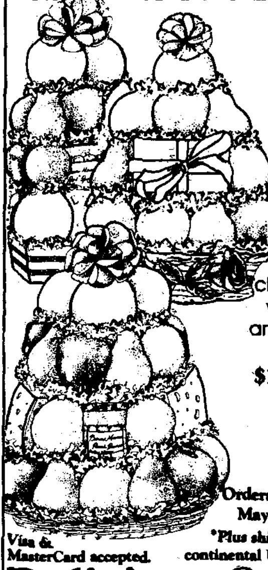
THE PENTAGOËT INN
CASTINE
MAINE

SUNRISE COUNTY CANOE EXPEDITIONS INC.

RIVER GUIDES OF MAINE & CANADA

3-10 day trips on the wild and remote rivers of eastern and northern Maine (incl. St. John and Machias Rivers). Instruction by professional Maine Guides in all aspects of canoeing technique and living comfortably in the northwoods. The finest fishing, food and company. Small parties, reservations May thru October. 1½-3 week youth programs. Major Canadian expeditions in Labrador, Quebec, New Brunswick, & the Yukon. Brochure.

S.C.C.E., Cathance Lake, Grove Post, Maine 04638 (207-454-7708)



FOR MOTHER'S DAY
A DELICIOUS GIFT BASKET
This year, give Mom a delicious gift from Nature. Our Mother's Day basket is brimming with hand-selected fresh fruit. **$21.95***. Ten other varieties to choose from, laden with fruit, cheeses, and specialty items. Prices range from **$10.95** to **$55.95***. Call toll free: ***1-800-524-1205.*** In New Jersey: **1-800-624-1893.**
Orders should be placed by May 4 to ensure delivery.
Visa & MasterCard accepted.
***Plus shipping anywhere in the continental USA except California.**
Delicious Orchards
Route 34 South, Colts Neck, New Jersey

NOW . . TINTED READING GLASSES!
Your Choice of Blue, Pink, Crystal Clear
Read clearly with glare-free *lightly-tinted* one-piece reading glasses. Make small print large and easy to read. Great for sewing and hobbies. Not Rx or for astigmatism. Valued at over $30.00, our price only $10.98 plus $1.25 shipping *includes padded case.* Two pairs for $20.98 plus $1.50 shipping. When ordering state choice of color, sex and age. Check or money order to: **Burton Taylor Co.**
Room 123, Box 269, Millwood, NY 10546

Camden, Maine
A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston.
Whitehall Inn
Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843

KIAWAH ISLAND
Beautiful Sea Island Villas
Tennis & Championship Golf — Nightly or Weekly. 21 miles from Historic Charleston. BROCHURE: 1-800/992-9666 or Write: Benchmark Properties, P.O. Box 773, Johns Island, SC 29455, 803/768-9800.
BENCHMARK PROPERTIES

Country Inns and Back Roads
NORTH AMERICA
by Norman T. Simpson
$10.95 • At bookstores or call
TOLL FREE (800) 638-3030 Harper & Row 1817

in the nineteenth century; Mrs. Tucker's taste for homosexual friends; a meeting with Fidel Castro; the disappearance of a pet hamster; President Tucker's secret drinking and cigarette smoking; struggles for access and for a high security rating (the scale is from "Drizzle" to "Typhoon"), and a dozen momentous in-house rivalries; a war with Bermuda. This is slapstick—good slapstick—and perhaps something more.

STAIRWAY C, by Elvire Murail, translated from the French by M. L. Linden (Avon; $3.95 paper). A bildungsroman, one might say, about an arrogant young art critic named Foster—an expert on Hieronymus Bosch—who lives on the third floor of a Greenwich Village walk-up, and the half-dozen other occupants of the building, who rattle his walls when they slam their doors and pursue their domestic duels onto the landings and stairs. Foster has been able to avoid any serious self-criticism by boasting of being a misogynist and a misanthrope. During the month or so that this involved novel covers, some violent events, including a suicide, inspire him to use some extra keys to unlock two neighbors' apartments; what he finds inside them forces him to revise a lot of his opinions, from his low one of Renoir to his high one of himself. If Elvire Murail had set her novel (which has won the Prix du Premier Roman and the Prix George Sand, and was recently made into a movie) in France, one might have concluded that French idioms—from insults to sweet nothings—are simply untranslatable. Instead, we are asked to imagine a flirtatious New Yorker saying "Your wicked eye lights up!" and a five-year-old New Yorker comparing a man's eyes to oysters.

GENERAL

THE DISAPPEARED AND THE MOTHERS OF THE PLAZA, by John Simpson and Jana Bennett (St. Martin's; $17.95). An account of the reign of terror under the military junta that ruled Argentina from 1976 to 1983. The first part of the title refers to the estimated eleven thousand victims of the regime—the *desaparecidos*—who were kidnapped, tortured, and killed, and whose bodies were buried in secret mass graves or dumped out of aircraft over the open sea. The second part refers to the women who silently marched every Thursday afternoon around the Plaza de Mayo, in Buenos Aires, displaying photographs of disappeared loved ones. These "Mothers of the Plaza" focussed world attention on the crimes of the government and played an important part in its eventual downfall. The authors, who are journalists with the BBC, describe the left-wing terror that raged in the years of the Perón governments, and the coup by which the military took power. They make it plain why the new regime was at first welcomed in Argentina and abroad. The book also describes the efforts of individuals and groups in Argentina and abroad to expose the junta. President Carter imposed an arms embargo on Argentina under the military dictatorship, but the authors note that "directly after the Reagan Administration moved into the White House . . . human rights as a matter of United States concern in Argentina was scarcely mentioned again." Photographs.

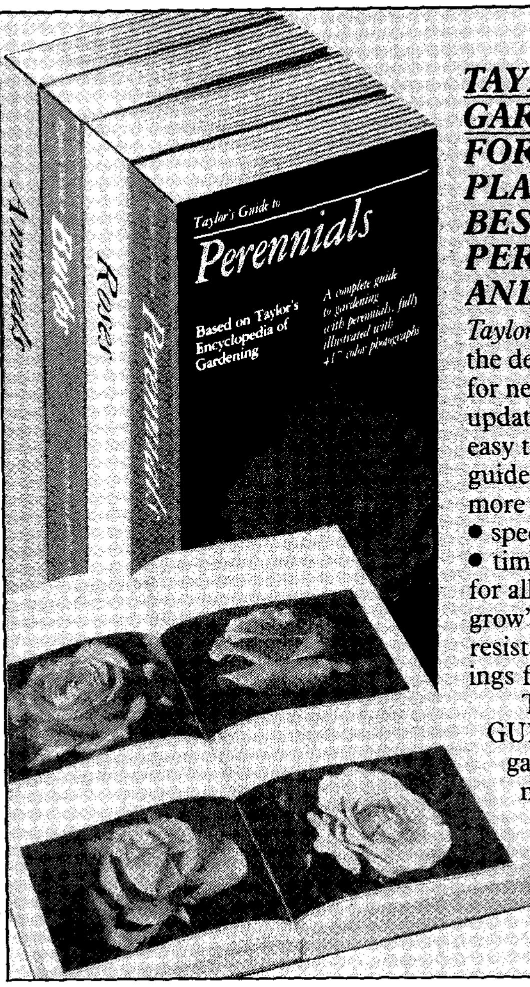
HESTER THRALE PIOZZI: PORTRAIT OF A LITERARY WOMAN, by William McCarthy (North Carolina; $28). A persuasive biography of a prolific writer (1741-1821) best known, because of her frank "Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson" (1786), as an ungrateful sidekick. William McCarthy's analyses of Mrs. Thrale's six major works, in which she plays the "male roles of scholar, commentator, and judge," are close and commonsensical, and show how her contemporaries' "systematic critical assumption of male competence and female incompetence" accounts for today's "Boswellized reader." By the end, he has proved that the standard versions of various intellectual lineages need to be revised. Johnson's morbid, masochistic solipsism, for instance, belongs in the romantic tradition linking Milton and Yeats. Mr. McCarthy concludes a witty analysis of Mrs. Thrale's witty travel writings, in which she stands "Rasselas" on its ear, by calling her a secular humanist like Keats and Wallace Stevens.

ALL GOD'S CHILDREN NEED TRAVELING SHOES, by Maya Angelou (Random House; $15.95). A memoir of the author's four-year stay in Ghana (1962-66). Miss Angelou tells us that initially, like many American blacks in Africa, she was disappointed at the indifferent reception accorded Americans by Ghanaians. In Ghana, a non-Ghanaian black was, she learned, as much a foreigner as a European immigrant is in this country. However, her candor, good nature, and willingness to help brought her friends among fellow-expatriates and, eventually, among Ghanaians. She tutored her Ghanaian houseboy in his studies, and one day, by way of thanks, his entire family turned up from the country with a month's supply of produce, and promises of more. Her return to this country was due not to disillusion but to old ties. One was theatre. She had played in Jean Genet's "The Blacks" in New York, and when she was invited to take part in an original-cast revival in Berlin and Venice she began to think of work—mainly political—that she could be doing here: "My Ghanaian friends said they would be sorry to see me go, but they understood that my people's struggle came first."

MANHATTAN MANNERS: ARCHITECTURE AND STYLE, 1850-1900, by M. Christine Boyer (Rizzoli; $30). This richly illustrated study shows that New York grew not according to a formal design but according to the dictates of its supreme activity—business. Except for the grid imposed on Manhattan in 1811, there was no plan for the city, and that accounts for the crazy quilt of New York's architectural styles and for the impermanence of its neighborhoods. The author concerns herself here with the period in which the mansions of the very rich were filling up Millionaires' Row, on upper Fifth Avenue, and neighborhoods like Ladies' Mile—the stretch on Broadway, between Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets, which embraced Delmonico's, Madison Square Garden, Macy's, and Lord & Taylor—were the last word in elegance and fashion. The photographs remind us, sadly, that most of these architectural splendors and absurdities have vanished.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET'S WAR OF NERVES, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Geoffrey Sainsbury (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $13.95). This is vintage Maigret: 1940. It is thus doubly interesting. It gives us Simenon in the first full possession of his insight into the criminal psyche. It also gives us a


Taylor's Guide to
Perennials
Based on Taylor's Encyclopedia of Gardening
A complete guide to gardening with perennials, fully illustrated with 417 color photographs
Annuals
Bulbs
Roses
Perennials

THEY'RE HERE!

TAYLOR'S GUIDES TO GARDENING, IN TIME FOR SPRING '86 PLANTING OF YOUR BEST ANNUALS, PERENNIALS, ROSES, AND BULBS EVER!

Taylor's Encyclopedia of Gardening, the definitive gardener's resource for nearly half a century, now updated and organized into handy, easy to use, practical gardening guides. Each volume contains: more than 400 color photographs • special color keys and plant charts • timetables and climate zone maps for all U.S. locations • "How to grow" tips from the experts • dirt resistant covers, and lie-flat bindings for easy use while you garden.

The brand new TAYLOR'S GUIDES, at your bookstore and gardening center now. Four more coming next year. Start your library. Only $14.95 each.

To order by credit card, call 1-800-225-3362.

Houghton Mifflin Company
2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts
© Houghton Mifflin Company 1986

How to store wine as intelligently as you buy it.

The fine wine you bought today could be the disappointment you drink tomorrow if you don't store it correctly. Storing wine correctly means maintaining a constant temperature and humidity. It also means protection from harmful odors, light, contaminants and vibrations.

Now there's a way to provide the ideal conditions for aging and storing your wine at home. Estate™ Wine Cellars from France.

Estate Wine Cellars.
The Intelligent Choice.

Each Estate Wine Cellar is a piece of fine furniture with an insulated oak interior. It's built with the understanding that only glass or wood should ever come in contact with wine.

Estate Wine Cellars maintain the temperature and humidity demanded in the most renowned wine cellars in France. A unique air filtration system keeps your wine breathing the most beneficial atmosphere possible.

Estate Wine Cellars store 65, 165 or 230 bottles in only four square feet of floor space. They're available in light or dark oak finish.

Estate Wine Cellars.
The Available Ones.

Estate Wine Cellars are shipped to arrive within 3 to 5 weeks and priced from $795 to $1595. Fully guaranteed.

Learn more about the intelligent choice in wine cellars, send for our free brochure. Or call 1-800-348-WINE. In Florida, call collect (813) 530-4770.

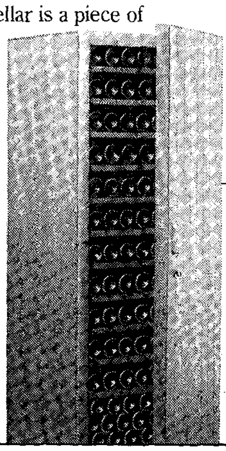
ESTATE™ WINE CELLARS
by Arbourage™ Enterprises, Inc.
A United International Company.

Estate and Arbourage are trademarks of Arbourage Enterprises, Inc.

I'd like to store wine intelligently. NY414

Name____________
Please Print
Address____________
City______ State______ Zip______
Telephone: (____)________
Area Code

Mail to: Arbourage Enterprises, Inc.
11701 Belcher Road, Dept. 130
Largo, FL 33543



It's the ORIGINAL
COMPLETE EDITION!
Not a reprint!

Herald Tribune
Lindbergh Lands Safely in Paris at 5:21 P.M.
3,800-Mile Flight in 33½ Hours Thrills World

Give him the actual newspaper issued on the day he was born.

Give a unique gift that shows ***what else*** happened on a loved one's birthday or any momentous date. *Not just front pages* or *reproductions*, but the *actual and* ***COMPLETE**** *editions* of U.S. newspapers printed in 1880-1974. Rare & valuable, historic newspapers are a "must" for **birthdays, anniversaries—any gift-giving occasion.** Comes in a leatherette showcase personalized with the recipient's name and newspaper title enclosed printed in gold. Major cities newspapers available. Ask for **FREE CATALOG** of dates and titles.
To order or for **FREE CATALOG** of dates & titles:

CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-221-3221 ext 610
IN NEW JERSEY: 1-201-381-2332 ext 610
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

TO ORDER BY MAIL: *Send me*
☐ Newspaper only $2950 + $250 UPS handling
☐ Newspaper + leatherette showcase $6500 + $400 UPS handling

RECIPIENT'S NAME ____________
(NJ residents add 6% sales tax)

Historic Newspaper Archives, Inc.
Dept. M80 1582 Hart Street Rahway NJ 07065
201-381-2332

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________
Month ________ Date ________ Year ________
1st choice ________ *2nd choice* ________

*Weekend editions news sections only. Historical dates priced higher.

The King of Trains, the Train of Kings.

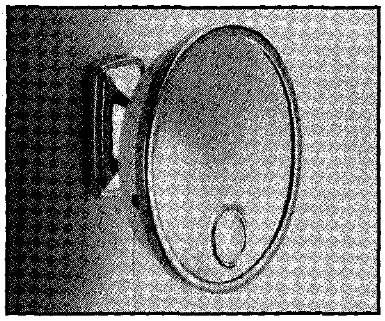
Not available in bookstores

Splendidly illustrated account of the restoration of the world's most famous train. Hardcover. 160 pages. A handsome gift, a treasure to own.

Send $20 (plus $3 postage and handling) to Venice Simplon-Orient-Express, One World Trade Ctr., Rm. 1237, NY, NY 10048

NY residents add $1.65 (8¼% sales tax)

MIROIR BROT



The non-fogging magnifying mirror with the built-in light. From France.

French Reflection, 5555 S. Sepulveda Blvd.
Culver City, CA 90230, 213/204-4400

pleasing picture of Paris as it was in the prewar years—a time when one could sit all day over a *café crème* at the Coupole. The story gives us Maigret risking his career on a gamble: he has come to the conclusion that a man whom he accused and saw convicted of a nasty double murder is not after all the murderer, and arranges for the man to escape from prison in the hope that he will lead him to the real murderer. There is very little humor in this early Maigret. He is, as his creator tells us, "grim, sulky, obdurate," he stands and stares and puffs on his pipe, and he rarely sleeps or eats.

BREAK IN, by Dick Francis (Putnam; $17.95). In spite of an ending that is likely to bring on a fit of giggles, Mr. Francis's new novel is somewhat less foolish than many of its twenty-odd predecessors. It has, at least, the virtue of a return to home ground—the racetrack and the training stable and a hero-narrator, here called Christmas (Kit) Fielding, who is a tough but boyish steeplechase jockey. What else can be said? Well, there are several good races, including four winners for Kit in one afternoon, and some thrilling falls; a break-in and other excitements at a training stable operated by Kit's twin sister, Holly, and her hapless husband; a nasty plot of character assassination and worse. The quality of Mr. Francis's writing, which was showing signs of approaching the painful, seems once again acceptable.

•

Robert Davis from Philippi has succeeded in accomplishing a project he set out to do in 1975, which was to form 13 colonies to show some orientation of a replica of America for the respect of the founding father, George Washington.

This also includes 13 flags with the Spirit of '76 as a repeat of the American flag, a declaration of independence and constitution.

Robert is a U.S. Marine Corps veteran and is still counting on a singing career with RCA.—*Philippi (W. Va.) Barbour Democrat.*

Hang in there, Robert.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Vancouver (B.C.) Sun*]

Asked why a retirement policy is necessary when physicals and other tests are required, Bindon said: "We are not prepared to let a captain fly until he can demonstrate that he is incompetent, because the consequences could be irreversible."

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS ★ SINCE 1910 ★

Imaginative, Gutsy

Legacy
SUSAN KAY

In this provocative addition to the legend of Queen Elizabeth I, Miss Kay gives us an in-depth look at the glimmering woman and monarch who mystified her contemporaries, enraged her enemies, yet gained the love of a fickle people and gave her name to an era.

A Crown Book, $17.95

Doubleday Book Shops

NEW YORK ★ SHORT HILLS ★ BOSTON ★ SAN FRANCISCO
and other select locations. Phone Orders Accepted
East (212) 397-0550 ★ West (415) 989-3420
Books Sent Worldwide ★ Free Gift Wrap ★ Major Credit Cards

Hemingway lives...

... in this etching-style pen & ink portrait; as does Louisa May Alcott, Truman Capote, William Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, James Joyce, Sinclair Lewis, Jack London, Eugene O'Neill, Edgar Allan Poe, Carl Sandburg, George Bernard Shaw, John Steinbeck, Mark Twain, Oscar Wilde, Tennessee Williams, Thomas Wolfe, and Virginia Woolf.

Faithful renderings by Florida artist Terry Carroll are superbly reproduced on textured stock 11″ x 14″. Any one for $6, three for $15, set of 12 for just $50, all portraits over 12 are $3 each. Add $1.50 P&H, outside U.S.A. & Canada $5. Florida residents add 5% sales tax. Send your selection, check & return address to: Famous Faces, P.O. Box 490473, Key Biscayne, FL 33149. Money back guarantee. All orders shipped within 24 hours.

FOR MOTHER'S DAY
FOR FATHER'S DAY

Give the grandparents in your life a special write-in book.
Create a legacy.
For yourself.
For your children.

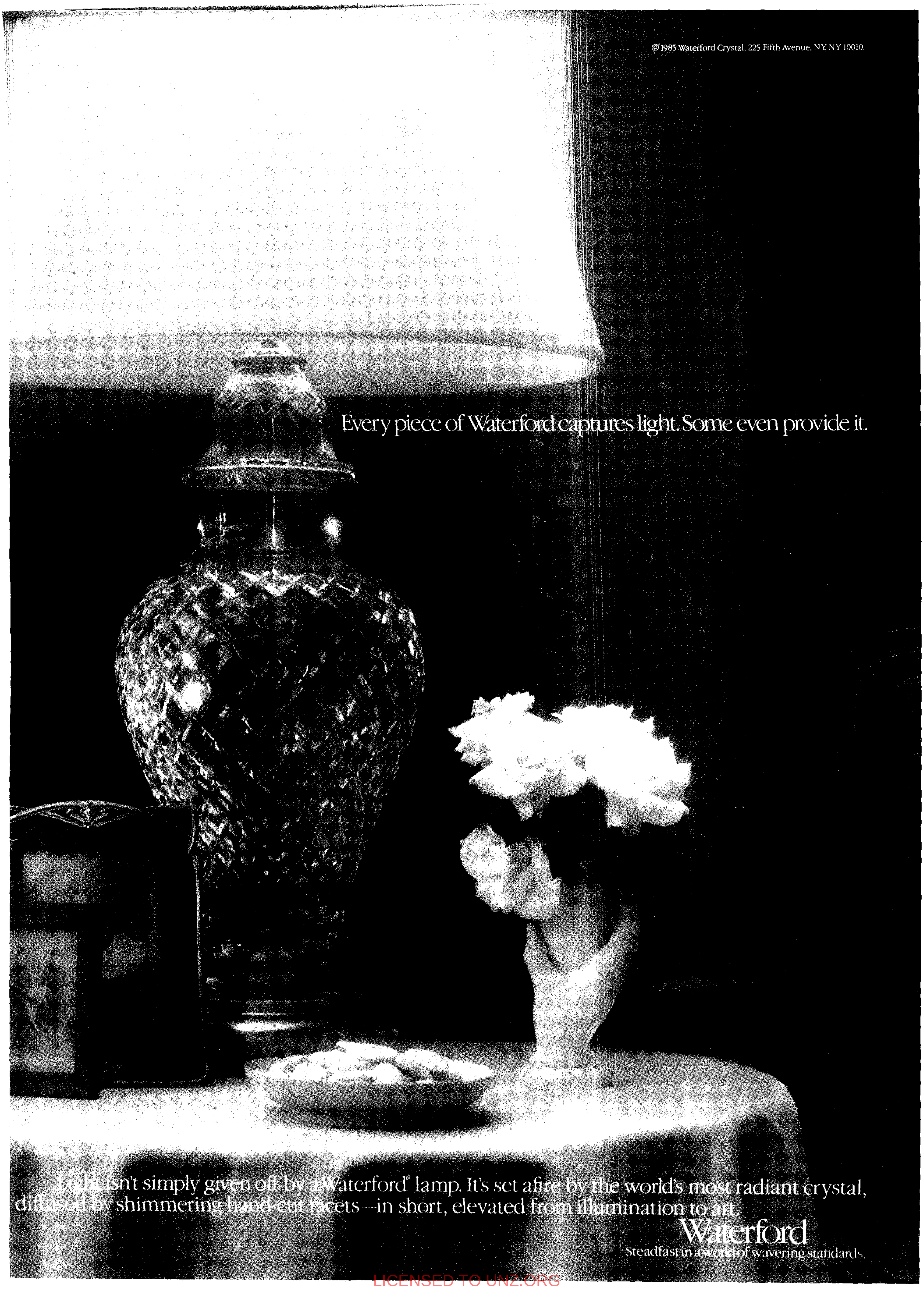
Write: THE GRANDPARENTS PRESS
Box 352, Prince Sta., NY, NY 10012-9998

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.

**EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412**

© 1985 Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10010.


Every piece of Waterford captures light. Some even provide it.
Light isn't simply given off by a Waterford® lamp. It's set afire by the world's most radiant crystal, diffused by shimmering hand-cut facets—in short, elevated from illumination to art.
Waterford
Steadfast in a world of wavering standards.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

DEBORAH MOLBURG

HOME: Juneau, Alaska.

AGE: 39. "Really."

PROFESSION: Sled dog racer and trainer.

HOBBY: Salmon fishing. "Up here my only competition is the occasional 400-lb. grizzly. But we all have to share sometime."

LAST BOOK READ: *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats,* T. S. Eliot.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Putting together a team of dogs to run in the 1986 World Championship. "If you want to win, start early."

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "When I entered my first race in 1957, I lost."

QUOTE: "To understand true appreciation, try feeding 80 dogs at once."

PROFILE: Tenacious, not easily impressed. "When your birthday is April Fool's day you learn very quickly to be ready for anything."

HER SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label®" "After 3 days and 60 miles of yelling 'mush', nothing tastes better."

White Label
DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
Dewar & Sons
PERTH
SCOTLAND

LIBRARY

86.8 PROOF · © 1985 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., BOX 1189, RADIO CITY STATION, N.Y., N.Y. 10101